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LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

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LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. Swift to Mrs. Johnson.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE juſt ſent my 26th, and have nothing to ſay, becauſe I have other letters to write; (pſhaw, I began too high) but I muſt lay the beginning like a neſt-egg: to-morrow I'll ſay more, and fetch up this line to be ſtraight. This is enough at preſent for two dear ſaucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that *Walls* has been with me, and leaves the town in three days. He has brought no gown with him. *Dilly* carried him to a play. He has come upon a fooliſh errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord *Peterborow*, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you ſo. I dined with lord treaſurer, but cannot get him to do his own buſineſs with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yeſterday with lord treaſurer, who would needs take me along with him to *Windſor*, although I refuſed him ſeveral times, having no linen, *&c.* I had juſt time to deſire lord *Forbes* to call at my lodging, and order

my man to ſend my things to-day to *Windſor* by his ſervant. I lay laſt night at the ſecretary's lodgings at *Windſor*, and borrowed one of his ſhirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. *Maſham*; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got lord *Winchelſea* to bring me to town. Here I found that *Patrick* had broke open the cloſet to get my linen and night-gown, and ſent them to *Windſor*, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return ſo ſoon, is gone upon his rambles: ſo here I am left deſtitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the ſpleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiouſly on *Saturday* night. *Patrick* lay out laſt night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor *Preſto* is a deſolate creature; neither ſervant, nor linen, nor any thing.———Night. Lord *Forbes*'s man has brought back my portmantua, and *Patrick* is come; ſo I am in *Chriſtian* circumſtances: I ſhall hardly commit ſuch a frolick again. I juſt crept out to Mrs. *Van's*, and dined, and ſtaid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. *Windſor* is a delicious place: I never ſaw it before, except for an hour about ſeventeen years ago. *Walls* has been here in my abſence, I ſuppoſe to take his leave; for he deſigned not to ſtay above five days in *London*. He ſays, he and his wife will come here for ſome months next year; and, in ſhort, he dares not ſtay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and *Walls* overtook me in the ſtreet, and told me he was juſt getting on horſeback for *Cheſter*. He has as much curioſity as a cow: he lodged with his horſe in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*: he has bought his wife a ſilk

a ſilk gown, and himſelf a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor *MD* doing now? how do you paſs your time at *Wexford?* how do the waters agree with you? Let *Preſto* know ſoon; for *Preſto* longs to know, and muſt know. Is not madam *Proby* curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will ſpoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet theſe three days. Tell me all the particulars of *Wexford*; the place, the company, the diverſions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor *Dingley* never ſaw ſuch a place in her life; ſent all over the town for a little parſley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had; the butter is ſtark naught, except an old *Engliſh* woman's; and it is ſuch a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your ſheets with you, elſe you muſt have lain in ſackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. ſecretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under-ſecretary was willing to ſave him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be raviſhed: but I told the ſecretary, he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; beſides, he was a fiddler, and conſequently a rogue, and deſerved hanging for ſomething elſe; and ſo he ſhall ſwing. What; I muſt ſtand up for the honour of the fair ſex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! muſt a woman be raviſhed becauſe ſhe is whore?—The ſecretary and I go on *Saturday* to *Windſor* for a week. I dined with lord treaſurer, and ſtaid with him till paſt ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went againſt my cuſtom, becauſe I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: ſo I

talked with him before my lord, that he might ſee me, and then found occaſion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuſe my coming to the levee, that I did it to ſee the fight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there but once, and that was long before he was treaſurer. The rooms were all full, and as many *Whigs* as *Tories*. He whiſpered me a jeſt or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but juſt now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. *Addiſon* and I have at laſt met again. I dined with him and *Steele* to-day at young *Jacob Tonſon*'s. The two *Jacobs* think it is I who have made the ſecretary take from them the printing of the *Gazette*, which they are going to loſe, and *Ben. Tooke* and another are to have it. *Jacob* came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will loſe it in a week or two. Mr. *Addiſon* and I talked as uſual, and as if we had ſeen one another yeſterday; and *Steele* and I were very eaſy, although I writ him lately a biting letter, in anſwer to one of his, where he deſired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treaſurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, ſirrah. Do they give you a ſtomach? Do you eat heartily?—— We have had much rain to-day and yeſterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and ſaw poor *Patty Rolt*, and gave her a piſtole to help her a little forward againſt ſhe goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to ſeek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raiſe their price, and ſometimes they ſtarve her, and then ſhe is forced to ſhift. *Patrick* the puppy put too much ink in my ſtandiſh, and carrying too many things together, I ſpilled it on my paper and floor. The

town

town is dull, wet and empty: *Wexford* is worth two of it; I hope ſo at leaſt, and that poor little *MD* finds it ſo. I reckon upon going to *Windſor* to-morrow with Mr. ſecretary, unleſs he changes his mind, or ſome other buſineſs prevents him. I ſhall ſtay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. ſecretary ſent me word, he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to *Windſor*, ſo I muſt dine no where; and I promiſed lord treaſurer to dine with him to-day; but I ſuppoſe we ſhall dine at *Windſor* at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left *Patrick* to put up my things, and to be ſure to be at home half an hour before two.—*Windſor*, at night. We did not leave *London* till three, and dined here between ſix and ſeven; at nine I left the company, and went to ſee lord treaſurer, who is juſt come. I chid him for coming ſo late; he chid me for not dining with him; ſaid, he ſtaid an hour for me. Then I went and ſat with Mr. *Lewis* till juſt now, and 'tis paſt eleven. I lie in the ſame houſe with the ſecretary, one of the prebendary's houſes. The ſecretary is not come from his apartment in the *Caſtle*. Do you think that abominable dog *Patrick* was out after two to day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot ſhould come? and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater paſſion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not lookt every moment for the ſecretary, who ſent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from *Whitehall* to me, and happened to ſtay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treaſurer's ſervants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleaſed;

becauſe, he ſaid, he deſired to be well with me. I was in a rage; but my friend *Lewis* cooled me, and ſaid, it is what the beſt men ſometimes meet with; and I have been not ſeldom ſerved in the like manner, although not ſo groſsly. In theſe caſes I never demur a moment; nor ever found the leaſt inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to ſleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor *Wexford MD*, and *Stella* that drinks water, and *Dingley* that drinks ale.

21. I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day ſennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am ſo proud I make all the lords come up to me; one paſſes half an hour pleaſant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. *Windſor* is a delicious ſituation, but the town is ſcoundrel. I have this morning got the *Gazette* for *Ben. Tooke* and one *Barber* a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the *Examiner*, which is now laid down. I dined with the ſecretary, we were a dozen in all, three *Scotch* lords, and lord *Peterborow*. Duke *Hamilton* would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up ſtairs. It is an ill circumſtance that on *Sundays* much company always meet at the great tables. Lord treaſurer told at *Court*, what I ſaid to Mr. ſecretary on this occaſion. The ſecretary ſhewed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, ſaid I, ſhew me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted*, I can write no more here,

* This refers to the ink mentioned above, which blotted his paper.

but

but to tell you I love *MD* dearly, and God bleſs them.

30. In my conſcience I fear I ſhall have the gout. I ſometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within theſe two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often ſit evenings with ſome of theſe people, and drink in my turn; but I am now reſolved to drink ten times leſs than before; but they adviſe me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it*. *Tooke* and the printer ſtayed to-day to finiſh their affair, and treated me, and two of the under-ſecretaries, upon their getting the *Gazette*. Then I went to ſee lord treaſurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at *Windſor*: he ſaid, he kept a place for me yeſterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, becauſe the duke of *Buckingham* was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to ſup at Mr. *Maſham*'s, and there ſtayed till paſt one o'clock; and that is late, ſirrahs: and I have much buſineſs.

31. I have ſent a noble haunch of veniſon this afternoon to Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*: I wiſh you had it, ſirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the ſecretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it diſpoſed to rain, ſhe kept

* This advice appears to be reaſonable, either becauſe that when wine is mixed with water, the particles of it, being diluted, inſinuate themſelves with greater facility into more veſſels of the body, and into channels, that pure wine could not readily get admittance into; and therefore its effects are more difficult to be ſhaken off: or, becauſe that wine being of a hot nature, as it digeſts every thing elſe, ſo it digeſts itſelf; but, when mixed with water, it has a contrary effect. Vid. Ariſtot. Problem. Sect. 3. Prob 3. Conſult alſo Prob. 14, 22.

in her coach; ſhe hunts in a chaiſe with one horſe, which ſhe drives herſelf, and drives furiouſly, like *Jehu*, and is a mighty hunter, like *Nimrod*. *Dingley* has heard of *Nimrod*, but not *Stella*, for it is in the *Bible*. I was to-day at *Eton*, which is but juſt croſs the bridge, to ſee my lord *Kerry*'s ſon, who is at ſchool there. Mr. ſecretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't ſend it to *MD?* It is a ſad thing faith, conſidering how *Preſto* loves *MD*, and how *MD* would love *Preſto*'s veniſon for *Preſto*'s ſake. God bleſs the two dear *Wexford* girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of veniſon I ſent to *London*; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a ſudden rain. Her coaches and chaiſes all went back, and the guards too: and I ſcoured into the market-place for ſhelter. I intended to have walked up the fineſt avenue I ever ſaw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each ſide. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. ſecretary came ſoon after, and we were engaging in deep diſcourſe, and I was endeavouring to ſettle ſome points of the greateſt conſequence; and had wormed myſelf pretty well into him, when his under-ſecretary came in (who lodges in the ſame houſe with us) and interrupted all my ſcheme. I have juſt left him; 'tis late, *&c.*

2. I have been now five days at *Windſor*, and *Patrick* has been drunk three times that I have ſeen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have coſt me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to maſter me; ſo now I am reſolved to part with him, and will

will uſe him without the leaſt pity. The ſecretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The ducheſs of *Shrewſbury* aſked him, was not that Dr. Dr. and ſhe could not ſay my name in *Engliſh*, but ſaid Dr. *Preſto*, which is *Italian* for *Swift*. Whimſical enough, as *Billy Swift* ſays. I go to-morrow with the ſecretary to his houſe at *Buckleberry*, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on *Sunday* morning. I will leave this letter behind me lockt up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yeſterday from the biſhop of *Clogher*, who is coming up to *Dublin* to his parliament. Have you any correſpondence with him to *Wexford?* Methinks, I now long for a letter from you, dated *Wexford*, *July* 24, *&c.* O Lord, that would be ſo pretending; and then ſays you, *Stella* can't write much, becauſe it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, ſays you, I find myſelf better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. *Preſto* is ſo ſilly to-night; yes he be; but *Preſto* loves *MD* dearly, as hope ſaved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to *Buckleberry*; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good-night now, becauſe I ſhall be twenty-five miles from this paper to night, and ſo my journal muſt have a break; ſo good morrow, *&c.*

4, 5. I dined yeſterday at *Buckleberry*, where we lay two nights, and ſet out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-ſix miles. Mr. ſecretary was a perfect country gentleman at *Buckleberry*; he ſmoakt tobacco with one or two neighbours; he enquired after the wheat in ſuch a field; he went to viſit his hounds; and knew all their names; he and his lady ſaw me to my chamber juſt in the

country

country faſhion. His houſe is in the midſt of near three thouſand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is deſcended from *Jack Newbury*, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the houſe. She is a great favourite of mine. I loſt church to-day; but I dreſſed, and ſhaved, and went to *Court*, and would not dine with the ſecretary, but engaged myſelf to a private dinner with Mr. *Lewis*, and one friend more. We go to *London* to-morrow; for lord *Dartmouth*, the other ſecretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treaſurer comes every *Saturday* to *Windſor*, and goes away on *Monday* or *Tueſday*. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot ſee him otherwiſe here, he is ſo hurried: we had ſome talk, and I told him I would ſtay this week at *Windſor* by myſelf, where I can have more leiſure to do ſome buſineſs that concerns them. Lord treaſurer and the ſecretary thought to mortify me, for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had never heard of me; I told them, That was their fault, and not hers, *&c.* and ſo we laughed. I dined with the ſecretary, and let him go to *London* at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's houſe, which Mr. ſecretary has taken; only Mr. *Lewis* is in my neighbourhood, and we ſhall be good company. The vice-chamberlain, and Mr. *Maſham*, and the green-cloth, have promiſed me dinners. I ſhall want but four till Mr. ſecretary returns. We have a muſick meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearſal of it, and there was *Margarita*, and her ſiſter, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am ſorry for, becauſe I heard it was a great aſſembly. Mr. *Lewis* came from

from it, and ſat with me till juſt now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no buſineſs, I fear, becauſe Mr. *Lewis*, who has nothing or little to do here, ſticks cloſe to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen uſhers, among ſcurvey company; but the queen was hunting the ſtag till four this afternoon, and ſhe drove in her chaiſe above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I ſometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at *Court*; but ſo few company, that the queen ſent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and ſtood about twenty of us round the room, while ſhe looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute ſaid about three words to ſome that were neareſt her, and then ſhe was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green-cloth, by Mr. *Scarborow*'s invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the beſt table in *England*, and coſts the queen a thouſand pounds a month while ſhe is at *Windſor* or *Hampton-Court*; and is the only mark of magnificence or hoſpitality I can ſee in the queen's family: it is deſigned to entertain foreign miniſters, and people of quality, who come to ſee the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. *Coke*, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long viſit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toaſt, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady *Sunderland*. Lord treaſurer ſtole here laſt night, but did not lie at his lodgings in the *Caſtle*; and after ſeeing the queen, went back again. I juſt drank a diſh of chocolate with him. I fancy I ſhall have reaſon to be angry with him very ſoon: but what care I;

I believe

I believe I ſhall die with miniſtries in my debt. —This night I received a certain letter from a place called *Wexford*, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't anſwer it here, no in troth. I will ſend this to Mr. *Reading*, ſuppoſing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. vice-chamberlain lent me his horſes to ride about and ſee the country this morning. Dr. *Arbuthnott*, the queen's phyſician and favourite, went out with me to ſhew me the places: we went a little after the queen, and evertook Miſs *Foreſter*, a maid of honour, on her palfry taking the air; we made her go along with us. We ſaw a place they have made for a famous horſe-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miſs *Foreſter* ſtood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The Dr. and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—— When I came back, I found Mr. *Scarborow* had ſent all about to invite me to the green-cloth, and leſſened his company on purpoſe to make me eaſy. It is very obliging, and will coſt me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to ſee to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettleſome horſe a dozen miles, having not been on horſe-back this twelvemonth. And Miſs *Foreſter* did not make it eaſier; ſhe is a ſilly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although ſhe be a toaſt, and was dreſſed like a man.

11. I will ſend this letter to-day. I expect the ſecretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unleſs I can get room in ſome coach. It is now morning. I muſt riſe, and fold up and ſeal my letter. Farewel, and God preſerve deareſt *MD*.

I believe I ſhall leave this town on *Monday*.

LETTER XXVIII.

Windſor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-ſeventh this morning in an expreſs to *London*, and directed to Mr. *Reading:* this ſhall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a viſit, I believe I told you ſo in my laſt. I dined to-day at the green-cloth, where every body had been at the race but myſelf, and we were twenty in all; and very noiſy company: but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more ſit at a ſide-table, to be a little quiet. At ſix I went to ſee the ſecretary, who is returned; but lord keeper ſent to deſire I would ſup with him, where I ſtayed till juſt now; lord treaſurer and ſecretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, *&c.*

12. I was this morning to viſit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never viſited him at *Windſor*. He had a preſent ſent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durſt not eat one; I wiſhed *Dingley* had ſome of them, for poor *Stella* can no more eat fruit than *Preſto*. *Dilly Aſhe* is come to *Windſor*; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treaſurer, on purpoſe to ſhew them to him, and he ſaw the queen and ſeveral great lords, and the ducheſs of *Montague*; he was mighty happy, and reſolves to fill a letter to the biſhop *. My friend *Lewis* and I dined ſoberly with Dr. *Adams*, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer,

* Of *Clogher*.

by

by the death of his father. He is now lord *Willoughby* of *Brook*, and will ſit in the houſe of lords with his gown. I ſupped to-night at *Maſham*'s with lord treaſurer, Mr. ſecretary, and *Prior*. The treaſurer made us ſtay till twelve, before he came from the queen, and 'tis now paſt two.

13. I reckoned upon going to *London* to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not ſit laſt night, and ſat to-day, ſo we go to-morrow at ſix in the morning. I miſs'd the race to-day by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my laſt riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the ſecretary's lodgings without him: Mr *Hare*, his under-ſecretary, Mr. *Lewis*, brigadier *Sutton* and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a ſnap with us, rather than ſtay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reaſon why the cabinet council was not held laſt night, was becauſe Mr. ſecretary *St. John* would not ſit with your duke of *Somerſet*. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have muſick-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearſal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, ſent me the Lord knows how. He ſays ſome of the biſhops will hardly believe that lord treaſurer got the queen to remit the *Firſt-Fruits* before the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant; and that the biſhops have written a letter to lord treaſurer, to thank him. He has ſent me the addreſs of the convocation, aſcribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had leſs

ſhare in it than *MD*; for if it had not been for *MD*, I ſhould not have been ſo good a ſolicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of miſchief, with a printer.—I found Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* all in combuſtion, ſquabbling with her rogue of a landlord; ſhe has left her houſe, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldeſt daughter is come of age, and going to *Ireland* to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Van*, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at ſix to ſee lord treaſurer, but his company was gone, contrary to cuſtom, and he was buſy, and I was forced to ſtay ſome time before I could ſee him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away being in haſte. He deſired me to dine with him on *Friday*, becauſe there would be a friend of his that I muſt ſee: my lord *Harley* told me when he was gone, that it was Mrs. *Maſham* his father meant, who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I never ſaw, though her huſband is one of our *Society*. God ſend her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with theſe great miniſters to clear ſome miſunderſtandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy tickliſh piece of work, and a man hazards loſing both ſides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.— I thought the clergy in convocation in *Ireland* would have given me thanks for being their ſolicitor, but I hear of no ſuch thing. Pray talk occaſionally on that ſubject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatneſs of my ſpirit, that I value their thanks not a ruſh? but at my return ſhall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treaſurer's action, wherein the duke of *Ormond* had no more

ſhare

ſhare than a cat. And ſo they may go whiſtle, and I'll go ſleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at *Pontact*'s with *Stratford*, and two other merchants. *Pontact* told us, although his wine was ſo good, he ſold it cheaper than others, he took but ſeven ſhillings a flaſk. Are not theſe pretty rates? The books he ſent for from *Hamburgh*, are come, but not yet got out of the cuſtom-houſe. My library will be at leaſt double when I come back. I ſhall go to *Windſor* again on *Saturday*, to meet our *Society*, who are to ſup at Mr. ſecretary's; but I believe I ſhall return on *Monday*, and then I will anſwer your letter, that lies ſafe here underneath; — I ſee it; lie ſtill; I'll anſwer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord treaſurer's with Mrs. *Maſham*, and ſhe is extremely like one Mrs. *Malolly*, that was once my landlady in *Trim*. She was uſed with mighty kindneſs and reſpect like a favourite. It ſignifies nothing going to this lord treaſurer about buſineſs, although it be his own. He was in haſte, and deſires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen ſick, and they think he will die: I wiſh I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old *Scotch* fanatick, and the damn'deſt liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend *Patrick* to ſucceed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain, you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windſor, 18. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, and he would make me go with him to *Windſor*, although I was engaged to the ſecretary, to whom I made my excuſes; we had in the coach beſides, his ſon and ſon-in-law, lord *Harley*, and lord *Dup-*

plin, who are two of our ſociety, and ſeven of us met by appointment, and ſupped this night with the ſecretary. It was paſt nine before we got here; but a fine moon-ſhiny night. I ſhall go back, I believe, on *Monday*. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not ſtir out to-day, ſhe is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. *Maſham*'s; we had none but our ſociety members, ſix in all, and I ſupped with lord treaſurer. The queen has ordered twenty thouſand pounds to go on with the building at *Blenheim*, which has been ſtarved till now, ſince the change of the miniſtry. I ſuppoſe it is to reward his laſt action of getting into the *French* lines. Lord treaſurer kept me till paſt twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every ſtep of our journey to-day; I returned with the ſecretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. *Van*'s, where I ſat the evening. I grow very idle, becauſe I have a great deal of buſineſs. Tell me how you paſſed your time at *Wexford*; and an't you glad at heart you have got home ſafe to your lodgings at *St. Mary*'s, pray? And ſo your friends come to viſit you; and Mrs. *Walls* is much better of her eye; and the dean is juſt as he uſed to be: and what does *Walls* ſay of *London?* 'tis a reaſoning coxcomb. And goody *Stoyte*, and *Hannah* what d'ye call her; no, her name en't *Hannah*, *Catherine* I mean; they were ſo glad to ſee the ladies again; and Mrs. *Manley* wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and incloſed a long politick paper by itſelf. You know the biſhops are all angry that (ſmoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the *Firſt-fruits* were got by lord treaſurer before the duke of *Ormond* was governor. I told lord treaſurer all this, and he is

very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what paſſed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the duke of *Ormond*. Lord treaſurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the biſhops of *Ireland*, ſigned by ſeventeen, and ſays he will write them an anſwer. The dean of *Carliſle* ſat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord treaſurer, who dined abroad, ſo did the ſecretary, and I was left in the ſuds. 'Twas almoſt four, and I got to Sir *Matthew Dudley*, who had half dined. *Thornhill*, who killed Sir *Cholmley Dering*, was murdered by two men on *Turnham-Green* laſt *Monday* night: as they ſtabbed him, they bid him remember Sir *Cholmley Dering*. They had quarrelled at *Hampton-Court*, and followed and ſtabbed him on horſeback. We have only a *Grubſtreet* paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myſelf through *Turnham-Green* the ſame night, which was yeſterday.

22. We have had terrible rains theſe two or three days. I intended to dine at lord treaſurer's, but went to ſee lady *Abercorn*, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and viſited lord treaſurer this evening. His porter is mending. I ſat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be buſy. Paſſing by *White's Chocolate-houſe*, my brother *Maſham* called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our ſociety, you muſt know, are all brothers.) Dr. *Garth* told us, that Mr. *Henley* is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl *Poulet*, is gone down to the *Grange* to take care of his funeral. The earl of *Danby*, the duke of *Leeds*'s eldeſt grandſon, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at

Utrecht of the ſmall-pox.—I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters.—Methinks this letter goes on ſlowly; 'twill be a fortnight next *Saturday* ſince it was begun, and one ſide not filled. O fye for ſhame, *Preſto*. Faith, I'm ſo toſticated to and from *Windſor*, that I know not what to ſay; but faith, I'll go to *Windſor* again on *Saturday*, if they aſk me, not elſe. So loſe your money again, now you are come home; do, ſirrah.

Take your magnifying glaſs, madam *Dingley*.

You ſha'nt read this, ſirrah *Stella*; don't read it for your life, for fear of your deareſt eyes.

There's enough for this ſide; theſe miniſters hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, ſaucy *MD*.

Silly, impudent loggerhead *Preſto*.

23. *Dilly* and I dined to-day with lord *Abercorn*, and had a fine fat haunch of veniſon, that ſmelt rarely on one ſide: and after dinner *Dilly* won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a ſcurvy empty town this melancholy ſeaſon of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in *Winter*. The grapes are ſad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are ſome figs. I ſometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You ſay nothing of the box ſent half a year ago. I wiſh you would pay me for Mrs. *Walls*'s tea. Your mother is in the country, I ſuppoſe. Pray ſend me the account of *MD*, madam *Dingley*, as it ſtands ſince *November*, that is to ſay, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent *Stella* for *Wexford)* for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that *Hawkſhaw*'s intereſt ſhould be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let *Parviſol* know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and ſo go play

with the dean, and I will anſwer your letter to-morrow. Good night, ſirrahs, and love *Preſto*, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, who chid me for not dining with him yeſterday, for it ſeems I did not underſtand his invitation: and their *Club* of the miniſtry dined together, and expected me. Lord *Radnor* and I were walking the *Mall* this evening; and Mr. ſecretary met us and took a turn or two, and then ſtole away, and we both believed it was to pick up ſome wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: ſo goes the world. *Prior* has been out of town theſe two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in *France*, and I half believe it. It is ſaid, he was ſent by the miniſtry, and for ſome overtures towards a Peace. The ſecretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be diſſolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treaſurer; and did, at the requeſt of ſome people, deſire that the queen's anſwer to the commons addreſs might expreſs a diſlike of ſome principles, *&c.* but was anſwered dubiouſly.—— And ſo now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to ſee ſo much in *Stella*'s hand. But why *Dingley* drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly ſhe'll drink waters as well as *Stella:* why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them ſince you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exerciſe, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now paſt the middle of *Auguſt*; ſo by your reckoning you are in *Dublin*. It would vex me to the dogs that

letters

letters ſhould miſcarry between *Dublin* and *Wexford*, after ſcaping the ſalt ſeas. I will write no more that naſty town in haſte again I warrant you. I have been four *Sundays* together at *Windſor*, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I ſhall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unleſs the ſecretary aſks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noiſe here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is ſo very extraordinary, and the language of the commons ſo very pretty. The *Examiner* has been down this month, and was very ſilly the five or ſix laſt papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in anſwer to a letter to the ſeven lords who examined *Gregg*. The *Anſwer* is by the real author of the *Examiner*, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had *Trap*'s poem on the duke of *Ormond* printed here, and the printer ſold juſt eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half ſo good as *Stella*'s; and ſhe is very modeſt to compare herſelf with ſuch a poetaſter. I am heartily ſorry for poor Mrs. *Parnel*'s death; ſhe ſeemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. *Dilly* is not tired at all with *England*, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty eaſy to be at diſtance from his two ſiſters-in-law. He finds ſome ſort of ſcrub acquaintance; goes now and then in diſguiſe to a play; ſmoaks his pipe; reads now and then a little traſh, and what elſe the Lord knows. I ſee him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am leſs peſtered with company than uſual. I have got rid of many of my ſolicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who deſired me to ſpeak

to lord treaſurer to give him two thouſand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get ſomething better? I honeſtly delivered my meſſage to the treaſurer, adding, The knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to ſave from the gallows. *Cole Reading*'s father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his Lights to the miniſtry; aſſuring me, that a word of mine would, *&c.* Did not that dog uſe to ſpeak ill of me, and profeſs to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me conſtantly to him.—Did the biſhop of *London* die in *Wexford?* poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? Were you at his burial? Was it a great funeral? So far from his friends? But he was very old: we ſhall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleaſed. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? Who held up his pall? Was there a great ſight of clergy? Do they deſign a tomb for him? Are you ſure it was the biſhop of *London?* becauſe there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the ſame title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do ſtrange things in their wine? They ſay, theſe waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to paſs. Do you make no more of killing a biſhop? Are theſe your whiggiſh tricks?—Yes, yes, I ſee you are in a fret. Oh faith, ſays you, ſaucy *Preſto*, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jeſt and a laughing-ſtock? Are theſe your *Engliſh* tricks, with a murrain? And *Sacheverell* will be the next biſhop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for aught

I ſee.

i ſee. He hates the new miniſtry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to deſpiſe him too. They will not allow him to have been the occaſion of the late change; at leaſt ſome of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. *Addiſon* does not go to *Ireland* this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to *Bath* with Paſtoral *Philips*, for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this ſhall go to-morrow, which will be juſt a fortnight from the laſt, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to *Wexford*, and mine to *Windſor*. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you gueſs my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of miſtaking? I loſt my handkerchief in the *Mall* to-night with lord *Radnor*: but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. *Tiſdall* (that lodges with me) and I have had no converſation, nor do we pull off our hats in the ſtreets. There is a couſin of his (I ſuppoſe) a young parſon, that lodges in the houſe too; a handſome genteel fellow. *Dick Tighe* and his wife lodged over-againſt us; and he has been ſeen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to *Ireland*, but not together; and he ſolemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not ſtick to ſay, that ſhe has a tongue: in ſhort I am told, ſhe is the moſt urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to reſent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm ſleepy.

25. I was with the ſecretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to *Windſor* in a chariot with lord keeper; ſo I was not invited, and am forced to ſtay at home; but not at all againſt

my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the *Gazette*, and am come home early; and have nothing to ſay to you more, but finiſh this letter, and not ſend it by the bell-man. Days grow ſhort, and the weather grows bad, and the town is ſplenetick, and things are ſo oddly contrived, that I cannot be abſent; otherwiſe I would go for a few days to *Oxford*, as I promiſed.—They ſay, 'tis certain that *Prior* has been in *France*; nobody doubts it: I had not time to aſk the ſecretary, he was in ſuch haſte. Well, I will take my leave of deareſt *MD*, for a while; for I muſt begin my next letter to-night: conſider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love *Preſto*. There is now but one buſineſs the miniſtry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, ſome things ſtand very tickliſh; I dare ſay nothing at this diſtance. Farewel, dear ſirrahs, deareſt lives: there is peace and quiet with *MD*, and nowhere elſe. They have not leiſure here to think of ſmall things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewel again, deareſt rogues; I am never happy, but when I write or think of *MD*. I have enough of *Courts* and miniſtries; and wiſh I were at *Laracor:* and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. *Bernage* came to ſee me to-day; he is juſt landed from *Portugal*, and come to raiſe recruits; he looks very well, and ſeems pleaſed with his ſtation and manner of life: he never ſaw *London* nor *England* before; he is raviſhed with *Kent*, which was his firſt proſpect when he landed. Farewel again, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty ſmall gilt ſheet of paper to write to *MD*. I have this moment ſent my 28th by *Patrick*, who tells me he has put it in the poſt-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you muſt ſet me right. It is now a ſolar month and two days ſince the date of your laſt, *N.* 18. and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houſes, all which I know already. Where ſhall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I uſed to dine when I was at a loſs; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fulleſt with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, ſirrahs; for *Preſto* is going to be very buſy; not *Preſto*, but t'other I.

26. People have ſo left the town, that I am at a loſs for a dinner. It is a long time ſince I have been at *London* upon a *Sunday*; and the miniſters are all at *Windſor*. It coſt me eighteen pence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to *Frankland*'s, and he was abroad, and the drab his wife lookt out at window, and bowed to me without inviting me up: ſo I dined with Mr. *Coote*, my lord *Montrath*'s brother; my lord is with you in *Ireland*. This morning at five my lord *Jerſey* died of the gout in his ſtomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yeſterday, and his death was ſudden: he was chamberlain to king *William*, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a *Tory*, and ſtood now fair to be privy-ſeal; and by his death will, I ſuppoſe, make that matter

matter eaſier, which has been a very ſtubborn buſineſs at *Court*, as I have been informed. I never remember ſo many people of quality to have died in ſo ſhort a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank *Stratford* for my books, and dine with him, and ſettle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. *Weſley* for ſome things I am to buy for her; and the d— a one of all theſe could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in *Summer!* and yet I am ſo unlucky that I cannot poſſibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town ſo late in *Summer*, and return ſo late in *Winter*, that they have almoſt inverted the ſeaſons. It is *Autumn* this good while in *St. James's Park*; the limes have been loſing their leaves, and thoſe remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this ſeaſon, where every thing grows worſe and worſe. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at *Wexford?* A few cherries, and durſt not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy-ſeal. The *Whigs* whiſper, that our new miniſtry differ among themſelves, and they begin to talk out Mr. ſecretary: they have ſome reaſons for their whiſpers, although I thought it was a greater ſecret. I do not much like the poſture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and ſo I have told them ſeveral times. The *Whigs* are mighty full of hopes at preſent; and whatever is the matter, all kind of ſtocks fall. I have not yet talked with the ſecretary about *Prior*'s journey. I ſhould be apt to think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preſerve us.

The

The ſecretary is not come from *Windſor*; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politicks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to *Chelſea*, and dined with the dean of *Carliſle*, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of *Chriſt-church* in *Oxford*. I was adviſing him to uſe his intereſt to prevent any miſunderſtanding between our miniſters; but he is too wiſe to meddle, though he fears the thing and the conſequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanry, and leave them to themſelves; and he is in the right.—When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. *Lewis*, who is now at *Windſor*; and in it, forſooth, another which lookt like *Preſto*'s hand; and what ſhould it be but a 19th from *MD?* O faith, I ſcaped narrowly, for I ſent my 28th but on *Saturday*; and what ſhould I have done if I had two letters to anſwer at once? I did not expect another from *Wexford*, that's certain. Well, I muſt be contented; but you are dear ſaucy girls, for all that, to write ſo ſoon again, faith; an't you.

29. I dined to-day with lord *Abercorn*, and took my leave of them; they ſet out to-morrow for *Cheſter*, and, I believe, will now fix in *Ireland*. They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldeſt ſon is married to a lady with ten thouſand pounds; and his ſecond ſon has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thouſand pounds, beſide two ſmall ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was ſo fortunate, that my lord beſtowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his ſervants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treaſurer, who deſires I will dine with him to-morrow, when

when he will ſhew me the anſwer he deſigns to return to the letter of thanks from your biſhops in *Ireland*. The archbiſhop of *Dublin* deſired me to get myſelf mentioned in the anſwer which my lord would ſend; but I ſent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He ſays, it would convince the biſhops of what I have affirmed, that the *Firſt-Fruits* were granted before the duke of *Ormond* was declared governor; and I writ to him, That I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord treaſurer began a health to my lord privy-ſeal; *Prior* punned, and ſaid it was ſo privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we ſhall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-ſeal, ſaucy ſluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was ſurprized with the news, that the biſhop of *Briſtol* is made lord privy-ſeal. You know his name is *Robinſon*, and that he was many years envoy in *Sweden*. All the friends of the preſent miniſtry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the reſt. The *Whigs* will fret to death, to ſee a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handſome thing in my lord treaſurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me, he would not offer to ſend it without ſhewing it to me: he thought that would not be juſt, ſince I was ſo deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord *Rivers*, *Marr*, and *Kinnoul*, Mr. ſecretary, *George Granville*, and *Maſham*; the laſt has invited me to the chriſtening of his ſon to-morrow ſennight, and on *Saturday* I go to *Windſor* with Mr. ſecretary.

31. *Dilly* and I walked to-day to *Kenſington* to lady *Mountjoy*, who invited us to dinner. He returned

turned ſoon to go to a play, it being the laſt that will be acted for ſome time: he dreſſes himſelf like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to viſit ſome people at *Kenſington*; *Ophy Butler*'s wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common diſeaſe here and little known in *Ireland*. —I am apt to think we ſhall ſoon have a Peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the miniſtry. I have juſt thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that Mr. *Prior* has been lately in *France*. I will make a printer of my own ſit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of *Prior*'s journey, with ſeveral particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to *Windſor* with Mr. ſecretary; and lord treaſurer has promiſed to bring me back. The weather has been fine for ſome time, and I believe we ſhall have a great deal of duſt.—At night. *Windſor*. The ſecretary and I dined to-day at *Parſon's-Green* at my lord *Peterborow*'s houſe, who has left it and his gardens to the ſecretary during his abſence. It is the fineſt garden I have ever ſeen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening faſt. I durſt not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a baſket full to my friend *Lewis* here at *Windſor*. Does *Stella* never eat any? what, no apricocks at *Donnybrook?* nothing but claret and ombre; I envy people maunching and maunching * peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a ſudden turn

* As the provincial word maunching echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term munching, it is therefore here retained.

any

any time makes me giddy for a moment, and ſometimes it feels very ſtufft; but if it grows no worſe, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here juſt joining to the caſtle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, ſet with a double row of elms on each ſide. Were you ever at *Windſor?* I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor ſtir out from her chamber, but received the ſacrament there; as ſhe always does the firſt *Sunday* in the month. Yet we had a great *Court*, and among others, I ſaw your *Ingoldſby*, who ſeeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treaſurer, *&c.* came up and ſaluted me, and began a very impertinent diſcourſe about the ſiege of *Bouchain*. I told him, I could not anſwer his queſtions, but I would bring him one that ſhould; ſo I went and fetched *Sutton* (who brought over the expreſs about a month ago) and delivered him to the general, and bid him anſwer his queſtions; and ſo I left them together. *Sutton* after ſome time comes back in a rage; finds me with lord *Rivers* and *Maſham*, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and ſwore he had been plagued to death with *Ingoldſby*'s talk. But he told me, *Ingoldſby* aſkt him what I meant by bringing him; ſo, I ſuppoſe, he ſmoakt me a little. So we laughed, *&c.* My lord *Willoughby*, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of *Windſor*, read prayers laſt night to the family; and the biſhop of *Briſtol*, who is dean of *Windſor*, officiated laſt night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleaſes mightily. I dined with Mr. *Maſham*, becauſe he lets me have a ſelect company. For the *Court* here have got by the end a good thing I

ſaid

ſaid to the ſecretary ſome weeks ago. He ſhewed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, ſaid I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company. Lord treaſurer was mightily pleaſed, and told it every body, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they ſay the biſhop will then have the privy-ſeal delivered him at a great council.

3. *Windſor* ſtill. The council was held ſo late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The biſhop was ſworn privy-councellor, and had the privy-ſeal given him: and now the patents are paſſed for thoſe who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord *Raby*, who is earl of *Strafford*, is on *Thurſday* to marry a nameſake of *Stella*'s; the daughter of Sir *H. Johnſon* in the city; he has threeſcore thouſand pounds with her, ready money; beſides the reſt at the father's death. I have got my friend *Stratford* to be one of the directors of the *South Sea* company, who were named to-day. My lord treaſurer did it for me a month ago; and one of thoſe whom I got to be printer of the *Gazette*, I am recommending to be printer to the ſame company. He treated Mr. *Lewis* and me to-day at dinner. I ſupped laſt night and this with lord treaſurer, keeper, *&c.* and took occaſion to mention the printer. I ſaid, It was the ſame printer, whom my lord treaſurer has appointed to print for the *South Sea* company; he denied, and I inſiſted on it; and I got the laugh on my ſide.

London, 4. I came as far as *Brentford* in lord *Rivers*'s chariot, who had buſineſs with lord treaſurer; then I went into lord treaſurer's: we ſtopt at *Kenſington*, where lord treaſurer went to ſee Mrs. *Maſham*, who is now what they call in the ſtraw. We got to town by three, and I lighted

at

at lord treaſurer's; who commanded me not to ſtir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuſe me, and ſo went into the city by water, where I could be eaſier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him ſome part of *Prior*'s journey to *France*. I walkt from the city, for I take all occaſions of exerciſe. Our journey was horrid duſty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the ſtreets were as dirty as *Winter*: it is very refreſhing after ten days dry. —I went into the city and dined with *Stratford*, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the firſt notice by a letter from me. I ate ſturgeon, and it lies on my ſtomach. I almoſt finiſhed *Prior*'s journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with *Patrick* at my heels.

7. Morning. But what ſhall we do about this letter of *MD*'s, *N.* 19? not a word anſwered yet, and ſo much paper ſpent? I cannot do any thing in it, ſweet hearts, till night.— At night. O Lord, O Lord, the greateſt diſgrace that ever was has happened to *Preſto*. What do you think; but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from *MD*, *N.* 20, dated *Dublin*. O dear, O dear; O ſad, O ſad.— Now I have two letters together to anſwer: here they are, lying together. But I will only anſwer the firſt; for I came in late. I dined with my friend *Lewis* at his lodgings, and walked at ſix to *Kenſington* to Mr. *Maſham*'s ſon's chriſtening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord treaſurer, his ſon, and ſon-in-law, that is to ſay, lord *Harley*, and lord *Dupplin*, and lord *Rivers* and I. The dean of *Rocheſter* chriſtened the child, but ſoon went away. Lord treaſurer and lord *Rivers* were godfathers, and Mrs. *Hill*, Mrs. *Maſham*'s

ſham's ſiſter, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. *Maſham* joy of it; and ſhe charged me to take care of my nephew, becauſe Mr. *Maſham* being a brother of our ſociety, his ſon you know is conſequently a nephew. Mrs. *Maſham* ſat up dreſſed in bed, but not as they do in *Ireland* with all ſmooth about her, as if ſhe was cut off in the middle; for you might ſee the counterpain (what d'ye call it?) riſe about her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpain, and you'll laugh now, ſirrahs *George Granville* came in at ſupper, and we ſtayed till eleven, and lord treaſurer ſet me down at my lodging in *Suffolk-ſtreet*. Did I ever tell you that lord treaſurer hears ill with the left ear, juſt as I do? he always turns the right; and his ſervants whiſper him at that only. I dare not tell him, that I am ſo too, for fear he ſhould think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You muſt read this before the other; for I miſtook, and forgot to write yeſterday's journal, it was ſo inſignificant: I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*, and ſat the evening with lord treaſurer, till ten o'clock. On *Thurſdays* he has always a large ſelect company, and expects me. So good night for laſt night, *&c.*

8. Morning. I go to *Windſor* with lord treaſurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be ſent to the poſt. And now let us hear what ſays the firſt letter, *N.* 19. You are ſtill at *Wexford*, as you ſay, madam *Dingley*. I think no letter from me ever yet miſcarried. And ſo *Iniſh Corthy* *, and the river *Slainy*; fine words thoſe in a lady's mouth. Your hand like *Dingley*'s, you ſcambling, ſcattering, ſluttekin? *Yes mighty like indeed, is not*

* The name of a town in the county of *Wexford*.

it†? Piſſhh, don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have *Dingley* read ſometimes to you, that you may not loſe the deſire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numming is gone. Pray uſe exerciſe when you go to town. What game is that ombra‡ which Dr. *Elwood* and you play at? is it the *Spaniſh* game ombre? Your card purſe? you a card purſe! you a fiddleſtick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a Devil, is that eight-ſhilling tea-kettle copper, or tin japanned? It is like your *Iriſh* politeneſs, raffling for tea-kettles. What a ſplutter you keep to convince me that *Walls* has no taſte? My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear ſirrah *Stella*, when you find your eyes ſo weak that you cannot ſee? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So *Dingley* can't write becauſe of the clutter of new company come to *Wexford?* I ſuppoſe the noiſe of their hundred horſes diſturbs you; or do you lie in one gallery, as in an hoſpital? What; you are afraid of loſing in *Dublin* the acquaintance you have got in *Wexford*; and chiefly the biſhop of *Rapho*, an old, doating, perverſe coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfaſt. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam *Dingley*, you are apt to lie in your Travels, though not ſo bad as *Stella*; ſhe tells thumpers, as I ſhall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So, Dr. *Elwood*

† Theſe words in *Italics* are written in ſtrange miſhapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of *Stella*'s writing.

‡ In *Stella*'s ſpelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of *Stella*'s underſtanding ſhould ſpell extreamly ill.

ſays,

ſays, There are a world of pretty things in my Works. A pox on his praiſes! an enemy here would ſay more. The duke of *Buckingham* would ſay as much, tho' he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me againſt him: they bring me all he ſays of me, and, I believe, make it worſe out of roguery.— No 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam *Stella*, but your old *ſcrawling, ſplay-foot pot hooks* §, *s*, *ſ*, aye that's it: there the s, ſ, ſ, there, there, that's exact. Farewel, *&c.*

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we ſhall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis ſhaving day, and I have much to do.

When *Stella* ſays her pen was bewitched, it was only becauſe there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the ſame thoughts of his wife, and for the ſame reaſon. I think this is very well obſerved, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off thoſe two notes above; and ſee the nine pounds indorſed, and receive the other; and ſend me word how my accounts ſtand that they may be adjuſted by *Nov.* 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; ſo make no blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you ſhan't wrong me; that's the ſhort. O Lord, how ſtout *Preſto* is of late? But he loves *MD* more than his life a thouſand times, for all his ſtoutneſs; tell him that; and that I'll ſwear it, as hope ſaved, ten millions of times, *&c. &c.*

I open my letter once more to tell *Stella*, that if ſhe does not uſe exerciſe after her waters, it will loſe all the effects of them: I ſhould not live, if I

§ Theſe words in *Italics* are miſerably ſcrawled, in imitation of *Stella*'s hand, and the two *Eſſes* that follow.

did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor *Preſto*.

LETTER XXX.

Windſor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman ſtop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the poſt-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord treaſurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter paſt eight; but the *Moon* ſhone, and ſo we were not in much danger of overturning; which however he values not a ſtraw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we ſupped together, with Mr. *Maſham*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, the queen's favourite phyſician, a *Scotchman*. I could not keep myſelf awake after ſupper, but did all I was able to diſguiſe it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me, I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves ſitting up late.

9. The queen is ſtill in the gout, but recovering; ſhe ſaw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was ſo great, I could not ſee her. I dined with my brother, Sir *William Windham*, and ſome others of our ſociety, to avoid the great tables on *Sunday* at *Windſor*, which I hate. The uſual company ſupped to-night at lord treaſurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr. ſecretary, *George Granville*, *Maſham*, *Arbuthnot* and I. But ſhowers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and ſometimes a few mulberries, becauſe it is ſaid, they are wholeſome, and you know, a good name does much. I ſhall return to town to-morrow, though I thought

thought to have ſtaid a week, to be at leiſure for ſomething I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I ſhall come here again on *Saturday*, when our Society are to meet at ſupper at Mr. ſecretary's. My life is very regular here: on *Sunday* morning I conſtantly viſit lord keeper, and ſup at lord treaſurer's with the ſame ſet of company. I was not ſleepy to-night; I reſolved I would not; yet it is paſt midnight at this preſent writing.

London, 10. Lord treaſurer and *Maſham* and I left *Windſor* at three this afternoon; we dropt *Maſham* at *Kenſington* with his lady, and got home by ſix. It was ſeven before we ſat down to dinner, and I ſtayed till paſt eleven. *Patrick* came home with the ſecretary: I am more plagued with *Patrick* and my portmantua than with myſelf. I forgot to tell you that when I went to *Windſor* on *Saturday*, I overtook lady *Giffard* and Mrs. *Fenton* in a chariot going, I ſuppoſe, to *Sheen*. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treaſurer's brother, who had buſineſs with the treaſurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at *Turnham-Green*, four miles from *London*, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord treaſurer: ſo it happened that thoſe people ſaw me, and not with lord treaſurer. Mrs. F. was to ſee me about a week ago; and deſired I would get her ſon into the *Charter-houſe*.

11. This morning the printer ſent me an account of *Prior*'s journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet, I ſuppoſe you will ſee it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the laſt page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. ſecretary ſent to me to dine where he did; it was at *Prior*'s; when I came in *Prior* ſhewed me the

pamphlet, ſeemed to be angry, and ſaid, Here is our *Engliſh* liberty: I read ſome of it, and ſaid I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head, I ſhould have certainly done it myſelf. We ſtayed at *Prior*'s till paſt ten, and then the ſecretary received a packet with the news of *Bouchain* being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. *Prior* owned his having been in *France*, for it was paſt denying; it ſeems he was diſcovered by a raſcal at *Dover*, who had poſitive orders to let him paſs. I believe we ſhall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has coſt me three ſhillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the ſecretary about ſome buſineſs of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he ſold yeſterday a thouſand of *Prior*'s journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is *MD* doing all this while? got again to their cards, their *Walls*, their deans, their *Stoytes*, and their claret? Pray preſent my ſervice to Mr. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*. Tell goody *Stoyte*, ſhe owes me a world of dinners, and I will ſhortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the archbiſhop of *Dublin*'s laſt letter *? He had been ſaying in ſeveral of his former, that he would ſhortly write to me ſomething about myſelf, and it looked as if he intended ſomething for me: at laſt out it comes, and conſiſts of two parts. Firſt, he adviſes me to ſtrike in for ſome preferment now I have friends; and ſecondly, he adviſes me, ſince I have parts, and learning, and a

* See the laſt Collection of Letters, printed by *Dodſley* and others, No. 50.

happy

happy pen, to think of ſome new ſubject in *Divinity* not handled by others, which I ſhould manage better than any body. A rare ſpark this, with a pox! but I ſhall anſwer him as rarely. Methinks he ſhould have invited me over, and given me ſome hopes or promiſes. But hang him! and ſo good night, *&c.*

13. It rained moſt furiouſly all this morning till about twelve, and ſometimes thundered; I trembled for my ſhillings, but it cleared up, and I made a ſhift to get a walk in the *Park*, and then went with the ſecretary to dine with lord treaſurer. Upon *Thurſdays* there is always a ſelect company; we had the duke *of Shrewſbury*, lord *Rivers*, the two ſecretaries, Mr. *Granville*, and Mr. *Prior*. Half of them went to council at ſix; but *Rivers*, *Granville*, *Prior* and I ſtayed till eight. *Prior* was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to *Paris*; and indeed the two laſt pages, which the printer got ſomebody to add, are ſo romantick, they ſpoil all the reſt. *Dilly Aſhe* pretended to me that he was only going to *Oxford* and *Cambridge* for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not ſee him as I appointed t'other day; but ſome of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to *Ireland*; and ſo they ſay at his lodging. I believe the rogue was aſhamed to tell me ſo, becauſe I adviſed him to ſtay the *Winter*, and he ſaid he would. I find he had got into a good ſet of ſcrub acquaintance, and I thought paſſed his time very merrily; but I ſuppoſe he languiſhed after *Balderig*, and the claret of *Dublin*; and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converſe better there than here. *Bernage* was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a Peace. He ſaid, he ne-

ver had his health ſo well as in *Portugal*. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14 I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is ſo empty; I met *H. Coote*, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir *John Stanley* did not come into my head; ſo I took up with Mrs. *Van.* and dined with her and her damned landlady, wh , I believe, by her eye-brows, is a bawd. This evening I met *Addiſon* and *Paſtoral Philips* in the *Park*, and ſupped with them at *Addiſon's* lodgings; we were very good company, and yet know no man half ſo agreeable to me as he is. I ſat with them till twelve, ſo you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have ſome little converſation with *MD* before your *Preſto* goes to bed, becauſe it makes me ſleep and dream, and ſo forth. Faith this letter goes on ſlowly enough, ſirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite ſettled after your journey you know, and have gone all your viſits, and loſt your money at ombre. You never play at cheſs now, *Stella*. That puts me in mind of *Dick Tighe*; I fancy I told you, he uſed to beat his wife here; and ſhe deſerved it; and he reſolves to part with her; and they went to *Ireland* in different coaches. O Lord, I ſaid all this before, I'm ſure. Go to bed, ſirrahs.

Windſor, 15. I made the ſecretary ſtop at *Brentford*, becauſe we ſet out at two this afternoon, and faſting would not agree with me. I only deſigned to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roaſt beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it coſt me a guinea; I don't like ſuch jeſting, yet I was mightily pleaſed with it too. To-night our Society met at the ſecretary's, there were

were nine of us; and we have choſen a new member, the earl of *Jerſey*, whoſe father died lately. 'Tis paſt one, and I have ſtolen away.

16. I deſign to ſtay here this week by myſelf, about ſome buſineſs that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. *Adams*, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are ſo full here on *Sunday*, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. *Adams* knows I love to do ſo; which is very obliging. The queen ſaw company in her bed-chamber; ſhe looks very well, but ſhe ſat down. I ſupped with lord treaſurer as uſual, and ſtayed till paſt one as uſual, and with our uſual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to *Windſor*. I hate theſe ſuppers mortally; but I ſeldom eat any thing.

17. Lord treaſurer and Mr. ſecretary ſtay here till to-morrow; ſome buſineſs keeps them, and I am ſorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. *Lewis* and I were going to dine ſoberly with a little court friend at one. But lord *Harley* and lord *Dupplin* kept me by force, and ſaid we ſhould dine at lord treaſurer's, who intended to go at four to *London*; I ſtayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treaſurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of *Somerſet*, but he was gone to a horſe-race, and would not come till five: ſo we were forced to go to a tavern, and ſent for wine from lord treaſurer's, who at laſt we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at lord treaſurer's we ſupped again; and I deſired him to let me add four ſhillings to the bill I gave him. We ſat up till two, yet I muſt write to little *MD*.

18. They

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to ſeek my fortune; but Dr. *Arbuthnot* engages me for my dinners; and he yeſterday gave me my choice of place, perſon, and victuals for to-day. So I choſe to dine with Mrs. *Hill*, who is one of the dreſſers, and Mrs. *Maſham*'s ſiſter, no company but us three, and to have a ſhoulder of mutton, a ſmall one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals beſides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. *Hill* and I are to dine with the Doctor. I have ſeen a fellow often about Court, whom I thought I knew; I aſked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was *Killy*'s acquaintance (I won't ſay yours) I think his name is *Lovet*, or *Lovel*, or ſomething like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my preſent poſture I ſhall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I uſed to ſee him with the *Bradleys*; and by the way, I have not ſeen Mrs. *Bradley* ſince I came to *England*. I left your letter in *London*, like a fool; and cannot anſwer it till I go back, which will not be until *Monday* next: ſo this will be above a fortnight from my laſt; but I will fetch it up in my next; ſo go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen deſigns to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think ſhe will ſtay here longer than we believed. Mrs. *Maſham* is not well after her lying-in: I doubt ſhe got ſome cold; ſhe is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatick pain. Dr. *Arbuthnot* and Mrs. *Hill* go to-morrow to *Kenſington* to ſee her, and return the ſame night. Mrs. *Hill* and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the

Doctor

Doctor to ſee *Cranburn*, a houſe of lord *Ranelagh's*, and the ducheſs of *Marlborough's* lodge, and the *Park*; the fineſt places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I ſaw; and the fineſt riding upon artificial roads, made on purpoſe for the queen. *Arbuthnot* made me draw up a ſham ſubſcription for a book, called *A Hiſtory of the Maids of honour ſince* Harry *the eighth*, ſhewing they make the beſt wives, with a liſt of all the maids of honour ſince, *&c.* to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of thoſe things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, becauſe my hand is known, and we ſent it to the maids of honour, when they came to ſupper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jeſt; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. *Hill*.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel *Godfrey*, who married the duke of *Marlborough's* ſiſter, mother to the duke of *Berwick* by king *James:* I muſt tell you thoſe things that happened before you were born: But I made my excuſes, and young *Harcourt* (lord keeper's ſon) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. *Adams*. Mrs. *Maſham* is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the ducheſs of *Somerſet* is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet ſent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of *Ormond* is cenſured here by thoſe in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has uſually much more ſenſe than his adviſers, but never proceeds by it. I muſt know how your health continues after *Wexford*. Walk and uſe exerciſe, ſirrahs both; and get ſomebody to play at ſhuttlecock

tlecock with you, madam *Stella*, and walk to the dean's and *Donnybrook*.

21. Colonel *Godfrey* ſent to me again to-day; ſo I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a ſmall number there, the Court being always thin of company till *Saturday* night —This new ink and pen make a ſtrange figure; *I muſt write larger, yes I muſt, or* Stella *won't be able to read this* *. S S. S. there's your S s for you, *Stella*. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to ſubſcribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treaſurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I ſquandered away the reſt of it in ſitting at *Lewis*'s lodging, while he and Dr. *Arbuthnot* played at picquet. I have that fooliſh pleaſure, which I believe nobody has beſide me, except old lady *Berkeley*. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter ſo no more, for I have a plaguy deal of buſineſs upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very buſy againſt the miniſtry: I have begged Mr. ſecretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he aſſures me he will. They are very bold and abuſive.

22. This being the day the miniſtry comes to *Windſor*, I ate a bit or two at Mr. *Lewis*'s lodgings, becauſe I muſt ſup with lord treaſurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. *Lewis* a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walkt in all about five miles; but I was ſo tired with his ſlow walking, that I left him here, and walkt two miles towards *London*, hoping to meet lord

* Theſe words in *Italicks* are written enormouſly large.

treaſurer,

treaſurer, and return with him; but it grew darkiſh, and I was forced to walk back, ſo I walkt nine miles in all; and lord treaſurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no *Moon*, and I often tell him how ill he does to expoſe himſelf ſo; but he only makes a jeſt of it. I ſupped with him, and ſtaid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry and careleſs, and diſengaged as a young heir at one and twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The ſecretary did not come laſt night, but at three this afternoon; I have not ſeen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a Peace as faſt as they can, without which it will be impoſſible to ſubſiſt. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. *Lewis* dined privately with Mr. *Lowman*, clerk of the kitchen. I was to ſee lord keeper this morning, and told him the jeſt of the maids of honour, and lord treaſurer had it laſt night. That rogue *Arbuthnot* puts it all upon me. The *Court* was very full to-day; I expected lord treaſurer would have invited me to ſupper; but he only bowed to me, and we had no diſcourſe in the drawing-room. 'Tis now ſeven at night, and I am at home; and I hope lord treaſurer will not ſend for me to ſupper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming.—So farewel till I go to bed, for I am going to be buſy.—'Tis now paſt ten, and I went down to aſk the ſervants about Mr. ſecretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that ſhe went to ſupper, and came out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are managing a Peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end.—'Tis now eleven, and a meſſenger is come from lord treaſurer to ſup with them; but I have excuſed myſelf, and am

glad I am in bed; for elſe I ſhould ſit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go ſleep.

London, 24. I came to town by ſix with lord treaſurer, and have ſtaid till ten. That of the queen's going out to ſup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the ſecretary told me this morning: but I find the miniſtry are very buſy with Mr. *Prior*, and I believe he will go again to *France*. I am told ſo much, that we ſhall certainly have a Peace very ſoon. I had charming weather all laſt week at *Windſor*; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yeſterday was windy. *Prior's Journey* ſells ſtill; they have ſold two thouſand, altho' the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. *Fenton* here, deſiring me in lady *Giffard*'s name to come and paſs a week at *Sheen*, while ſhe is at *Moor-park*. I will anſwer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of anſwering, there is *MD*'s *N.* 20 is yet to be anſwered: I had put it up ſo ſafe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot ſend this till *Thurſday*; for I muſt ſee the ſecretary to-morrow morning, and be in ſome other place in the evening.

25. *Stella* writes like an emperor, and gives ſuch an account of her journey, never ſaw the like. Let me ſee; ſtand away, let us compute; you ſtaid four days at *Iniſh-Corthy*; two nights at Mrs. *Proby*'s mother's; and yet was but ſix days in journey; for your words are, "We left *Wexford* this day ſennight, and came here laſt night." I have heard them ſay, that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from *Wexford* to *Dublin?* how many miles did you travel in a day*? Let me ſee—thirty pounds in two months,

* The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing elſe; and this is one of his rapid com-

months, is nine ſcore pounds a year; a matter of nothing in *Stella*'s purſe. I dreamed *Billy Swift* was alive, and that I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haſte to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondneſs, and yet now I believe as you ſay, that her grief will ſoon wear off.—O yes, madam *Dingley*, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at *Wexford?* And your deſcription of it is excellent; clean ſheets, but bare walls; I ſuppoſe then you lay upon the walls. —Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I ſhall never get it; ſo I make a preſent of it to ſtop ſome gaps, *&c.* Where's the thanks of the houſe? So, that's well; why, it coſt four and thirty ſhillings *Engliſh*—You muſt adjuſt that with Mrs. *Walls*; I think that is ſo many pence more with you.—No, *Leigh* and *Sterne*, I ſuppoſe, were not at the water-ſide; I fear *Sterne*'s buſineſs will not be done; I have not ſeen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greateſt fool in nature for truſting to ſuch a young jackanapes; I will ſpeak to him once more about it, when I ſee him. Mr. *Addiſon* and I met once more ſince, and I ſupped with him; I believe I told you ſo ſomewhere in this letter. The archbiſhop choſe an admirable meſſenger in *Walls* to ſend to me; yet I think him fitter for a meſſenger than any thing.—The

computations. For as *Stella* was ſeven days in journey, although Dr. Swift ſays only ſix, ſhe might well have ſpent four days at *Iniſh-Corthy*, and two nights at Mrs. *Proby*'s mother's, the diſtance from *Wexford* to *Dublin* being but two eaſy days journey.

D— ſhe † has! I did not obſerve her looks. Will ſhe rot out of modeſty with lady *Giffard?* I pity poor *Jenny*—but her huſband is a dunce, and with reſpect to him ſhe loſes little by her deafneſs. I believe, madam *Stella*, in your accounts you miſtook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning before I go to the ſecretary, as I am now doing. I have anſwered your letter a little ſhorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it ſhould go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm ſo afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanſwered.—What care I for Dr. *Tiſdall* and Dr. *Raymond*, or how many children they have? I wiſh they had a hundred apiece.—Lord treaſurer promiſes me to anſwer the biſhops' letter to-morrow, and ſhew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I ſaid, and mortify thoſe that threw the merit on the duke of *Ormond*. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day talking of the matter, he ſaid, I am your witneſs you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant. My humble ſervice to Mrs. *Walls*, Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*. Farewel, *&c.*

What do you do when you ſee any literal miſtakes in my letters? how do you ſet them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewel again.

Pray ſend this note to Mrs. *Brent*, to get the money when *Parviſol* comes to town, or ſhe can ſend to him.

† Somewhat or other which *Stella*'s mother had conſented to.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the poſt-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the nobleſt letters I ever read; it was from —, three ſides and a half in folio on a large ſheet of paper; the two firſt pages made up of ſatire upon *London*, and crowds and hurry, ſtolen from ſome of his own ſchool-boy's exerciſes: the ſide and a half remaining is ſpent in deſiring me to recommend Mrs. *South*, your commiſſioner's widow, to my lord treaſurer for a penſion. He is the prettieſt, diſcreeteſt fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know not what to ſay to him. A pox on him, I have too many ſuch cuſtomers on this ſide already. I think I will ſend him word that I never ſaw my lord treaſurer in my life: I am ſure I induſtriouſly avoided the name of any great perſon when I ſaw him, for fear of his reporting it in *Ireland*. And this recommendation muſt be a ſecret too, for fear the duke of *Bolton* ſhould know it, and think it was too mean. I never read ſo d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me ſend it over to you.—I muſt ſend you a pattern, the firſt place I caſt my eyes on, I will not pick and chuſe. [In this place (meaning the *Exchange* in *London)* which is the *compendium* of old *Troynovant*, as that is of the whole buſy world, I got ſuch a ſurfeit, that I grew ſick of mankind, and reſolved, for ever after, to bury myſelf in the ſhady retreat of —.] You muſt know that *London* has been called by ſome *Troynovant*, or *New Troy*.—Will you have any more? Yes,

one little bit for *Stella*, becauſe ſhe'll be fond of it. [This wondrous *Theatre* (meaning *London*) was no more to me than a deſert, and I ſhould leſs complain of ſolitude in a *Connaught* ſhipwreck, or even the great *Bog of Allen*.] A little ſcrap for Mrs. *Marget* *, and then I have done. [Their royal *Fanum*, wherein the *Idol Pecunia* is daily worſhipped, ſeemed to me to be juſt like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.] *Fanum* is a temple, but he means the *Exchange*; and *Pecunia* is money: ſo now Mrs. *Marget* will underſtand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come don't be in ſuch a rage, you ſhall have no more. Pray, *Stella*, be ſatisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I muſt be acquainted with ſuch a dog as this!—Our Peace goes on faſt. *Prior* was with the ſecretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will ſoon be diſpatched again to *France*; and I will put ſomebody to write an account of his ſecond journey: I hope you have ſeen the other. This latter has taken up my time with ſtorming at it.

26. *Bernage* has been with me theſe two days; yeſterday I ſent for him to let him know, that Dr. *Arbuthnott* is putting in ſtrongly to have his brother made a captain over *Bernage*'s head. *Arbuthnott*'s brother is but an enſign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the ſecretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from *Windſor* (where he went to ſolicit) that he has got the company; and *Bernage* is full of the ſpleen.

* *Stella*'s maid.

I made

I made the ſecretary write yeſterday a letter to the colonel in *Bernage*'s behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. *Arbuthnott* to *Windſor*, not to inſiſt on doing ſuch a hardſhip. I dined in the city at *Pontack*'s with *Stratford*; it coſt me ſeven ſhillings: he would have treated; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I deſire *Parviſol* may ſpeak to *Hawkſhaw* to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and in the mean time borrow ſo much of Mr. ſecretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, ſirrahs.

27. *Bernage* was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and ſo was I; but this afternoon at lord treaſurer's, where I dined, my brother *George Granville*, ſecretary at war, after keeping me a while in ſuſpence, told me, that Dr. *Arbuthnott* had waved the buſineſs, becauſe he would not wrong a friend of mine: that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and *Bernage* is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the ſoldier's *Coffee-houſe*, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; ſo I have left word, and ſhall ſee him to-morrow morning, I ſuppoſe. *Bernage* is now eaſy; he has ten ſhillings a day, beſide lawful cheating. However, he gives a private ſum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is ſurprized to ſee him have ſo many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at lord treaſurer's; but the ſecretary followed me, to deſire I would go with him to *W*——. Mr. *Lewis*'s man came in before I could finiſh that word beginning with a *W*, which ought to be *Windſor*, and brought me a very handſome rallying letter from Dr. *Arbuthnott*, to tell me, he had, in compliance to me, given up his bro-

ther's pretenſions in favour of *Bernage* this very morning; that the queen had ſpoken to Mr. *Granville* to make the company eaſy in the other's having the captainſhip. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I muſt own it ſo. He ſays, he this very morning begged her majeſty to give Mr. *Bernage* the company. I am mightily well pleaſed to have ſucceeded ſo well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windſor, 28. I came here a day ſooner than ordinary, at Mr. ſecretary's deſire, and ſupped with him and *Prior*, and two private miniſters from *France*, and a *French* prieſt. I know not the two miniſters names; but they are come about the Peace. The names the ſecretary called them, I ſuppoſe, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already ſettled all things with *France*, and very much to the honour and advantage of *England*; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty ſecret; the people in general know that a Peace is forwarding. The earl of *Strafford* is to go ſoon to *Holland* and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them ſwallow it with a pox. The *French* miniſters ſtaid with us till one, and the ſecretary and I ſat up talking till two; ſo you will own 'tis late, ſirrahs, and time for your little ſaucy *Preſto* to go to bed and ſleep adazy; and God bleſs poor little *MD:* I hope they are now faſt aſleep and dreaming of *Preſto*.

29. Lord treaſurer came to-night, as uſual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; ſo I commended him for obſerving his friends advice, and coming ſo early, *&c.* I was two hours with lady *Oglethorp* to-night, and

and then ſupped with lord treaſurer, after dining at the green-cloth: I ſtayed till two; this is the effect of lord treaſurer's being here; I muſt ſup with him, and he keeps curſed hours. Lord keeper and the ſecretary were abſent; they cannot ſit up with him. This long ſitting up makes the periods in my letters ſo ſhort. I deſign to ſtay here all next week, to be at leiſure by myſelf, to finiſh ſomething of weight I have upon my hands, and which muſt ſoon be done. I ſhall then think of returning to *Ireland*, if theſe people will let me; and I know nothing elſe they have for me to do. I gave Dr. *Arbuthnott* my thanks for his kindneſs to *Bernage*, whoſe commiſſion is now ſigned. Methinks I long to know ſomething of *Stella*'s health, how it continues after *Wexford* waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: ſhe has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother *Maſham* and a moderate company, and would not go to lord treaſurer's till after ſupper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had miſtaken the hour; ſo I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and ſecretary refuſing to ſtay; ſo I ſaved this night's debauch. *Prior* went away yeſterday with his *Frenchmen*, and a thouſand reports are raiſed in this town. Some ſaid, they knew one to be the Abbé de *Polignac*, others ſwore it was the Abbé du *Bois*. The *Whigs* are in a rage about the Peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politicks, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are ſtark naught; they ſtrike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fiſh for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir *John Walters*, an honeſt drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with colonel *Godfrey*, who is a *Whig*. I was engaged to the Mayor's feaſt with Mr. *Maſham*; but waiting to take leave of lord treaſurer, I came too late, and ſo returned ſneaking to the green-cloth, and did not ſee my lord treaſurer neither; but was reſolved not to loſe two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and ſolicitor lord *Rivers*, who is commanded by the queen to ſet out for *Hanover* on *Thurſday*. The ſecretary does not go to town till to-morrow: he and I and two friends more drank a ſober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by ſeven to-morrow morning, ſo I ſhall not ſee him. I have power over his cellar in his abſence, and make little uſe of it. Lord *Dartmouth* and my friend *Lewis* ſtay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from *Dartmouth*. *Maſham* has promiſed to provide for me: I ſquired his lady out of her chaiſe to-day, and muſt viſit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the fineſt weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no buſineſs to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend *Lewis* and I, to avoid over-much eating, and great tables, dined with honeſt *Jemmy Eckerſhall*, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I beſpoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance *Lovet*, the gentleman porter, to be our company: *Lovet*, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, ſaid he had the honour to ſee me formerly at *Moor-park*, and thought he remembered my face; I ſaid I thought I remembered him, and was glad to ſee him, *&c.*

and

and I eſcaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with *Lewis*; I won ſeven ſhillings, which is the only money I won this year; I have not played above four times, and I think always at *Windſor*: cards are very dear, there is a duty on them of ſixpence a pack, which ſpoils ſmall gameſters.

3. Mr. *Maſham* ſent this morning to deſire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine: I was very buſy, and ſent my excuſes; but deſired he would provide me a dinner: I dined with him, his lady, and her ſiſter, Mrs. *Hill*, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I ſat with lady *Oglethorp* till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the houſe; ſhe told me *Patrick* had it. I cooled my heels in the cloiſters till nine, then went into the muſick-meeting, where I had been often deſired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine ſtuff*, and ſtole out ſo privately that every body ſaw me; and cooled my heels in the cloiſters again till after ten: then came in *Patrick*. I went up, ſhut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three ſwinging cuffs on the ear, and I have ſtrained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the fineſt day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The ducheſs of *Shrewſbury* in her own chaiſe with one

* *Swift*, like ſome others, rather hated than loved muſick.

horſe, and Miſs *Touchet* with her; Mrs. *Maſham* and Mrs. *Scarborow*, one of the dreſſers, in one of the queen's chaiſes; Miſs *Foreſter* and Miſs *Scarborow*, two maids of honour, and Mrs. *Hill* on horſeback. The duke of *Shrewſbury*, Mr. *Maſham*, *George Fielding*, *Arbuthnott* and I on horſeback too. Mrs. *Hill*'s horſe was hired for Miſs *Scarborow*, but ſhe took it in civility, her own horſe was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horſe was not worth eighteen pence. I borrowed coat, boots and horſe, and in ſhort we had all the difficulties, and more than we uſed to have in making a party from *Trim* to *Longfield*'s *. My coat was light camblet, faced with red velvet, and ſilver buttons. We rode in the great park and the foreſt about a dozen miles, and the ducheſs and I had much converſation; we got home by two, and Mr. *Maſham*, his lady, *Arbuthnott* and I dined with Mrs. *Hill*. *Arbuthnott* made us all melancholy, by ſome ſymptoms of bloody ur—e: he expects a cruel fit of the ſtone in twelve hours; he ſays he is never miſtaken, and he appeared like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be ſo bad; he is a perfectly honeſt man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady *Oglethorp* ſent to ſpeak to me, and it was to let me know that lady *Rocheſter* deſires ſhe and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with lady *Rocheſter*: they ſhame me out of her, becauſe ſhe is old. *Arbuthnott* ſays he hopes my ſtrained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people ſo miſtaken. I do not remember

* Mr. *Longfield* lived at *Killbride*, about four miles from *Trim*.

the

the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it juſt after beating *Patrick*, and now it is better; ſo I believe he is miſtaken.

5. The ducheſs of *Shrewſbury* ſent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad laſt night when her ſervant came, and this morning I ſent my excuſes, becauſe I was engaged, which I was ſorry for. Mrs. *Foreſter* taxed me yeſterday about the hiſtory of the maids of honour; but I told her fairly it was no jeſt of mine; for I found they did not reliſh it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir *John Waiters*, who has been railing at me in all companies ever ſince I dined with him; that I abuſed the queen's meat and drink, and ſaid, nothing at the table was good, and all a d—— lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I ſaid, I thought it was ſomething ſmall. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be ſuch a jeſt for the keeper, treaſurer, and ſecretary.—I dined with honeſt colonel *Godfrey*, took a good walk of an hour on the terraſs, and then came up to ſtudy: but it grows bloody cold and I have no waiſtcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend *Gaſtrel* and the dean of *Rocheſter* had often invited me, and I happened to be diſengaged; it is the worſt provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and ſo they have got a little, ſome of it very old. One who was made dean of *Peterborow* (a ſmall deanry) ſaid, he would give no plate; he was only dean of *Pewterborow*. The news of Mr. *Hill*'s miſcarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to viſit Mrs. *Maſham* and Mrs. *Hill*, his two ſiſters, to condole with them. I adviſed them by all means to go to the muſick-meeting

meeting to-night, to ſhew they were not caſt down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. *Hill* and his admiral made wrong ſteps; however, we lay it all to a ſtorm, &c. I ſat with the ſecretary at ſupper; then we both went to lord treaſurer's ſupper, and ſat till twelve. The ſecretary is much mortified about *Hill*; becauſe this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord treaſurer was juſt merry as uſual, and old laughing at Sir *John Walters* and me falling out. I ſaid, Nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps preſume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promiſe to be as obedient as ever, and ſo we laughed;—and ſo I go to bed; for it is colder ſtill, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord *Harley* and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. *Maſham* and Mrs. *Hill*, and my brother *Maſham*. I ſaw lord *Halifax* at *Court*, and we joined and talked, and the ducheſs of *Shrewſbury* came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I ſaid, That was not ſo ſoon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, eſpecially ducheſſes: ſhe promiſed to comply with any demands I pleaſed; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to *London* too ſoon, as I believe I ſhall before dinner. Lady *Oglethorp* brought me and the ducheſs of *Hamilton* together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her ſome encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teazing *Walters*. He told lord treaſurer, that he took his company from him that were to dine with him; my lord ſaid, I will ſend you Dr. *Swift*: lord keeper bid him take care what he did; For, ſaid he, Dr. *Swift* is not only all our favourite,

vourite, but our governor. The old company ſupped with lord treaſurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I ſhall go no more to *Windſor*; for we expect the queen will come in ten days to *Hampton-Court*. It was froſt laſt night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the ducheſs; for I left *Windſor* half an hour after one with lord treaſurer, and we called at *Kenſington*, where Mrs. *Maſham* was got to ſee her children for two days. I dined, or rather ſupped with lord treaſurer, and ſtaid till after ten. *Tiſdall* and his family are gone from hence, upon ſome wrangle with the family. Yeſterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. *Maſham*'s; one from *Ford*, and t'other from our little *MD*, *N.* 21. I would not tell you till to-day becauſe I would not. I won't anſwer it till the next, becauſe I have ſlipt two days by being at *Windſor*, which I muſt recover here. Well, ſirrahs, I muſt go to ſleep. The roads were as dry as at *Midſummer* to-day. This letter ſhall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning; I ſuppoſe our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waiſtcoat to-day: ſhall I? Well, I will then, to pleaſe *MD*. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord *Strafford* is gone to *Holland* to tell them what we have done here towards a Peace. We ſhall ſoon hear what the *Dutch* ſay, and how they take it. My humble ſervice to Mrs. *Walls*, Mrs. *Stoyte* and *Catherine*. —Morrow, deareſt ſirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bleſs *MD*, poor, little, dear *MD*, for ſo I mean, and *Preſto* too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewel, *&c.*

This

This little bit belongs to *MD*; we muſt always write on the margin*: you are ſaucy rogues.

LETTER XXXII.

London, October 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's ſleep: I ſlept till after two, and then ſent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's ſhop, and had no ſtomach. I went out at four, and called to ſee *Biddy Floyd*, which I had not done theſe three months: ſhe is ſomething marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I ſat the evening with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewiſe took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill ſmell, and other circumſtances. I lodge, or ſhall lodge, by *Leiceſter-Fields*, and pay ten ſhillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I ſhall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I ſhall lie here two nights, till *Thurſday*, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. *Barton* has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with *Jack Hill?* He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and ſhe keeps her chamber in form, and the ſervants ſay, ſhe receives no meſſages. —Anſwer *MD*'s letter, *Preſto*, d'ye hear? No, ſays *Preſto*, I won't yet, I'm buſy: you're a ſaucy rogue. Who talks?

* This happens to be the only ſingle line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By ſome accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this uſe of it.

10. It coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have ſent, and cauſed to be ſent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm, and whenever any thing of theirs makes a noiſe, it ſhall have an anſwer. I have inſtructed an under-ſpur-leather to write ſo, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called *The Proteſtant Poſtboy*, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the ſecretary has taken him up, and he ſhall have a ſqueeze extraordinary. He ſays, that an ambitious *Tantivy*, miſſing of his towering hopes of preferment in *Ireland*, is come over to vent his ſpleen on the late miniſtry, *&c.* I'll *Tantivy* him with a vengeance. I ſat the evening at home and am very buſy, and can hardly find time to write unleſs it were to *MD*. I am in furious haſte.

11. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer. *Thurſdays* are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. *George Granville* ſent his excuſes upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord treaſurer calls *Prior* nothing but *Monſieur Baudrier*, which was the feigned name of the *Frenchman* that writ his journey to *Paris*. They pretend to ſuſpect me, ſo I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord treaſurer calls me now Dr. *Martin*, becauſe *Martin** is a ſort of a ſwallow, and ſo is a *Swift*. When he and I came laſt *Monday* from *Windſor*, we were reading all the ſigns † on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell

* From this pleaſantry of my lord *Oxford*, the appellative *Martinus Scriblerus* took its riſe.

† Vide *Swift*'s Imitations of *Horace*, Lib. II. Sat. 6. where

tell the biſhop of *Clogher* ſo. I made him make two lines in verſe for the *Bell and Dragon*, and they were rare bad ones. I ſuppoſe *Dilly* is with you by this time: what could his reaſon be of leaving *London*, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy ſilly. I believe his natural inconſtancy made him weary; I think he is the king of inconſtancy. I ſtayed with lord treaſurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, ſirrahs.

12. Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* has changed her lodging as well as I. She found ſhe had got with a bawd, and removed: I dined with her to-day; for though ſhe boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much ſmaller here than with you. In the afternoon I viſited an old major-general, and eat ſix oyſters; then ſat an hour with Mrs. *Colledge*, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with *Thompſon*'s wife, a magiſtrate. There was the famous Mrs. *Floyd* of *Cheſter*, who, I think, is the handſomeſt woman (except *MD*) that ever I ſaw. She told me, that twenty people had ſent her the verſes upon *Biddy*, as meant to her: and indeed, in point of handſomeneſs, ſhe deſerves them much better. I will not go to *Windſor* to-morrow, and ſo I told the ſecretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of *Saturday* and *Sunday* ſuppers with lord treaſurer. *Jack Hill* is come home from his unfortunate ex-

where he gives an account of what ſort of tattle entertained my lord *Oxford* and him upon the road to *Windſor*; and, among other whims, how, as the chariot paſſed along,

> They gravely try'd to read the lines
> Writ underneath the country Signs.

 pedition,

pedition, and is, I think, now at *Windſor*: I have not yet ſeen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they ſay, a general ſhould not do that, becauſe the officers will always give their opinion for returning, ſince the blame will not lie upon them, but the general: I pity him heartily. *Bernage* received his commiſſion to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*; he is a great acquaintance of your friend *Sterne*, to whom I truſted the box. Lord treaſurer has refuſed *Sterne*'s buſineſs; and I doubt he is a rake; *Jemmy Leigh* ſtays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am ſo buſy now, I have hardly time to ſpare to write to our little *MD*; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be buſy, *&c.*

14. I was going to dine with Dr. *Cockburn*, but Sir *Andrew Fountain* met me, and carried me to Mrs. *Van*'s, where I drank the laſt bottle of *Raymond*'s wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the miniſtry. I muſt pick up time to anſwer this letter of *MD*'s, I'll do it in a day or two for certain.—I am glad I am not at *Windſor*, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till *November*. I am contriving how to ſtop up my grate with bricks. *Patrick* was drunk laſt night; but did not come to me, elſe I ſhould have given him t'other cuff. I ſat this evening with Mrs. *Barton*, it is the firſt day of her ſeeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours diſputing upon *Whig* and *Tory*. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a ſad dog. Is *Stella* well enough to go to church, pray? no nummings left? no darkneſs in your eyes? do you walk and exerciſe? Your exerciſe is ombre.—

People

People are coming up to town; the queen will be at *Hampton-court* in a week. Lady *Betty Germain*, I hear, is come, and lord *Pembroke* is coming: his new wife is as big with child as ſhe can tumble.

15. I ſat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then viſited *Will. Congreve* an hour or two, and ſupped with lord treaſurer, who came from *Windſor* to-day, and brought *Prior* with him. The queen has thanked *Prior* for his good ſervice in *France*, and promiſed to make him a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. Several of that commiſſion are to be out; among the reſt, my friend Sir *Matthew Dudley*; I can do nothing for him, he is ſo hated by the miniſtry. Lord treaſurer kept me till twelve, ſo I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary at Dr. *Coteſworth*'s, where he now lodges till his houſe be got ready in *Golden-Square*. One *Boyer*, a *French* dog, has abuſed me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a meſſenger's hands: the ſecretary promiſes me to ſwinge him. Lord treaſurer told me laſt night that he had the honour to be abuſed with me in a pamphlet. I muſt make that rogue an example for warning to others. I was to ſee *Jack Hill* this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is ſtill more misfortune; for that ſhip, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the *Thames*, by an accident and careleſneſs of ſome rogue, who was going, as they think, to ſteal ſome gun-powder: five hundred men are loſt; we don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by ſeven, and am going to be buſy, and you are going to play and ſupper; you live ten times happier than I: but I ſhould live ten times happier than you, if I were with *MD*. I ſaw *Jemmy Leigh* to-day in the ſtreet, who tells me that *Sterne* has

has not lain above once theſe three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courſes; he ſtays only till he can find *Sterne* to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to enquire about the box when he comes to *Cheſter*, which he promiſes.

17. The ſecretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier *Britton*, a great friend of his. The lady of the houſe is very galante, about thirty-five; ſhe is ſaid to have a great deal of wit; but I ſee nothing among any of them that equals *MD* by a bar's length, as hope ſaved. My lord treaſurer is much out of order; he has a ſore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breaſt where the wound was: pray God preſerve him. The queen comes to *Hampton-Court* on *Tueſday* next; people are coming faſt to town, and I muſt anſwer *MD*'s letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greateſt part of the day. Lady *Betty Germain* and I were diſputing *Whig* and *Tory* to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. *Biddy Floyd* was there, and ſhe is, I think, very much ſpoiled with the ſmall-pox.

18. Lord treaſurer is ſtill out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often ſubject to a ſore throat, and ſome time or other it will kill him, unleſs he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was ſaid about the town that poor lord *Peterborow* was dead at *Frankfort*; but he is ſomething better, and the queen is ſending him to *Italy*, where I hope the warm climate will recover him; he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, eat a bit of meat, and ſettled ſome things with a printer. I will anſwer your letter on *Saturday*, if poſſible, and then

ſend away this; ſo to fetch up the odd days I loſt at *Windſor*, and keep conſtant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we ſhall have nothing but *Manley*, and *Walis*, and *Stoytes*, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; no body knows *MD*'s good qualities. 'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till *November*, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from *MD*; faith I was angry, that is with myſelf; and I was afraid too to ſee *MD*'s hand ſo ſoon, for fear of ſomething, I don't know what: at laſt I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a ſad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-firſt anſwered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. *Van*, with ſome company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you muſt know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plaineſt ordinary meat at table; I love it beſt, and believe it wholeſomeſt. You love rarities; yes you do; I wiſh you had all that I ever ſee where I go. I was coming home early, and met the ſecretary in his chair, who perſuaded me to go with him to *Britton*'s: for he ſaid, he had been all day at buſineſs, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time paſt ſo, that we ſtaid till two, ſo you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by ſitting up ſo late laſt night. Lord treaſurer is not yet well, and can't go to *Windſor*. I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, and took occaſion to hint to him that he would loſe his employment, for which I am very ſorry. Lord *Pembroke* and his family are all come to town. I was kept ſo long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot ſend this to night.

When

When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow aſked me where lodged Dr. *Swift?* I told him I was the perſon: he gave me a letter he brought from the ſecretary's office, and I gave him a ſhilling: when I came up, I ſaw *Dingley*'s hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At laſt it was a formal letter from *Dingley* about her exchequer buſineſs. Well, I'll do it on *Monday*, and ſettle it with *Tooke*. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the firſt, *N.* 21. Let's ſee; come out, little letter.—I never had the letter from the biſhop that *Raymond* mentions; but I have written to *Ned Southwel*, to deſire the duke of *Ormond* to ſpeak to his reverence that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbiſhop here? You have a pretty notion of me in *Ireland*, to make me an agent for the archbiſhop of *Dublin*.—Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in ſerving them? I remit them their *Firſt-Fruits* of Ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord treaſurer defers writing his letter to them, or elſe they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For, he deſigns to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of *Ormond* was lord lieutenant. You viſit, you dine abroad, you ſee friends; you pilgarlick; you walk from *Finglaſs*, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady *Gore* hung her child by the waiſt; what is that *waiſt* *, I don't underſtand the word; he muſt hang on

* With great reſpect to the Dr.'s judgment, perhaps *Stella*'s orthography might be defended againſt the tyranny of her inſtructor; at leaſt ſhe has all the moderns on her ſide: however indeed, *waſt* as well as *waiſt*, is to be met with in *Littleton*'s dictionary.

till you explain or ſpell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Piſh; burn your *Firſt-Fruits*; again at it. *Stella* has made twenty falſe ſpellings in her writing; I'll ſend them to you all back again on the other ſide of this letter, to mend them; I won't miſs one. Why; I think there were ſeventeen biſhops names to the letter lord *Oxford* received.—I will ſend you ſome pamphlets by *Leigh*: put me in mind of it on *Monday*, for I ſhall go then to the printer; yes, and the *Miſcellany*. I am mightily obliged to *Walls*, but I don't deſerve it by any uſage of him here, having ſeen him but twice, and once *en paſſant*. Mrs. *Manley* forſworn ombre! What; and no blazing ſtar appear? no monſters born? no whale thrown up? Have you not found out ſome evaſion for her? She had no ſuch regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam *Dingley*; but the wine I got not; it was but a promiſe.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatning or ſo.—You talk of my reconciling ſome great folks. I tell you what. The ſecretary told me laſt night, that he had found the reaſon why the queen was cold to him for ſome months paſt; that a friend had told it him yeſterday; and it was, that they ſuſpected he was at the bottom with the duke of *Marlborough*. Then he ſaid, he had reflected upon all I had ſpoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my ſuſpicion, and my zeal and kindneſs for him. I ſaid I had reaſon to take that very ill, to imagine I knew ſo little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great miniſter; that I had gone between him and lord treaſurer often, and told each of them what I had ſaid to the other, and that I had informed him ſo before: he ſaid all that you may imagine to excuſe himſelf, and approve my

conduct.

conduct. I told him, I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the ſureſt way to ſend me back to my willows in *Ireland*, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom ſervice in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord treaſurer, lord keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to ſee them love one another; and I had told them all ſingly, that I had not ſaid this by chance, *&c.* He was in a rage to be thus ſuſpected; ſwears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all: and I do not ſee, how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of ſettling this matter. I act an honeſt part; that will bring me neither profit nor praiſe. *MD* muſt think the better of me for it: nobody elſe ſhall ever know it. Here's politicks enough for once; but madam *D. D.* gave me occaſion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't ſmell ill—O Lord! the ſpectacles: well I'll do that on *Monday* too; although it goes againſt me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from *Hawkſhaw* included in the thirty-nine pounds five ſhillings and two-pence? How do I know by this how my account ſtands? Can't you write five or ſix lines to caſt it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from *Hawkſhaw* makes fifty-two pounds. Pray ſet it right, and let me know; you had beſt.—And ſo now I have anſwered *N.* 21, and 'tis late, and I will anſwer *N.* 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but ſhall on *Tueſday*: and ſo go to your play, and loſe your money, with your two eggs a penny; ſilly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. *Van* would have me dine with her again to-day, and ſo I did, though lady *Mountjoy* has ſent two or three times to have me ſee and dine with her, and ſhe is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings theſe three or four days, but it is not of the giddy ſort, ſo I do not much value it. I was to ſee lord *Harley* to-day, but lord treaſurer took phyſick, and I could not ſee him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on *Tueſday* to ſee the queen at *Hampton-Court*; I wiſh he may be able. I never ſaw ſo fine a ſummer day as this was; how is it with you pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs. I han't ſeen lord *Pembroke* yet. He will be ſorry to miſs *Dilly*: I wonder you ſay nothing of *Dilly*'s being got to *Ireland*; if he be not there ſoon, I ſhall have ſome certain odd thoughts; gueſs them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. *Freind*, at one of my printers; I enquired for *Leigh*, but could not find him: I have forgot what ſort of apron you want. I muſt rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave *Sterne* directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have beſpoken the ſpectacles; got a ſet of *Examiners*, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the beſt, which is the *Vindication of the duke of* Marlborough; and is entirely of the author of the *Atalantis*. I have ſettled *Dingley*'s affair with *Tooke*, who has undertaken it, and underſtands it. I have beſpoken a *Miſcellany*: what would you have me do more? It coſt me a ſhilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did ſo in the morning. Lord treaſurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does

does buſineſs in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched; he deſires to ſee me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a ruſh.—I am half weary of them all. I often burſt out into theſe thoughts, and will certainly ſteal away as ſoon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the laſt are more conſtant in their nature. I have no ſhuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumſtances, if you can be eaſy; but I will always live in *Ireland* as I did the laſt time; I will not hunt for dinners there; nor converſe with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and ſhall be ſealed by and bye. Lord treaſurer takes phyſick again to-day; I believe I ſhall dine with lord *Dupplin*. Mr. *Tooke* brought me a letter directed for me at *Morphew*'s the bookſeller. I ſuppoſe, by the poſtage, it came from *Ireland*; it is a woman's hand, and ſeems falſe ſpelt on purpoſe; it is in ſuch ſort of verſe as *Harris*'s petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the ſubject of the archbiſhop's laſt letter, as I told you. Can you gueſs whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a *Latin* verſe at the end of it all rightly ſpelt; yet the *Engliſh*, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places.—My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge *Coote*, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the ſon of one *Echlin*, who was miniſter of *Belfaſt* before *Tiſdall*, and I have got ſome other new cuſtomers; but I ſhall trouble my friends as little as poſſible. Saucy *Stella* uſed to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs; but now I am puniſhed for it. —*Patrick* has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

Here is a full and true account of *Stella*'s new ſpelling.

Plaguely,	—	—	Plaguily *.
Dineing,	—	—	Dining.
Straingers,	—	—	Strangers.
Chais,	—	—	Chaſe †.
Waiſt,	—	—	Waſt.
Houer,	—	—	Hour.
Immagin,	—	—	Imagine.
A bout,	—	—	About.
Intellegence,	—	—	Intelligence.
Aboundance,	—	—	Abundance.
Merrit,	—	—	Merit.
Secreet,	—	—	Secret.
Phamphlets,	—	—	Pamphlets.
Buſſineſs,	—	—	Buſineſs.

Tell me truly, ſirrah, how many of theſe are miſtakes of the pen, and how many are you to anſwer for as real ill ſpelling? There are but fourteen; I ſaid twenty by gueſs. You muſt not be angry, for I will have you ſpell right, let the world go how it will. Though after all, there is but a miſtake of one letter in any of theſe words. I allow you henceforth but ſix falſe ſpellings in every letter you ſend me.

* This column of words, as they are corrected, is in *Stella*'s hand.

† Yet here is one word ſtill falſe ſpelt.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord *Dupplin*, as I told you I would, and put my thirty-ſecond into the poſt-office my own ſelf; and I believe there has not been one moment ſince we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from *PMD* *. If the queen knew it, ſhe would give us a penſion; for it is we bring good luck to their poſt-boys and their pacquets: elſe they would break their necks and ſink. But, an old ſaying and a true one; Be it ſnow or ſtorm or hail, *PMD*'s letters never fail: Croſs winds may ſometimes make them tarry; But *PMD*'s letters can't miſcarry.—Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to ſave my twelve-pence coming home. Lord treaſurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is ſo confoundedly careleſs. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſo be ſatisfied.

24. I called at lord treaſurer's to-day at noon; he was eating ſome broth in his bed-chamber, undreſſed, with a thouſand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-ſhot; yet he dreſſed himſelf, and went out to the treaſury. He told me, he had a letter from a lady with a complaint againſt me, it was from Mrs. *Cutts*, a ſiſter of lord *Cutts*, who writ to him, that I had abuſed her brother: you remember the *Salamander*; it is printed in the *Miſcellany*. I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected whenever he received any againſt me, he would immediately

* That is, *Preſto* and *MD*.

put

put them into the fire, and forget them, elſe I ſhould have no quiet.—I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not laſt above a moment, yet being of the true ſort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the firſt I have had this half year. I ſhall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady *Mountjoy*'s with *Harry Coote*, and went to ſee lord *Pembroke* upon his coming to town.—The *Whig* party are furious againſt a Peace, and every day ſome ballad comes out reflecting on the miniſtry on that account. The ſecretary *St. John* has ſeized on a dozen bookſellers and publiſhers, into his meſſengers hands. Some of the foreign miniſters have publiſhed the *Preliminaries* agreed on here between *France* and *England*; and people rail at them as inſufficient to treat a Peace upon; but the ſecret is, that the *French* have agreed to articles much more important, which our miniſters have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are diſcontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the ſecretary; but we could contrive no way to fence againſt it.—So there's politicks for you.

25. The queen is at *Hampton-Court*; ſhe went on *Tueſday* in that terrible rain. I dined with *Lewis* at his lodgings, to diſpatch ſome buſineſs we had. I ſent this morning and evening to lord treaſurer, and he is much worſe by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has ſent for Dr. *Radcliffe*; pray God preſerve him. The chancellor of the exchequer ſhewed me to-day a ballad in manuſcript againſt lord treaſurer and his *South-Sea* project; it is very ſharply written: if it be not printed, I will ſend it you. If it be, it ſhall go in your pacquet of pamphlets. —I found out your letter about directions for the

apron,

apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green ſilk work apron; I have it by heart; I ſat this evening with Mrs. *Barton*, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether *MD* was walking too juſt at that time that *Preſto* was.—This paper does not coſt me a farthing, I have it from the ſecretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord treaſurer ſleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; ſo pray for him, ſirrahs, and don't ſtay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. *Van*; for the weather is ſo bad, and I am ſo buſy, that I can't dine with great folks; and beſides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord treaſurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the *Whigs*, they are ſo violent againſt a Peace; but I'll cool them with a vengeance, very ſoon. I have not heard from the biſhop of *Clogher*, whether he has got his ſtatues. I writ to him ſix weeks ago; he's ſo buſy with his parliament. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſay what you will, ſaucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about ſome buſineſs this morning, which coſt me double the time; and I was forced to be at the ſecretary's office till four, and loſe my dinner; ſo I went to Mrs. *Van*'s, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are light vittals: beſides, I was to have ſupped at lady *Aſhburnham*'s; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as ſhe promiſed, but ſent for us, and ſo I ſent my excuſes. It has been a terrible rainy day, but ſo flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met *Leigh* and *Sterne* as I was going into the *Park*. *Leigh* ſays he will go to *Ireland* in ten days, if he can get *Sterne* to go with him;

him; ſo I will ſend him the things for *MD*, and I have deſired him to enquire about the box. I hate that *Sterne* for his careleſſneſs about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend *Lewis* upon buſineſs of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about ſeven, and thought I would amuſe myſelf a little after the pains I had taken. I ſaw a volume of *Congreve*'s *Plays* in my room, that *Patrick* had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do ſo again; never ſaw the like. Count *Gallas*, the emperor's envoy, you will hear is in diſgrace with us: the queen has ordered her miniſters to have no more commerce with him; the reaſon is the fool writ a rude letter to lord *Dartmouth*, ſecretary of ſtate, complaining of our proceedings about a Peace; and he is always in cloſe confidence with lord *Wharton*, and *Sunderland*, and others of the late miniſtry. I believe you begin to think there will be no Peace; the *Whigs* here are ſure it cannot be, and ſtocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unleſs *France* plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your *Whig* acquaintance that we ſhall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, ſirrah.—I let ſlip telling you yeſterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yeſterday at *Harry Coote*'s with lord *Hatton*, Mr. *Finch*, a ſon of lord *Nottingham*, and Sir *Andrew Fountain*. I left them ſoon; but hear they ſtaid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and ſo good night for laſt night, and good night for to-night. You blundering gooſecap, an't you

aſhamed

aſhamed to blunder to young ladies? I ſhall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting ſome things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day buſy with Mr. ſecretary about the ſame. I won't tell you now; but the miniſters reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched againſt a Peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it ſhould be: whereas 'tis certain we are the moſt undone people in *Europe*, as I am afraid I ſhall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: ſo let me alone, and go to *Stoyte*, and give goody *Stoyte* and *Catherine* my humble ſervice; I love goody *Stoyte* better than goody *Walls*. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it coſt ten ſhillings and ſix pence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they ſaid, that *Engliſh* ſilk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right *Italian*: I have ſent it and the pamphlets to *Leigh*, and will ſend the *Miſcellanies* and ſpectacles in a day or two. I would ſend more; but faith I'm plaguy poor at preſent.

31. The *Devil*'s in this ſecretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but ſays he, We are to dine with *Prior* to-day, and then will do all our buſineſs in the afternoon; at two *Prior* ſends word he is otherwiſe engaged; then the ſecretary and I go and dine with brigadier *Britton*, ſit till eight, grow merry, no buſineſs done; he is in haſte to ſee lady *Jerſey*, we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the preſent miniſters, teazing me to death

for my aſſiſtance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet ſlipping opportunities. Lord treaſurer mends every day, though ſlowly: I hope he will take care of himſelf. Pray, will you ſend to *Parviſol* to ſend me a bill of twenty pounds as ſoon as he can, for I want money. I muſt have money; I will have money, ſirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the city to ſettle ſome buſineſs with *Stratford*, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was ſo angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did buſineſs of miſchief with him, and I ſhall have the ſpectacles and *Miſcellany* to-morrow, and leave them with *Leigh*. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can ſpare time, becauſe it is exerciſe; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing ſince of my head, but a little I don't know how, ſometimes: but I am very temperate, eſpecially now the treaſurer is ill, and the miniſters often at *Hampton-Court*, and the ſecretary not yet fixed in his houſe, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow diſcovered going out of the *Eaſt-India* houſe with ſixteen thouſand pounds in money and bills; he would have eſcaped, if he had not been ſo uneaſy with thirſt, that he ſtole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to *MD?* I wiſh we had the money, provided the *Eaſt-India* company was never the worſe; you know we muſt not covet, *&c.* Our weather, for this fortnight paſt, is checquered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles, wiſh *MD* would do ſo, lazy ſluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. *Van*; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a ſhift to come

come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few viſits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am ſorry I ſent you the *Examiner*; for the printer is going to print them in a ſmall volume: it ſeems the author is too proud to have them printed by ſubſcription, though his friends offered, they ſay, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The *Spectators* are likewiſe printing in a larger and ſmaller volume: ſo I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to ſend you now towards the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord treaſurer would have had it too; but *Radcliffe* told me yeſterday it was the rheumatiſm in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a ſhort time. I am told they deſign giving away ſeveral employments before the parliament ſits, which will be the thirteenth inſtant. I either do not like, or not underſtand this policy; and if lord treaſurer does not mend ſoon, they muſt give them juſt before the ſeſſions. But he is the greateſt procraſtinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I ſtufft the ſecretary's pockets with papers, which he muſt read and ſettle at *Hampton-Court*, where he went to-day, and ſtays ſome time. They have no lodgings for me there, ſo I can't go; for the town is ſmall, chargeable and inconvenient. Lord treaſurer had a very ill night laſt night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is eaſier to-day.—And ſo I went to viſit *Prior* about ſome buſineſs, and ſo he was not within, and ſo Sir *Andrew Fountain* made me dine to-day again with Mrs. *Van*, and I came home ſoon, remembering

this muſt go to-night, and that I had a letter of *MD*'s to anſwer. O Lord, where is it? let me ſee; ſo, ſo, here it is. You grudge writing ſo ſoon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable ſteward in the goſpel: *I laid it up in a napkin; there thou haſt what is thine own*, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fiſhmonger owed a man two crowns; ſo he ſent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then ſaid he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was ſaying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy *Ford* may tell *Forbes* right about my returning to *Ireland* before *Chriſtmas*, or ſoon after. I'm ſorry you did not go on with your ſtory about *Pray God you be John*; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be. —Ah, *Stella*, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to ſay when you writ that. Yes, that ſtory of the ſecretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why how could you hear it? is it poſſible to tell you the hundredth part of what paſſes in our companies here? The ſecretary is as eaſy with me as Mr. *Addiſon* was. I have often thought what a ſplutter Sir *William Temple* makes about being ſecretary of ſtate; I think Mr. *St. John* the greateſt young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickneſs of apprehenſion, good learning, and an excellent taſte; the beſt orator in the houſe of commons, admirable converſation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a deſpiſer of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of buſineſs, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours

deavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleaſure, with the man of buſineſs. What truth and ſincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been ſecretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? How he ſtands with the queen and lord treaſurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, biſhop of *Cloyne*, and of *Clogher* together, five weeks ago from *Windſor*: I hope they had my letters; pray know if *Clogher* had his.——Fig for your Phyſician and his advice, madam *Dingley*; if I grow worſe, I will; otherwiſe I will truſt to temperance and exerciſe: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am ſorry to ſee them fall with all my heart; but why ſhould I take phyſick becauſe leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horſe, muſt I take phyſick for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reaſon, not to be diſproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor *Stella* is better; uſe exerciſe and walk, ſpend pattens and ſpare potions, wear out clogs and waſte claret. Have you found out my pun of the fiſhmonger? Don't read a word more till you have got it. And *Stella* is handſome again, you ſay? and is ſhe fat? I have ſent to *Leigh* the ſet of *Examiners*; the firſt thirteen were written by ſeveral hands, ſome good, ſome bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-ſix:* then

* Here the doctor's memory failed him a little: he ſhould have ſaid, The firſt twelve were written by ſeveral hands (for *Swift*'s *Examiners* commenced with No. 13), and the next thirty-two were by one hand, in all forty-four.

then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpoſe to confound gueſſers; and the laſt ſix were written by a woman. Then there is an account of *Guiſcard* by the ſame woman, but the facts ſent by *Preſto*. Then *An Anſwer to the Letter to the lords about Greg* by *Preſto*; *Prior's* journey by *Preſto*; *Vindication* of the duke of *Marlborough* entirely by the ſame woman; *Comment* on *Hare's* ſermon by the ſame woman, only hints ſent to the printer from *Preſto* to give her. Then there's the *Miſcellany*, an apron for *Stella*, a pound of chocolate without ſugar for *Stella*, a fine ſnuff-raſp of ivory, given me by Mrs. *St. John* for *Dingley*, and a large roll of tobacco, which ſhe muſt hide or cut ſhorter out of modeſty, and four pair of ſpectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come ſafe. Oh, Mrs. *Maſham* and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon buſineſs; I believe I told you ſo before: pray pardon my forgetfulneſs in theſe caſes; poor *Preſto* can't help it. *MD* ſhall have

four. Vid. his letter to *Stella*, dated *June* 7, 1711. If the reader has any doubt of this matter ſtill remaining, let him conſult the two laſt paragraphs of the forty-fourth *Examiner*; and for curioſity, if he pleaſes, read the firſt paragraph of the forty-fifth Number, where he will find the *Examiner* intends to proceed on a plan quite different from *Swift's* courſe of politicks. However, in ſix or eight weeks after *Swift* became ſilent, the *Examiner* was laid down, although revived again the *December* following, and continued to be a lively and ſpirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being ſupplied with hints from Mr. ſecretary *St. John* and Dr. *Swift*. But the miniſtry having then obtained their ends in parliament, and the Peace being in great forwardneſs, they ſuffered the *Examiner* to ſink again into obſcurity and dulneſs.

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the money as ſoon as *Tooke* gets it. And ſo I think I have anſwered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up my week, and will ſend you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are ſo dull you could never have found it out. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXXIV.

London, November 3, 1711.

MY thirty-third lies now before me juſt finiſhed, and I am going to ſeal and ſend it, ſo let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be buſy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's houſe to-day where I was invited, juſt when dinner was ſetting on, and pretended I was engaged, becauſe I ſaw ſome fellows I did not know, and went to Sir *Matthew Dudley*'s, where I had the ſame inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwiſe I would have gone home, and ſent for a ſlice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with perſons unknown, as bad for aught I know as your deans, parſons, and curates. Bad ſlabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at eaſe, when I have no letter of *MD*'s to anſwer. But I miſtook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at *Hampton-Court*; ſhe is now ſeldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have leſs twitchings about my toes ſince theſe miniſters are ſick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would com-

pound for a light eaſy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the froſt comes, young ladies, go a froſt-biting. It comes into my head, that from the very time you firſt went to *Ireland* I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of faſhion to walk, and many of them have got ſwinging ſtrong ſhoes on purpoſe; it has got as far as ſeveral young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady *Lucy* and I are fallen out: ſhe rails at me, and I have left viſiting her.

5. *MD* was very troubleſome to me laſt night in my ſleep; I was adreamed, methought, that *Stella* was here: I aſked her after *Dingley*, and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had left her in *Ireland*, becauſe ſhe deſigned her ſtay to be ſhort, and ſuch ſtuff.—Monſieur *Pontchartrain*, the ſecretary of ſtate in *France*, and Monſieur *Fontenelle*, the ſecretary of the *Royal Academy* there, (who writ the *Dialogues des morts*, &c.) have ſent letters to lord *Pembroke*, that the *Academy* have, with the king's conſent, choſen him one of their members, in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to ſhew my lord *Dartmouth* and Mr. *St. John*, our two ſecretaries, and let them ſee there is no treaſon in them; which I will do on *Wedneſday*, when they come from *Hampton-Court*. The letters are very handſome, and it is a great mark of honour and diſtinction to lord *Pembroke*. I hear the two *French* miniſters are come over again about the Peace; but I have ſeen nobody of conſequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance who was ſick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my beſpeaking. We begin now to have cheſnuts

cheſnuts and *Seville* oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had proceſſions in carts of the *Pope* and the *Devil*, and the butchers rang their cleavers; you know this is the fifth of *November*, popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am uſed to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to *MD* without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above ſeven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your *Ingoldſby* is going over, and they ſay here, he is to be made a lord.—Here was I ſtaying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not ſhot a dinner flying, with one Mr. *Murray*, I might have faſted or gone to an alehouſe. You never ſaid one word of goody *Stoyte* in your letter; but I ſuppoſe theſe *Winter* nights we ſhall hear more of her.—Does the *Provoſt* laugh as much as he uſed to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I deſign to write to your dean one of theſe days, but I can never find time, nor what to ſay. I will think of ſomething: but if *DD* * were not in *Ireland*, I believe ſeriouſly I ſhould not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the ſubject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on buſineſs; but ſtopt at a printer's and ſtaid there; it was a moſt delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I ſuppoſe, either becauſe the queen has the gout, or that lord treaſurer is not well, or that they would do ſome-

* Theſe two initial letters include both *Stella* and *Dingley*.

thing more towards a Peace. I called at lord treaſurer's at noon, and ſat a while with lord *Harley*, but his father was aſleep. A bookſeller has reprinted or new-titled *A Sermon* of *Tom Swift*'s printed laſt year, and publiſhes an advertiſement calling it Dr. *Swift*'s *Sermon*. Some friend of lord *Galway* has, by his directions, publiſhed a four-ſhilling book about his conduct in *Spain*; to defend him; I have but juſt ſeen it. But what care you for books, except *Preſto*'s *Miſcellanies*? *Leigh* promiſed to call and ſee me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your *Cheſter* box. A murrain take that box; every thing is ſpoiled that is in it. How does the ſtrong box do? You ſay nothing of *Raymond:* is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finiſhed his houſe; paid his debts; and put out the reſt of the money to uſe? I am glad to hear poor *Joe* is like to get his two hundred pounds. I ſuppoſe *Trim* is now reduced to ſlavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great raſcals as the gentlemen. But I muſt go to bed, ſirrahs; the ſecretary is ſtill at *Hampton-Court* with my papers, or is come only to night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the ſecretary this morning, and we dined with *Prior*, and did buſineſs this afternoon till about eight, and I muſt alter and undo, and a clutter: I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I ſtaid with *Prior* till eleven; the ſecretary left us at eight. *Prior*, I believe, will be one of thoſe employed to make the Peace, when a *Congreſs* is opened. Lord *Aſhburnham* told to-day at the *Coffee-houſe*, that lord *Harley* was yeſterday morning married to the duke of *Newcaſtle*'s daughter, the great heireſs, and it got about all the town. But I ſaw lord *Harley* yeſterday at noon

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in his night-gown, and he dined in the city with *Prior* and others; ſo it is not true: but I hope it will be ſo; for I know, it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's eſtate; for the duke left lord *Pelham*'s ſon his heir; the widow ducheſs will not ſtand to the will, and ſhe is now at law with *Pelham*. However, at worſt, the girl will have about ten thouſand pounds a year, to ſupport the honour: for lord treaſurer will never ſave a groat for himſelf. Lord *Harley* is a very valuable young gentleman; and they ſay the girl is handſome, and has good ſenſe, but red hair.

9. I deſigned a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was diſappointed; ſo one always is in this life; and I could not ſee lord *Dartmouth* to-day, with whom I had ſome buſineſs. Buſineſs and pleaſure both diſappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, goody *Stoyte*, or *Walls*, or *Manley*, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flaſk of bad *Florence*. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold; I have got ſome looſe bricks at the back of my grate for good huſbandry. Fine weather. *Patrick* tells me, my caps are wearing out; I know not how to get others. I want a neceſſary woman ſtrangely; I am as helpleſs as an elephant.—I had three pacquets from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, coſt me four ſhillings, all about *Higgins*, printed ſtuff, and two long letters. His people forget to encloſe them to *Lewis*; and they were only directed to Doctor *Swift*, without naming *London* or any thing elſe: I wonder how they reached me, unleſs the poſt-maſter directed them. I have read all the traſh, and am weary.

 10. Why;

10. Why; if you muſt have it out, ſomething is to be publiſhed of great moment, and three or four great people are to ſee there are no miſtakes in point of fact: and 'tis ſo troubleſome to ſend it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady *Dupplin*, lord treaſurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a ſon. Lord treaſurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us: a man in this caſe ſhould leave no ſtone unturned. Lord treaſurer's ſickneſs, the queen's gout, the forwarding the Peace, occaſion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpoſe for my health; but I can't walk in the *Park*, becauſe that is only for walking ſake, and loſes time, ſo I mix it with buſineſs: I wiſh *MD* walked half as much as *Preſto*. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you ſhould have maſks on, and be tuckt up like any thing, and *Stella* is naturally a ſtout walker, and carries herſelf firm, methinks I ſee her ſtrut, and ſtep clever over a kennel; and *Dingley* would do well enough, if her petticoats were pinned up; but ſhe is ſo embroiled, and ſo fearful, and then *Stella* ſcolds, and *Dingley* ſtumbles, and is ſo daggled. Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongſt you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pſhaw, what's all this I'm ſaying? methinks I am talking to *MD* face to face.

11. Did

11. Did I tell you that old *Frowde*, the old fool, is ſelling his eſtate at *Pepperhara*, and is ſkulking about the town no body knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue *Child*, the double ſquire of *Farnham?* I have put Mrs. *Maſham*, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great ſecret; and I have employed lady *Oglethorp* to enquire about it. I was with lady *Oglethorp* to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will ſee to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this preſent in ſome blind alley with ſome dirty wench. He has two ſons that muſt ſtarve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. *Maſham* buys the land, I will deſire her to get the queen to give ſome penſion to the old fool, to keep him from abſolutely ſtarving. What do you meddle with other peoples affairs for? ſays *Stella*. O, but Mr. *Maſham* and his wife are very urgent with me, ſince I firſt put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, who, I doubt, will ſoon loſe his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old *Frowde*, and to do ſome buſineſs in the city. I have not yet called to *Patrick* to know whether it be fair. It has been paſt dropping theſe two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purſe. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my ſhillings: an old ſaying and a true; Few fillings, many ſhillings. If the day be dark, my purſe will be light. To my enemies be this curſe; A dark day and a light purſe. And ſo I'll riſe, and go to my fire, for *Patrick* tells me I have a fire; yet it is not ſhaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of *Dilly?* I ſuppoſe you have him with you. *Stella* is juſt now ſhewing a white leg, and putting

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it into the ſlipper.—Preſent my ſervice to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean; and deſire ſhe will come too: or, *Dingley*, can't you write a note? This is *Stella*'s morning dialogue, no, morning ſpeech I mean.—Morrow, ſirrahs, and let me riſe as well as you; but I promiſe you *Walls* can't dine with the dean to-day, for ſhe is to be at Mrs. *Proby*'s juſt after dinner, and to go with *Gracy Spencer* to the ſhops to buy a yard of muſlin, and a ſilver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, ſirrahs.—At night. I dined with *Stratford* in the city, but could not finiſh my affairs with him; but now I have reſolved to buy five hundred pounds *South-Sea* ſtock, which will coſt me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make uſe of the bill of a hundred pounds you ſent me, and transfer Mrs. *Walls* over to *Hawkſhaw*; or, if ſhe diſlikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the ſecretary, and repay her. Three ſhillings coach-hire to-day. I have ſpoken to *Frowde*'s brother, to get me the loweſt price of the eſtate, to tell Mrs. *Maſham*.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Laſt *Saturday* night I came home, and the drab had juſt waſhed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire: I was ſick on *Sunday*, and now have got a ſwinging cold. I ſcolded like a dog at *Patrick*, although he was out with me; I deteſt waſhing of rooms: can't they waſh them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I ſlept not a wink laſt night for hawking and ſpitting; and now every body has colds. Here's a clutter: I'll go to bed and ſleep if I can.

14. Lady *Mountjoy* ſent to me two days ago, ſo I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went

went to ſee lord treaſurer. I found *Patrick* had been juſt there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned anſwer, that he deſired to ſee me. Mrs. *Maſham* was with him when I came; and they are never diſturbed: 'tis well ſhe is not very handſome: they ſit alone together, ſettling the nation. I ſat with lady *Oxford*, and ſtopt Mrs. *Maſham* as ſhe came out, and told her what progreſs I had made, *&c.* and then went to lord treaſurer: he is very well, only uneaſy at riſing or ſitting, with ſome rheumatick pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He ſhewed me a ſmall paper, ſent by an unknown hand to one Mr. *Cook*, who ſent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus;

Though G——d's knife did not ſucceed;
A F——n's yet may do the Deed.

And a little below; *Burn this you Dog.* My lord has frequently ſuch letters as theſe: once he ſhewed me one, which was a viſion deſcribing a certain man, his dreſs, his ſword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me, he ſaw a fellow in the chapel at *Windſor* with a dreſs very like it. They often ſend him letters ſigned Your humble ſervant, *The Devil*, and ſuch ſtuff. I ſat with him till after ten, and have buſineſs to do.

15. The ſecretary came yeſterday to town from *Hampton-Court*, ſo I went to him early this morning; but he went back laſt night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was juſt come home from *Hampton Court*, and juſt returning, and will not be here till *Saturday* night. A pox take him; he ſtops all my buſineſs. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to ſee

MD

MD in *Ireland* ſoon after *Chriſtmas*.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to *Laracor*; they did me more good than all the miniſtries theſe twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no buſineſs as I deſigned. Lady *Mountjoy* tells me, that *Dilly* is got to *Ireland*, and that the archbiſhop of *Dublin* was the cauſe of his returning ſo ſoon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's abſence, makes the town very dull, and empty. They tell me the duke of *Ormond* brings all the world away with him from *Ireland*. *London* has nothing ſo bad in it in *Winter*, as your knots of *Iriſh* folks; but I go to no *Coffee-houſe*, and ſo I ſeldom ſee them. This letter ſhall go on *Saturday*; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myſelf.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a viſiter, when I had ordered to ſee no body, ſo I was forced to hurry a hang-dog inſtrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.—I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will laſt me about ten days in all.—I ſhould have told you that in thoſe two verſes ſent to lord treaſurer, the *G——d* ſtands for *Guiſcard*; that is eaſy; but we differed about *F———n*; I thought it was for *Frenchman*, becauſe he hates them, and they him: and ſo it would be, That although *Guiſcard*'s knife miſs'd its deſign, the knife of a *Frenchman* might yet do it. My lord thinks it ſtands for *Felton*, the name of him that ſtabbed the firſt duke of *Buckingham*.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with the *Vans* to day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? juſt

a month to-day ſince I had your *N.* 22. I'll ſtay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and ſo forth, as you pleaſe. The *Whigs* are ſtill crying down our Peace, but we will have it, I hope, in ſpite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promiſes wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will ſerve to ſpur on the *French* to be eaſy and ſincere. Night, ſirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myſelf in the poſt-office. I had juſt now a long letter from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, giving me an account of the ending your ſeſſions, how it ended in a ſtorm; which ſtorm, by the time it arrives here, will be only *half nature*. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often adviſed the diſſolution of that parliament, although I did not think the ſcoundrels had ſo much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by ſeveral things the archbiſhop ſays, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bleſs and preſerve deareſt little *MD*.—I ſuppoſe your lord-lieutenant is now ſetting out for *England*. I wonder the biſhop of *Clogher* does not write to me; or let me know of his ſtatues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as ſoon as I have leiſure. Farewel, deareſt *MD*, and love *Preſto*, who loves *MD* infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My ſervice to Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*. I'm ſitting in my bed; but will riſe to ſeal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewel again, deareſt *MD*, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my laſt this evening in the poſt-office. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*. This being queen *Elizabeth*'s birth-day, we have the D— and all to do among us. I juſt heard of the ſtir as my letter was ſealed this morning; and was ſo croſs I would not open it to tell you. I have been viſiting lady *Oglethorp* and lady *Worſley*; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen *Elizabeth*'s birth-day, uſually kept in this town by 'prentices, *&c.* but the *Whigs* deſigned a mighty proceſſion by midnight, and had laid out a thouſand pounds to dreſs up the *Pope*, *Devil*, *Cardinals*, *Sacheverell*, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. *Garth* gave five guineas, Dr. *Garth* I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were ſeized laſt night, by order from the ſecretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the ſtreets already. They had ſome very fooliſh and miſchievous deſigns; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon aſſaulting my lord treaſurer's houſe, and the ſecretary's; and other violences. The *Militia* was raiſed to prevent it, and now, I ſuppoſe, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the ſecretary's office at *White-hall*. I deſign to ſee them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary, who juſt came from *Hampton-Court*. He was telling me more particulars about this buſineſs of burning the *Pope*. It coſt a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have coſt three times

times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen *Grub ſtreet* papers already. The ſecretary and I dined at brigadier *Britton*'s, but I left them at ſix, upon an appointment with ſome ſober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then; twelve-penny weather; ſirrahs, why don't you play at ſhuttle-cock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith *Preſto* will come over after *Chriſtmas*, and will play with *Stella* before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the *Spectators?* I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no *Coffee-houſes*. They ſay abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in ſmall volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I ſhall be out of my hurry in a week, and if *Leigh* be not gone over, I will ſend you by him what I am now finiſhing. I don't know where *Leigh* is; I have not ſeen him this good while, though he promiſed to call: I ſhall ſend to him. The queen comes to town on *Thurſday* for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord *Dartmouth*'s office, and ſent out for him from the committee of council, about ſome buſineſs. I was aſking him more concerning this buſtle about the figures in wax-work of the *Pope* and *Devil*, &c. He was not at leiſure, or he would have ſeen them. I hear the owners are ſo impudent, that they deſign to replevin them by law. I am aſſured that the figure of the *Devil* is made as like lord treaſurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in *St. James's-ſtreet*. Lord treaſurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of *Marlborough* is come,

come, and was yeſterday at *Hampton-Court* with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no it was yeſterday; for to-day I remember Mr. ſecretary was going to ſee him, when I was there, not at the duke of *Marlborough*'s, but at the ſecretary's; the duke is not ſo fond of me. What care I? I won ſeven ſhillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or ſo.

20. I have been ſo teazed with *Whiggiſh* diſcourſe by Mrs. *Barton* and lady *Betty Germain*, never ſaw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reaſon to apprehend ſome tumults. I dined with lady *Betty*. I hear *Prior*'s commiſſion is paſſed to be ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the Peace; my lord privy-ſeal, who you know is biſhop of *Briſtol*, is the other; and lord *Strafford*, already ambaſſador at the *Hague*, the third: I am forced to tell you ignorant ſluts who is who. I was punning ſcurvily with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and lord *Pembroke* this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the dean, or *Tom Leigh*. *Prior* puns very well. Od ſo, I muſt go ſee his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no leſs, after ſending him to *France*. Lord *Strafford* is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of *Prior*'s mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And ſo I go to my buſineſs, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning buſy with my printer; I gave him the fifth ſheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct ſomething, and alter, *&c.* and I walked home in the duſk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. *Lewis*; well, and ſo I opened it; and he ſays, The peace is paſt danger, *&c.* Well;

and

and ſo there was another letter incloſed in his; well; and ſo I looked on the outſide of this t'other letter. Well; and ſo who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and ſo I'll tell you, it was from little *MD*, *N.* 23, 23, 23, 23 I tell you it is no more, I have told you ſo before *: but I juſt looked again to ſatisfy you. Hie, *Stella*, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four falſe ſpellings in all. Shall I ſend them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I won't anſwer your letter now, ſirrah ſaucy boxes, no, no; not yet; juſt a month and three days from the laſt, which is juſt five weeks: you ſee it comes juſt when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. *Tooke* has juſt brought me *Dingley*'s money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I ſwore to ſtop that. I'll ſpend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear ſirrahs.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir *Thomas Hanmer*; his wife, the ducheſs of *Grafton*, dined with us: ſhe wears a great high headdreſs, ſuch as was in faſhion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad-woman in it; yet ſhe has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to ſee lord *Harley*, and thought to have ſat with lord treaſurer; but he was taken up with the *Dutch* envoy and ſuch folks; and I would not ſtay. One particular in life here different from what I have in *Dublin*, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find ſome letter for me, and ſeldom miſs; and never any worth a farthing, but often to

* Nothing was ever more in *Swift*'s ſtyle and manner of converſation, than theſe repetitions and the words following.

vex me. The queen does not come to town till *Saturday*. *Prior* is not yet declared; but theſe miniſters being at *Hampton-Court* I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for ſome months paſt, than people I never ſaw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet ſpeak ill of me too; at leaſt ſome of them. An old crooked *Scotch* counteſs, whom I never heard of in my life, told the ducheſs of *Hamilton* t'other day, that I often viſited her. People of worth never do that: ſo that a man only gets the ſcandal of having ſcurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing againſt me ſome time ago, and ſaid they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third had only ſeen twice where I happened to viſit. A man who has once ſeen me in a *Coffee houſe* will aſk me how I do, when he ſees me talking at *Court* with a miniſter of ſtate; who is ſure to aſk me, how I came acquainted with that ſcoundrel. But come, ſirrahs, this is all ſtuff to you, ſo I'll ſay no more on this ſide the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. *Lewis* and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times ſince I came to *England*; I never will call it *Britain*, pray don't call it *Britain*. My week is not out, and one ſide of this paper is out, and I have a letter to anſwer of *MD*'s into the bargain: muſt I write on the third ſide; faith that will give you an ill habit. I ſaw *Leigh* laſt night: he gives a terrible account of *Sterne*; he reckons he is ſeduced by ſome wencher; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned ſeveral things. *Leigh* ſays he goes on *Monday* next for *Ireland*, but believes *Sterne* will not go with

with him; *Sterne* has kept him theſe three months. *Leigh* has got the apron and things, and promiſes to call for the box at *Cheſter*; but I deſpair of it. Good night, ſirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finiſhed my pamphlet to-day, which has coſt me ſo much time and trouble; it will be publiſhed in three or four days, when the parliament begins ſitting. I ſuppoſe the queen is come to town but know nothing, having been in the city finiſhing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as uſual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you deſire your writings and a picture ſhould be ſent to me, to be ſent over to you. I have juſt anſwered her letter, and promiſed to take care of them if they be ſent to me. She is at *Farnham:* it is too late to ſend them by *Leigh*; beſides, I will wait your orders, madam *Stella.* I am going to finiſh a letter to lord treaſurer about reforming our language; but firſt I muſt put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, ſirrahs, this is card ſeaſon.

25. I was early with the ſecretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the ſacrament; ſeveral rakes did the ſame; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady *Mary Dudley*; and paſt my time ſince inſipidly, only I was at *Court* at noon, and ſaw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a *Court*, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir *John Walters'* quarrel with me has entertained the town ever ſince; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the *Whigs* are too ſtrong in the houſe of lords: other reaſons

are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an *Iriſh* knight, one Sir *John St. Leger*, who follows the law here, but at a great diſtance: he was ſo pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I ſaw to-day the *Pope* and *Devil*, and the other figures of *Cardinals*, &c. fifteen in all, which have made ſuch a noiſe. I have put an under-ſtrapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet to give an account of the whole deſign. My large pamphlet will be publiſhed to-morrow, copies are ſent to the great men this night. *Domville* is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not ſeen him yet; I deſign to preſent him to all the great men.

27. *Domville* came to me this morning, and we dined at *Pontack*'s, and were all day together, till ſix this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he ſet me down at lord treaſurer's, with whom I ſtaid about an hour, till Monſieur *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, came to him about buſineſs. My lord treaſurer is pretty well; but ſtiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatiſm. I am to bring *Domville* to my lord *Harley* in a day or two. It was the dirtieſt rainy day that ever I ſaw. The pamphlet * is publiſhed; lord treaſurer had it by him on the table, and was aſking me about the mottos in the title page; he gave me one of them himſelf. I muſt ſend you the pamphlet if I can.

28. Mrs. *Van* ſent to me to dine with her to-day, becauſe ſome ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning

* This pamphlet was *The Conduct of the Allies.*

to

to return *Domville* his viſit, and went to viſit Mrs. *Maſham*, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady; it ſeems her huſband and ſon are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in *Leiceſter-Fields*. I preſented Mr. *Domville* to Mr. *Lewis* and Mr. *Prior* this morning. *Prior* and I are called the two *Soſias* in a *Whig* news-paper. *Soſias*, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noiſe: I was aſked by ſeveral whether I had ſeen it, and they adviſed me to read it, for it was ſomething very extraordinary. I ſhall be ſuſpected: and it will have ſeveral paultry anſwers. It muſt take its fate, as *Savage* ſaid of his ſermon that he preached at *Farnham* on Sir *William Temple*'s death. *Domville* ſaw *Savage* in *Italy*, and ſays he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waiſtcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a *Palm Sunday*, which is much more than kiſſing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll anſwer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I muſt borrow from the other ſide.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he muſt immediately print a ſecond edition, and lord treaſurer made one or two ſmall additions: they muſt work day and night to have it out on *Saturday*; they ſold a thouſand in two days. Our ſociety met to-day, nine of us were preſent, we dined at our brother *Bathurſt*'s: we made ſeveral regulations, and have choſen three new members, lord *Orrery*, *Jack Hill*, who is Mrs. *Maſham*'s brother, he that lately miſcarried in the expedition to *Quebeck*, and one colonel *Diſney*. We have taken a room in a houſe near *St. James*'s to meet in. I left them early about

correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried *Domville* to ſee my lord *Harley*, and I did ſome buſineſs with lord treaſurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding ſomething to the ſecond edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noiſe, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of moſt important facts which were not at all known. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow morning; or ſuppoſe I anſwer it juſt now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You ſay you are buſy with parliaments, &c. that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none theſe two years. Lord *Santry*, &c.* yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad *Dilly* is mended; does not he thank me for ſhewing him the *Court* and the great people's faces? He had his glaſs out at the queen and the reſt. 'Tis right what *Dilly* ſays; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear *Laracor*, 'twill mend with a Peace; or ſurely they'll give me the *Dublin* pariſh. *Stella* is in the

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right; the biſhop of *Oſſory* is the ſilliеſt, beſt-natured wretch breathing, of as little conſequence as an egg-ſhell.—Well, the ſpelling I have mentioned before; only the next time ſay *at leaſt*, and not *at leſt*. Pox on your *Newbury:* what can I do for him? I'll give his caſe (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treaſurer's lameneſs goes off daily. Pray God preſerve poor good Mrs. *Stoyte*, ſhe would be a great loſs to us all; pray give her my ſervice, and tell her ſhe has my heartieſt prayers. I pity poor Mrs. *Manley*; but I think the child is happy to die, conſidering how little proviſion it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuſes me, and for things that I never writ. *Joe* ſhould have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I muſt thank the duke of *Ormond*, who I dare ſwear will ſay he did it on my account? Are they golden pippins, thoſe ſeven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*ſh.* I have reckoned it 18 times. *Hawkſhaw*'s eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be ſecure, it may lie where it is, unleſs they deſire to pay it: ſo *Parviſol* may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. *Weſley*'s money into the bank, and will pay her with *Hawkſhaw*'s.—I mean that *Hawkſhaw*'s money goes for an addition to *MD*, you know; but be good houſewives. *Bernage* never comes now to ſee me; he has no more to aſk: but I hear he has been ill. —A pox on Mrs. *South*'s affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of aſſiſting any body elſe that ſolicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell *Walls* I do no more for any body with my lord treaſurer, eſpecially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have ſpent all my diſ-

correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried *Domville* to ſee my lord *Harley*, and I did ſome buſineſs with lord treaſurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding ſomething to the ſecond edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noiſe, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of moſt important facts which were not at all known. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow morning; or ſuppoſe I anſwer it juſt now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You ſay you are buſy with parliaments, &c. that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none theſe two years. Lord *Santry*, &c.* yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad *Dilly* is mended; does not he thank me for ſhewing him the *Court* and the great people's faces? He had his glaſs out at the queen and the reſt. 'Tis right what *Dilly* ſays; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear *Laracor*, 'twill mend with a Peace; or ſurely they'll give me the *Dublin* pariſh. *Stella* is in the

* Lord *Santry* was as violent a *Whig* as *Dick Tighe* [Vid. Letter 59 in *Dodſley*'s Collection, dated *Feb.* 10, 1711], and Dr *Higgins*, who is in this place hinted at by the &c much ſuch another as *Sacheverell*; conſequently my lord was an outrageous enemy and perſecutor of *Higgins*. However, it happened one day that lord *Santry* was looking out of the great window at *Lucas*'s *Coffee-houſe* when *Higgins* was paſſing by; How do you do, Doctor? ſaid my lord, in a ſneering contemptuous manner. Very well, I thank you, little maſter, ſaid *Higgins*. Let me out, let me out to him, cried *Santry* in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. Aye, do, ſaid *Higgins*, let him out, I'll ſoon pitch him in to you again.

right; the biſhop of *Oſſory* is the ſillieſt, beſt-natured wretch breathing, of as little conſequence as an egg-ſhell.—Well, the ſpelling I have mentioned before; only the next time ſay *at leaſt*, and not *at leſt*. Pox on your *Newbury:* what can I do for him? I'll give his caſe (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treaſurer's lameneſs goes off daily. Pray God preſerve poor good Mrs. *Stoyte*, ſhe would be a great loſs to us all; pray give her my ſervice, and tell her ſhe has my heartieſt prayers. I pity poor Mrs. *Manley*; but I think the child is happy to die, conſidering how little proviſion it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuſes me, and for things that I never writ. *Joe* ſhould have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I muſt thank the duke of *Ormond*, who I dare ſwear will ſay he did it on my account? Are they golden pippins, thoſe ſeven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*ſh.* I have reckoned it 18 times. *Hawkſhaw*'s eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be ſecure, it may lie where it is, unleſs they deſire to pay it: ſo *Parviſol* may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. *Weſley*'s money into the bank, and will pay her with *Hawkſhaw*'s.—I mean that *Hawkſhaw*'s money goes for an addition to *MD*, you know; but be good houſewives. *Bernage* never comes now to ſee me; he has no more to aſk: but I hear he has been ill. —A pox on Mrs. *South*'s affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of aſſiſting any body elſe that ſolicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell *Walls* I do no more for any body with my lord treaſurer, eſpecially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have ſpent all my diſ-

cretion, and have no more to uſe.—And ſo I have anſwered your letter fully and plainly—And ſo I have got to the third ſide of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To nobody's ſorrow. You are ſilly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, *&c.*—Who's ſilly now? rogues and laſſes, tinder-boxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of ſillineſs; methought I was ſpeaking to deareſt little *MD* face to face. There; ſo lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good night, my delight, *&c.*

Dec. 1. Piſh, ſirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of the letter as well as the top, that I may know when you ſend it; your laſt is of *Nov.* 3d, yet I had others at the ſame time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, ſend me word three weeks before and in that time you will certainly have an anſwer, with a bill on *Parviſol:* pray do this; for my head is full and it will eaſe my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you ſome of —'s letter, ſo you may imagine how witty the reſt was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman *Peeſley* ſays. Pray let us have no more *Buſſineſs*, but *Buſyneſs:* the Deuſe take me if I know how to ſpell it, your wrong ſpelling, madam *Stella*, has put me out: it does not look right; let me ſee, *Buſſineſs*, *Buſyneſs*, *Buſineſs*, *Biſyneſs*, *Biſneſs*, *Byſneſs*; faith, I know not which is right, I think the ſecond; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, ſure I muſt though; *Buſineſs*, *Buſyneſs*, *Biſyneſs*.—I have perplexed myſelf, and can't do it. Prithee aſk *Walls*. *Buſineſs*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I ſee it as plain as can be; ſo yours is only an *s*

too much. The parliament will certainly meet on *Friday* next; the *Whigs* will have a great majority in the houſe of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that ſignifies nothing: it was feared there would be ſome peeviſh addreſs from the lords againſt a Peace. 'Tis ſaid about the town, that ſeveral of the allies begin now to be content that a Peace ſhould be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and ſo now I bid poor deareſt *MD* farewel till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I ſaw were not worth forty pounds, ſo I ſtretched a little when I ſaid a thouſand. The *Grub-ſtreet* account of that tumult is publiſhed. The *Devil* is not like lord treaſurer; they were all in your odd antick maſks, bought in common ſhops. I fear *Prior* will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over ſome of this letter, and find I make many miſtakes of leaving out words; ſo 'tis impoſſible to find my meaning, unleſs you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day juſt what I have written that day; which will take up no time to ſpeak of.

LETTER XXXVI.

London, December 1, 1711.

MY laſt was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. *Maſham* to-day, and called at *White*'s *Chocolate-houſe* to ſee if he was there. Lord *Wharton* ſaw me at the door, and I ſaw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and aſked me how I did, *&c.* This was pretty; and I believe he wiſhed every word he ſpoke was a halter to hang me. *Maſham* did not dine at home, ſo I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not ſent me the ſecond edition; I know not the reaſon, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord *Harley* on my table, to tell me that his father deſires I would make two ſmall alterations. I am going to be buſy, *&c.*

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am ſtaying here for old *Frowde*, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dreſſed to go to church; I ſuppoſe he dare not ſtir out but on *Sundays*. The printer called early this morning, told me the ſecond edition went off yeſterday in five hours, and he muſt have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have ſold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be *Sunday*. This old fool will not come, and I ſhall miſs church.—Morrow, ſirrahs.—At night. I was at *Court* to-day; the queen is well and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the ſecretary, and diſpatched ſome buſineſs. He tells me, the *Dutch* envoy deſigns to complain of

of that pamphlet. The noiſe it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it ſhould anſwer the pains I have been at about it. I ſuppoſe it will be printed in *Ireland*. Some lay it to *Prior*, others to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, but I am always the firſt they lay every thing to. I'll go ſleep, *&c.*

3. I have ordered *Patrick* not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and to-day a fellow would needs ſpeak with me from Sir *George Prettyman*. I had never heard of him, and would not ſee the meſſenger; but at laſt it proved that this Sir *George* has ſold his eſtate, and is a beggar. *Smithers*, the *Farnham* carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers incloſed of lady *Giffard*'s writing; one owning ſome exchequer buſineſs of 100 *l.* to be *Stella*'s; another for 100 *l.* that ſhe has of yours, which I made over to you for *Mariſton*; and a third for 300 *l.*; the laſt is on ſtampt paper. I think they had better lie in *England* in ſome good hand till lady *Giffard* dies; and I will think of ſome ſuch hand before I come over. I was aſking *Smithers* about all the people of *Farnham*. Mrs. *White* has left off dreſſing, is troubled with lameneſs and ſwelled legs, and ſeldom ſtirs out; but her old hang-dog huſband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treaſurer about ſomething he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be ſoon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have ſold off half the third. Mrs. *Percival* and her daughter have been in town theſe three weeks, which I never heard till to day; and Mrs. *Weſley* is come to town too, to conſult Dr. *Radcliffe*. The *Whigs* are reſolved to bring that pamphlet into the houſe of lords to have it condemned, *ſo I hear*. But the printer will ſtand to it, and not own the author; he muſt ſay, he

he had it from the penny-poſt. Some people talk as if the houſe of lords would do ſome peeviſh thing; for the *Whigs* are now a great majority in it; our miniſters are too negligent of ſuch things: I have never ſlipt giving them warning; ſome of them are ſenſible of it; but lord treaſurer ſtands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reaſon I ſhould think this miniſtry to ſtand very unſteady: if they can carry a Peace, they may hold; I believe not elſe.

4. Mr. ſecretary ſent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing ſome buſineſs. I was this morning with young *Harcourt*, ſecretary to our ſociety, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow aſked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? ſo we broke off with him, and are to dine next *Thurſday* at *Harcourt*'s (he is lord keeper's ſon). They have ſold off above half the third edition, and anſwers are coming out: the *Dutch* envoy refuſed dining with Dr. *D'avenant*, becauſe he was ſuſpected to write it: I have made ſome alterations in every edition, and it has coſt me more trouble, for the time, ſince the printing than before. 'Tis ſent over to *Ireland*, and I ſuppoſe you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, conſidering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the *Whigs* do, but purely upon it's own ſtrength. I have got an under ſpur-leather to write an *Examiner* again, and the ſecretary and I will now and then ſend hints; but we would have it a little upon the *Grubſtreet*, to be a match for their writers.

I dined

I dined with lord treaſurer to-day at five; he dined by himſelf after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatiſm, of which he is almoſt well. He was very pleaſant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the preſent poſture of affairs. The elector of *Hanover*'s miniſter here has given in a violent memorial againſt the Peace, and cauſed it to be printed. The *Whig* lords are doing their utmoſt for a majority againſt *Friday*, and deſign, if they can, to addreſs the queen againſt the Peace. Lord *Nottingham*, a famous *Tory* and ſpeech-maker, is gone over to the *Whig* ſide: they toaſt him daily, and lord *Wharton* ſays, It is *Diſmal* (ſo they call him from his looks) will ſave *England* at laſt. Lord treaſurer was hinting as if he wiſhed a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one againſt tomorrow. He gave me a ſcurrilous printed paper of bad verſes on himſelf, under the name of the *Engliſh Catiline*, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but lord *Harley* whiſpered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above *Grubſtreet*; at noon I paid a viſit to Mrs. *Maſham*, and then went to dine with our ſociety. Poor lord keeper dined below ſtairs, I ſuppoſe on a bit of mutton. We choſe two members; we were eleven met, the greateſt meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord *Orrery*. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in ſmall, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends and ſent into the country. A ſixpenny anſwer is come out, good for nothing, but gueſſing me among others for the author. Tomorrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting,

ing, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our ſide in the houſe of lords; yet I obſerved Mrs. *Maſham* a little uneaſy; ſhe aſſures me the queen is ſtout. The duke of *Marlborough* has not ſeen the queen for ſome days paſt; Mrs. *Maſham* is glad of it, becauſe ſhe ſays, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what ſhe ſays to him: he is one day humble, and the next on the high ropes. The duke of *Ormond*, they ſay, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great queſtion to be determined, I went with Dr. *Freind* to dine in the city, on purpoſe to be out of the way, and we ſent our printer to ſee what was our fate; but he gave us a moſt melancholy account of things. The earl of *Nottingham* began, and ſpoke againſt a Peace, and deſired that in their addreſs they might put in a clauſe to adviſe the queen not to make a peace without *Spain*; which was debated, and carried by the *Whigs* by about ſix voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord treaſurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his ſtrength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. *Nottingham* has certainly been bribed. The queſtion is yet only carried in the committee of the whole houſe, and we hope when it is reported to the houſe to-morrow, we ſhall have a majority by ſome *Scotch* lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loſs of reputation to lord treaſurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the miniſtry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I ſee them. I ſhall be early with the ſecretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and ſhall write a full account

to the biſhop of *Clogher* to-morrow, and to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, if I have time. I am horribly down at preſent. I long to know how lord treaſurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of *Ormond* came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the ſecretary, and talk't over this matter. He hoped, that when it was reported this day in the houſe of lords, they would diſagree with their committee, and ſo the matter would go off, only with a little loſs of reputation to lord treaſurer. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*, and after a *Scotch* member came in, and told us that the clauſe was carried againſt the *Court* in the houſe of lords almoſt two to one; I went immediately to Mrs. *Maſham*, and meeting Dr. *Arbuthnott* (the queen's favourite phyſician) we went together. She was juſt come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone againſt us. It ſeems lord treaſurer had been ſo negligent, that he was with the queen while the queſtion was put in the houſe: I immediately told Mrs. *Maſham*, that either ſhe and lord treaſurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: ſhe proteſted ſolemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but ſhe gave me ſome lights to ſuſpect the queen is changed. For, yeſterday when the queen was going from the houſe, where ſhe ſat to hear the debate, the duke of *Shrewſbury* lord chamberlain aſked her, whether he or the great chamberlain *Lindſay* ought to lead her out; ſhe anſwered ſhort, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the duke of *Somerſet*, who was louder than any in the houſe for the clauſe againſt a Peace. She gave me one or two more inſtances of this ſort, which convince me that the queen is falſe, or

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at leaſt very much wavering. Mr. *Maſham* begged us to ſtay, becauſe lord treaſurer would call, and we were reſolved to fall on him about his negligence in ſecuring a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as uſual, but I thought his countenance was much caſt down. I rallied him, and deſired him to give me his ſtaff, which he did; I told him, if he would ſecure it me a week, I would ſet all right: he aſked, How? I ſaid, I would immediately turn lord *Marlborough*, his two daughters, the duke and ducheſs of *Somerſet*, and lord *Cholmondely* out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. *Arbuthnott* aſked, How he came not to ſecure a majority? He could anſwer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forſwear. A poor anſwer for a great miniſter. There fell from him a ſcripture expreſſion, that *the hearts of kings are unſearchable*. I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worſt news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to truſt to; he ſtuck a little; but at laſt bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was paſt ſix: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. ſecretary. He made his ſon take a liſt of all in the houſe of commons who had places, and yet voted againſt the *Court*, in ſuch a manner as if they ſhould loſe their places: I doubt he is not able to compaſs it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon buſineſs. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. *Maſham*; but ſhe had company with her, and I would not ſtay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of *England*. The *Whigs* are all in triumph;

umph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boaſting. Nay, they ſaid the parliament ſhould be diſſolved before *Chriſtmas*, and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d ducheſs of *Somerſet*'s doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times ſince: the ſecretary always dreaded it. I told lord treaſurer, I ſhould have the advantage of him; for he would loſe his head, and I ſhould only be hanged, and ſo carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is falſe. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumſtances. I then went to my friend *Lewis*, who had ſent to ſee me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his eſtate in *Wales*. He gave me reaſons to believe the whole matter is ſettled between the queen and the *Whigs*; he hears that lord *Somers* is to be treaſurer, and believes, that ſooner than turn out the ducheſs of *Somerſet*, ſhe will diſſolve the parliament, and get a *Whiggiſh* one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the criſis, and a day or two will determine. I have deſired him to engage lord treaſurer, that as ſoon as he finds the change is reſolved on, he will ſend me abroad as queen's ſecretary ſomewhere or other, where I may remain till the new miniſters recal me; and then I will be ſick for five or ſix months till the ſtorm has ſpent itſelf. I hope he will grant me this; for I ſhould hardly truſt myſelf to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is freſh. I dined to-day with the ſecretary, who affects mirth, and ſeems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aſide after dinner, told him how I had ſerved them, and had aſked no reward, but thought I might aſk ſecurity; and then deſired the ſame thing of him, to ſend

me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and ſwore he would take the ſame care of me as himſelf, *&c.* but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord treaſurer's wiſdom would appear greater than ever; that he ſuffered all that had happened on purpoſe, and had taken meaſures to turn it to advantage. I ſaid, God ſend it; but I do not believe a ſyllable; and as far as I can judge, the game is loſt. I ſhall know more ſoon, and my letters will at leaſt be a good hiſtory to ſhew you the ſteps of this change.

10. I was this morning with *Lewis*, who thinks they will let the parliament ſit till they have given the money, and then diſſolve them in *Spring*, and break the miniſtry. He ſpoke to lord treaſurer about what I deſired him. My lord deſired him with great earneſtneſs to aſſure me, that all would be well, and that I ſhould fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their addreſs, and all the lords who were for the Peace went with them, to ſhew their zeal. I have now ſome further conviction that the queen is falſe, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to ſee Mrs. *Maſham*; while I was there ſhe went to her bedchamber to try a petticoat. Lord treaſurer came in to ſee her, and ſeeing me in the outer room fell a rallying me; ſays he, You had better keep company with me, than with ſuch a fellow as *Lewis*, who has not the ſoul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went in to Mrs. *Maſham*, and as he came back deſired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He aſked, whether I was not afraid to be ſeen with him? I ſaid, I never valued my lord treaſurer in my life, and therefore ſhould have always the ſame eſteem

for Mr. *Harley* and lord *Oxford*. He ſeemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not ſure of the queen; and that thoſe ſcoundrel, ſtarving lords would never have dared to vote againſt the *Court*, if *Somerſet* had not aſſured them, that it would pleaſe the queen. He ſaid, That was true, and *Somerſet* did ſo. I ſtaid till ſix; then de *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, came to him, and I left him. *Prior* was with us a while after dinner. I ſee him and all of them caſt down; though they make the beſt of it.

12. *Ford* is come to town; I ſaw him laſt night; he is in no fear, but ſanguine, although I have told him the ſtate of things. This change ſo reſembles the laſt, that I wonder they do not obſerve it. The ſecretary ſent for me yeſterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had ſomething to ſay to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of *Ormond*, whom I have not yet ſeen. Morrow, ſirrahs.—At night. I was to ſee the duke of *Ormond* this morning: he aſked me two or three queſtions after his civil way, and they related to *Ireland:* at laſt I told him, that from the time I had ſeen him, I never once thought of *Iriſh* affairs. He whiſpered me, that he hoped I had done ſome good things here; I ſaid, If every body elſe had done half as much, we ſhould not be as we are: then we went aſide, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things ſtood, and adviſed him what was to be done. I then went and ſat an hour with the ducheſs; then as long with lady *Oglethorp*, who is ſo cunning a devil, that I believe ſhe could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the ſecretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, ſaid he, if you ſee theſe people turned out? I ſaid, Yes, if I ſaw the duke and ducheſs of *Somerſet* out: he ſwore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society dined to-day at Sir *William Wyndham*'s; we were thirteen preſent. Lord *Orrery*, and two other members were introduced; I left them at ſeven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yeſterday, that *Morphew*, the publiſher, was ſent for by that lord chief juſtice, who was a manager againſt *Sacheverell*: he ſhewed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the reſt mine of the *Conduct of the Allies*, threatened him, aſked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foreſee what was coming at court.

14. Lord *Shelburn* was with me this morning, to be informed of the ſtate of affairs, and deſired I would anſwer all his objections againſt a Peace, which was ſoon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good ſenſe enough; but argues ſo violently, that he will ſome day or other put himſelf into a conſumption. He deſires that he may not be denied when he comes to ſee me, which I promiſed, but will not perform. *Leigh* and *Sterne* ſet out for *Ireland* on *Monday* ſennight: I ſuppoſe they will be with you long before this.—I was to-night drinking very good wine in ſcurvy company, at leaſt ſome of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'tis late, *&c.*

15. Morning. They ſay the *Occaſional bill* is brought to-day into the houſe of lords; but I know

know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the poſt-houſe myſelf. This will be a memorable letter, and I ſhall ſigh to ſee it ſome years hence. Here are the firſt ſteps towards the ruin of an excellent miniſtry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the conſequences.—I now bid my deareſt *MD* farewel; for company is coming, and I muſt be at lord *Dartmouth*'s office by noon. Farewel, deareſt *MD*; I wiſh you a merry *Chriſtmas*; I believe you will have this about that time. Love *Preſto*, who loves *MD* above all things a thouſand times. Farewel again, deareſt *MD*, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myſelf. I was to-day enquiring at the ſecretary's office of Mr. *Lewis*, how things went: I there met *Prior*, who told me, he gave all for gone, *&c.* and was of opinion the whole miniſtry would give up their places next week; *Lewis* thinks they will not till *Spring*, when the ſeſſion is over; both of them entirely deſpair. I went to ſee Mrs. *Maſham*, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to *Lewis*. At four I went to *Maſham*'s. He came and whiſpered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and I found them both very chearful. The company was going to the *Opera*, but deſired I would come and ſup with them. I did ſo at ten, and lord treaſurer was there, and ſat with us till paſt twelve, and was more chearful than I have ſeen him theſe ten days. Mrs. *Maſham* told me, he was mightily caſt down ſome days ago, and he could not indeed hide it

from me. *Arbuthnott* is in good hopes, that the queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, *&c.* But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reaſons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do reſolve, if they give up, or are turned out ſoon, to retire for ſome months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from *MD*, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the firſt of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even ſome I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to *Court* with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to obſerve each other's faces. I avoided lord *Hallifax*'s bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make leſs than fourſcore bows, of which about twenty might be to *Whigs*. The duke of *Somerſet* is gone to *Petworth*, and, I hear, the ducheſs too, of which I ſhall be very glad. Prince *Eugene*, who was expected here ſome days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The *Whigs* deſigned to have met him with forty thouſand horſe. Lord treaſurer told me ſome days ago of his diſcourſe with the emperor's reſident, that puppy *Hoffman*, about prince *Eugene*'s coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we ſhall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir *Andrew Fountain*, *Ford* and I dined to-day with Mrs. *Van* by invitation.

17. I have miſtaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. *Maſham* and his lady, by invitation. Lord treaſurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, who ſpeaks *Engliſh* well enough; he was plaguy politick,

tick, telling a thouſand lies, of which none paſſed upon any of us. We are ſtill in the condition of ſuſpenſe, and, I think, have little hopes. The ducheſs of *Somerſet* is not gone to *Petworth*; only the duke; and that is a poor ſacrifice. I believe the queen certainly deſigns to change the miniſtry; but perhaps may put it off till the ſeſſion is over: and I think they had better give up now, if ſhe will not deal openly; and then they need not anſwer for the conſequences of a Peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They ſay, my lord privy ſeal ſets out for *Holland* this week: ſo the Peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and coſt me three ſhillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the *Conduct*, *&c.* it is in ſmall, and ſold for ſix-pence; they have printed as many as three editions, becauſe they are to be ſent in numbers into the country by great men, *&c.* who ſubſcribe for hundreds. It has been ſent a fortnight ago to *Ireland*; I ſuppoſe you will print it there. The *Tory* lords and commons in parliament argue all from it: and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of ſo great conſequence, or made ſo many converts. By the time I have ſent this letter, I expect to hear from little *MD*: it will be a month two days hence ſince I had your laſt, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or elſe it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am ſending out another little thing, which I hope to finiſh this week, and deſign to ſend to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a *Grub-ſtreet* ſpeech of lord *Nottingham*; and he

was ſuch an owl to complain of it in the houſe of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at *Court*, that *Walpole* (a great *Whig* member) ſaid, that I and my whimſical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I ſhould pay for it. He will find he lies; and I ſhall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be ſecretary of ſtate, if the miniſtry changes: but he has lately had a bribe proved againſt him in parliament, while he was ſecretary at war. He is one of the *Whigs* chief ſpeakers.

19. Sad diſmal weather. I went to the ſecretary's office, and *Lewis* made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treaſurer. I have not ſeen the ſecretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord *Dartmouth* deſpairs, and is for giving up; *Lewis* is of the ſame mind; but lord treaſurer only ſays, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finiſh ſomething I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have juſt ſent away a penny paper to make a little miſchief. *Patrick* is gone to the burial of an *Iriſh* footman, who was Dr. *King*'s ſervant; he died of a conſumption, a fit death for a poor ſtarving wit's footman. The *Iriſh* ſervants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the ſecretary this morning, and for aught I can ſee we ſhall have a languiſhing death: I can know nothing, nor themſelves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious ſecretary would make me preſident next week, ſo I muſt entertain them this day ſennight at the *Thatched-houſe Tavern*, where we dined to-day; it will coſt me five or ſix pounds; yet the ſecretary ſays, he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the biſhop of *Clogher*.

21. This

21. This is the firſt time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yeſterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and noſe running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I were invited to dine with Mrs. *Van.*—I was this morning with the duke of *Ormond*; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in preſent affairs. We muſt certainly fall, if the ducheſs of *Somerſet* be not turned out; and no body believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were ſettling when Mr. ſecretary and I ſhould dine with him, and he fixt upon *Tueſday*; and when I came away I remembered it was *Chriſtmas* day. I was to ſee lady —, who is juſt up after lying-in; and the ugliеſt ſight I have ſeen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my ſtomach. But ſhe will ſoon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myſelf diſordered with a pain all round the ſmall of my back, which I imputed to *Champagne* I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine froſty day, and I reſolved to walk into the city. I called at lord treaſurer's at eleven, and ſtaid ſome time with him. He ſhewed me a letter from a great preſbyterian parſon * to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by paſſing this *Conformity Bill*; and he ſhewed me the anſwer he had written; which his friends would not let him ſend; but was a very good one. He is very chearful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

* This preſbyterian teacher was Mr. *Shower*. Vide his letter to the lord high treaſurer *Oxford*, and my lord treaſurer's anſwer, in the Collection of Letters printed by *Johnſton*, 1765, No. 6 and 7.

23. Morn-

23. Morning. As I was dreſſing to go to church, a friend that was to ſee me, adviſed me not to ſtir out; ſo I ſhall keep at home to-day, and only eat ſome broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold froſt, and ſnow fell yeſterday, which ſtill remains, look, there you may ſee it from the pent-houſes. The lords made yeſterday two or three votes about Peace, and *Hanover*, of a very angry kind, to vex the miniſtry, and they will meet ſooner by a fortnight than the commons: and they ſay, are preparing ſome knocking addreſſes. Morrow, ſirrahs. I'll ſit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am.—I have ſat at home all day, and eaten only a meſs of broth and a roll. I have written a *Prophecy*, which I deſign to print; I did it to-day, and ſome other verſes.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard froſt, and has been ſo theſe three or four days. My *Prophecy* * is printed, and will be publiſhed after *Chriſtmas* day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will paſs. You will never underſtand it at your diſtance, without help. I believe every body will gueſs it to be mine, becauſe it is ſomewhat in the ſame manner with that of *Merlin* in the *Miſcellanies*. My lord privy-ſeal ſet out this day for *Holland:* he'll have a cold journey. I gave *Patrick* half a crown for his *Chriſtmas-box*, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; becauſe I never deſign to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wiſh deareſt *MD* a merry *Chriſtmas*, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durſt

* The *Windſor* Prophecy. Vide his Works.

not

not go to church to-day, finding myſelf a little out of order, and it ſnowing prodigiouſly, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. *Van*, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. *Long* died at *Lynn* in *Norfolk* on *Saturday* laſt, at four in the morning; ſhe was ſick but four hours. We ſuppoſe it was the aſthma, which ſhe was ſubject to as well as the dropſy, as ſhe ſent me word in her laſt letter, written about five weeks ago; but then ſaid ſhe was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to *Lynn* two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her laſt letter ſhe told me ſhe hoped to be eaſy by *Chriſtmas*; and ſhe kept her word, although ſhe meant it otherwiſe. She had all ſorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiſcretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thouſand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which ſhe intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity ſhe had of one hundred pounds a year, and *Newburg-houſe*, which would be about ſixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living ſo long, forced her to retire; for the two thouſand pounds was ſettled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir *James Long*, would not advance it for her; elſe ſhe might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived ſtill: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the *Poſt-boy*, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to ſerve her memory: but one reaſon was ſpite; for, her brother would fain have her death a ſecret, to ſave the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this,

for

for the ſake of a poor creature I had ſo much friendſhip for.

26. I went to Mr. ſecretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. *Maſham*'s, who deſired me not to let the *Propheſy* be publiſhed, for fear of angering the queen about the ducheſs of *Somerſet*; ſo I writ to the printer to ſtop them. They have been printed and given about, but not ſold. I ſaw lord treaſurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. *Maſham* is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and ſupped at Mr. *Maſham*'s, and lord treaſurer ſat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, *&c.*

27. I entertained our *Society* at the *Thatched-houſe Tavern* to-day at dinner; but brother *Bathurſt* ſent for wine, the houſe affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and ſo he brought us dozens apiece of the *Propheſy*; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The froſt ſtill continues violently cold. Mrs. *Maſham* invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our Society did not part till nine. But I ſupped with Mrs. *Hill*, her ſiſter, and there was Mrs. *Maſham* and lord treaſurer, and we ſtayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority againſt next *Wedneſday*, when the houſe of lords is to meet, and the *Whigs* intend to make ſome violent addreſſes againſt a Peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is ſtill prodigiouſly cold; but ſo I told you already. We have eggs on the ſpit, I wiſh they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forſooth, a letter from *MD*, *N.* 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the number now? and at the ſame time one from *Joe*, full of thanks: let him know I have

I have received it, and am glad of his ſucceſs, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter ſome time ago from Mr. *Warburton* *, and I beg one of you will copy out what I ſhall tell you, and ſend it by ſome opportunity to *Warburton*. 'Tis as follows; The Dr. has received Mr. *Warburton*'s letter, and deſires he will let the Dr. know, where that accident he mentions is like ſoon to happen, and he will do what he can in it. —And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to ſave myſelf the trouble, and them the expence, of a letter.—And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treaſurer and Mrs. *Maſham*. Oh, I could tell you ten thouſand things of our mad politicks, upon what ſmall circumſtances great affairs have turned. But I will go reſt my buſy head.

28. I was this morning with brother *Bathurſt* to ſee the duke of *Ormond*. We have given his grace ſome hopes to be one of our Society. The ſecretary and I and *Bathurſt* are to dine with him on *Sunday* next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very buſy in endeavouring to bring over ſome lords againſt next *Wedneſday*. The ducheſs catched me as I was going out; ſhe is ſadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treaſurer; and I blame her. She met me in the ſtreet at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her cloſet. If we miſcarry on *Wedneſday*, I believe it will be by ſome ſtrange ſort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up ſome peers eldeſt ſons; but they delay ſtrangely. I ſaw judge *Coote* to-day at the duke of *Or-*

* The Dr.'s curate at *Laracor*.

mond's;

mond's: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till my next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord *Shelburn* has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with *Lewis* at *Ned Southwell*'s. Lord *Northampton* and lord *Aylesbury*'s sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from *Ireland* complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray madam *Dingley*, let me know what *Presto* has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for *Dingley*'s own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewel, my own dearest *MD*, and love *Presto*; and God ever bless dearest *MD*, *&c. &c.* I wish you many happy *Christmasses* and *New-Years*.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's account.

Received of Mr. *Tooke*, - - -	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney, - - - - -	0	2	6
For the three half crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore, - - - -	0	7	6
For exchange to *Ireland*, - -	0	10	0
For coach-hire, - - -	0	2	6
In all, just	8	0	0

So

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds *Iriſh*, and pray be ſatisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, that we are all ſafe; the queen has made no leſs than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers ſons; and has turned out the duke of *Somerſet*. She is awaked at laſt, and ſo is lord treaſurer: I want nothing now but to ſee the ducheſs out. But we ſhall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, ſirrahs. This is written in a *Coffee-houſe*. Three of the new lords are of our Society.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at *Ned Southwell*'s, where I drank very good *Iriſh* wine, and we were in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at laſt perſuaded to her own intereſt and ſecurity, and I freely think ſhe muſt have made both herſelf and kingdom very unhappy, if ſhe had done otherwiſe. It is ſtill a mighty ſecret that *Maſham* is to be one of the new lords; they ſay he does not yet know it himſelf; but the queen is to ſurpriſe him with it. Mr. ſecretary will be a lord at the end of the ſeſſion; but they want him ſtill in parliament. After all, it is a ſtrange unhappy neceſſity of making ſo many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herſelf, by her confounded

founded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yeſterday; for the duke of *Somerſet* is not yet turned out. I was to-day at *Court*, and reſolved to be very civil to the *Whigs*; but ſaw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to lord *Rocheſter*, he went up to lady *Burlington*, who aſked him, who I was; and lady *Sunderland* and ſhe whiſpered about me: I deſired lord *Rocheſter* to tell lady *Sunderland*, I doubted ſhe was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my meſſage. The ducheſs of *Shrewſbury* came running up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but ſighed, when we reflected on the *Somerſet* family not being out. The ſecretary and I, and brother *Bathurſt*, and lord *Windſor*, dined with the duke of *Ormond*. *Bathurſt* and *Windſor* are to be two of the new lords. I deſired lord *Radnor*'s brother, at *Court* to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at ſix, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I ſpoke ſo cloſely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a ſcoundrel, and though I ſaid I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of conſequence. The duke of *Marlborough* was at *Court* to-day, and no body hardly took notice of him. *Maſham*'s being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at *Court* can be kept a ſecret. *Wedneſday* will be a great day: you ſhall know more.

31. Our froſt is broken ſince yeſterday, and it is very ſlabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined,

dined, and ordered ſome things with the printer. I have ſettled Dr. *King* in the *Gazette*; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords patents are paſſed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I ſee I have ſaid this before. I hear the duke of *Marlborough* is turned out of all his employments: I ſhall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. *King* to dine with the ſecretary.—Theſe are ſtrong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The laſt miniſtry people are utterly deſperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wiſh my deareſt little *MD* many happy New-years; yes, both *Dingley* and *Stella*, aye and *Preſto* too, many happy new-years. I dined with the ſecretary, and it is true that the duke of *Marlborough* is turned out of all. The duke of *Ormond* has got his regiment of *Foot-guards*, I know not who has the reſt. If the miniſtry be not ſure of a Peace, I ſhall wonder at this ſtep, and do not approve it at beſt. The queen and lord treaſurer mortally hate the duke of *Marlborough*, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults; unleſs he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confeſs my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beſides that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by ſeveral great ſoldiers. But we have had conſtant ſucceſs in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt but the *French* think it impoſſible to conquer an army that he leads, and our ſoldiers think the ſame; and how far even this ſtep may encourage the *French* to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to ſee perſonal reſentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to *Weſtminſter* to ſee the ſight; but the crowd was too great in the houſe. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir *Thomas Manſel*, and lord *Windſor*; the other ſix I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the *Whigs* would have raiſed ſome difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to ſee lady *Maſham* at noon, and wiſh her joy of her new honour, and a happy New-year. I found her very well pleaſed; for peerage will be ſome ſort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and ſup with her and lord treaſurer; I went at nine, and ſhe was not at home, ſo I would not ſtay.—No, no, I won't anſwer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I ſee nothing here like *Chriſtmas*, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great mens porters and butlers. Yeſterday I paid ſeven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to ſend you the bill. I think I told you ſome articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the houſe of lords after introducing the new ones. *Ford* has been ſitting with me till peeaſt tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day, lord *Dupplin* was preſident; we chuſe every week; the laſt preſident treats and chuſes his ſucceſſor. I believe our dinner coſt fifteen pounds beſides wine. The ſecretary grew briſk, and would not let me go, nor lord *Lanſdown*, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady *Mary Thynne*. It was near one when we parted; ſo you muſt think I can't write much to-night. The ad-

journing of the houſe of lords yeſterday, as the queen deſired, was juſt carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord *Radnor* was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. *King* in to be *Gazetteer?* it will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you ſo before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toaſted oranges. I'll go ſleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by ſeveral hands, I know not whom. I believe lord treaſurer had a finger in it; I added three ſtanzas; I ſuppoſe Dr. *Arbuthnott* had the greateſt ſhare. I have been overſeeing ſome other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my underſtrappers. *Somerſet* is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the *Prophecy* in *Ireland*, although it is not publiſhed here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you underſtand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you ſtick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yeſterday for groſs neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is *Tom. Harley*, ſecretary to the treaſurer, and couſin-german to lord treaſurer. He is going to *Hanover* from the queen. I am to give the duke of *Ormond* notice of his election as ſoon as I can ſee him.

5. I went this morning with a pariſhioner of mine, one *Nuttal*, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguiſh lawyer had refuſed to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a ſharp letter, that I had taken *Nuttal* into my protection, and was reſolved to ſtand by him; and the next

news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the *Somerset* family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said by, &c. Then I went and visited poor *Will. Congreve*, who had a *French* fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see *Stratford*, with whom I had business. *Presto*, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, sayth *MD*. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. Oh, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. *Nuttal* was surprised, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money; but I made *Ben. Tooke* put him in his geers: he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the *Irish* way. *Ben. Tooke* and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord *Rivers* is master instead of the duke of *Marlborough*. It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl *Rivers*, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so; but that however he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. *Wesley* (who is very much

much out of order) inſtead of going to church; and then I went to *Court*, which I found very full, in expectation of ſeeing prince *Eugene*, who landed laſt night, and lies at *Leiceſter-Houſe*; but he was not to ſee the queen till ſix this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the *Whigs* any good. I refuſed dining with the ſecretary, and was like to loſe my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at ſix to ſee the prince at *Court*; but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. ſecretary, who introduced him, walked ſo near him, that he quite ſcreened him from me with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good paſſage: As prince *Eugene* was going with Mr. ſecretary to *Court*, he told the ſecretary, that *Hoffman*, the emperor's reſident, ſaid to his highneſs, that it was not proper to go to *Court* without a long wig, and his was a tyed-up one; Now, ſays the prince, I knew not what to do; for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have ſent to all my valets and footmen to ſee whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them has any.—Was not this ſpoken very greatly with ſome ſort of contempt? But the ſecretary ſaid, It was a thing of no conſequence, and only obſerved by gentlemen-uſhers. I ſupped with lord *Maſham*, where lord treaſurer and Mr. ſecretary ſupped with us; the firſt left us at twelve, but the reſt did not part till two; yet I have written all this, becauſe it is freſh: and now I'll go ſleep, if I can; that is, I believe I ſhall, becauſe I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of *Ormond* notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on *Thurſday* next to the *Thatched-houſe*: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility ſuch a prefer-

ment deſerves; but cannot come till the next meeting, becauſe prince *Eugene* is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuſe, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord *Maſham*, and ſat there till eight this evening; and came home, becauſe I was not very well, but a little griped: but now I am well again, I will not go, at leaſt but very ſeldom, to lord *Maſham*'s ſuppers. Lord treaſurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late ſitting up does not agree with me; there's the ſhort and the long, and I won't do it; ſo take your anſwer, dear little young women; and I have no more to ſay to you to-night, becauſe of the archbiſhop; for I am going to write a long letter to him; but not ſo politickly as formerly: I won't truſt him.

8. Well; then come, let us ſee this letter; if I muſt anſwer it, I muſt. What's here now? Yes faith, I lamented my birth-day * two days after, and that's all; and you rhyme, madam *Stella*; were thoſe verſes made upon my birth-day? Faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and ſaid them over a thouſand times; they drank your health in all their glaſſes, and wiſhed, *&c.* I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I ſay upon the eighth of *December?* Compare, and ſee whether I ſay ſo. I am glad of Mrs. *Stoyte*'s recovery, heartily glad: your *Dolly Manley*'s and biſhop of *Cloyne*'s child I have no concern about: I am ſorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir *George St. George* dead. Go, cry, madam *Dingley*; I have written to the dean. *Raymond* will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wiſh all he has

* Dr. *Swift*, upon his birth-day, uſed always to read the third chapter of *Job*.

got

got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like light'ning; they coſt me twelvepence a week, beſides ſmall-coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with ſtriped cambrick, inſtead of muſlin; ſo *Patrick* need not mend them, but take the old ones. *Stella* ſnatched *Dingley*'s words out of her pen; *Preſto* a cold? why all the world here is dead with them: I never had any thing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope *Leigh* is with you before this, and has brought your box: how do you like the ivory raſp? *Stella* is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I'm ſure I ſhall never be paid it: ſo all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir *John Walters?* Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone. And lord keeper and treaſurer teazed me for a week; it was nuts to them: a ſerious thing with a vengeance. The *Whigs* may ſell their eſtates then, or hang themſelves, as they are diſpoſed; for a Peace there will be. Lord treaſurer told me, that *Conolly* was going to *Hanover*. Your provoſt is a coxcomb. *Stella* is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of her ſpelling; I ſee none wrong in this. God Almighty be praiſed that your diſorders leſſen, it encreaſes my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? Never mind thoſe reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi*; *Replevin*, ſimpleton, 'tis *Dingley* I mean; but it is a hard word, and ſo I'll excuſe it. I ſtated *Dingley*'s accounts in my laſt. I forgot *Catherine*'s ſevenpenny dinner. I hope it was beef-ſteaks; I'll call and eat them in *Spring:* but goody *Steyte* muſt give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, aye, the pamphlet; but there are ſome ad-

ditions to the fourth edition: the fifth edition was of four thouſand, in a ſmaller print, ſold f r ſixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from *Parviſol*; and what then? Pray now eat the *Laracor* apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had *Tooke*'s bill in my laſt. And ſo there now, your whole letter is anſwered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and anſwer what is neceſſary; and ſo, and ſo. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I deſigned to retire for ſix months, and then ſteal over to *Laracor*; and I had in my mouth a thouſand times two lines of *Shakeſpear*, where cardinal *Wolſey* ſays;

"A weak old man battered with ſtorms of ſtate,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like *Stella*; aukward ſluts, *ſhe writes ſo ſo, there:** that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*, now I am ſaying it, and ſhall till to-morrow.—The duke of *Marlborough* ſays, There is nothing he now deſires ſo much as to contrive ſome way how to ſoften Dr. *Swift*. He is miſtaken; for thoſe things that have been hardeſt againſt him were not written by me. Mr. ſecretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm ſure now he is down, I ſhall not trample on him; although I love him not, I diſlike his being out.—*Bernage* was to ſee me this morning, and gave ſome very indifferent excuſes for not calling here ſo long. I care not two-pence. Prince *Eugene* did not dine with the duke of *Marlborough*

* Theſe words in the manuſcript imitate *Stella*'s writing, and are ſloped the wrong way.

on

on *Sunday*, but was laſt night at lady *Betty Germain*'s aſſemblèe, and a vaſt number of ladies to ſee him. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to ſee the duke of *Ormond*, who appointed me to meet him at the *Cockpit* at one, but never came. I ſat too ſome time with the ducheſs. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be buſy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go ſleep laſt night till paſt two, and was waked before three by a noiſe of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not ſtir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noiſe continued, I riſe and went to the window, and then it ceaſed: I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I riſe, and called up the houſe, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the ſaſh a yard; there are great ſheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a ſtory high; and if they get upon the ſheds they are almoſt even with my window. We obſerved their track, and panes of glaſs freſh broken. The watchmen told us today, they ſaw them, but could not catch them: they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the ſame time, and actually robbed a houſe in *Suffolk-Street*, which is the next ſtreet but one to us. It is ſaid, they are ſeamen diſcharged from ſervice. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it ſeems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a ſad dog; and the minute I come to *Ireland* I will diſcard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purſe in my thread ſtocking between the bed's head and the wainſcot. *Lewis* and I dined with an old *Scotch* friend, who brought

brought the duke of *Douglaſs*, and three or four more *Scots* upon us.

10. This was our Society day you know; but the duke of *Ormond* could not be with us, becauſe he dined with prince *Eugene*. It coſt me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verſes upon monkies, applying the ſtory to the duke of *Marlborough*; the reſt gave two guineas, except the two phyſicians, who followed my example. I don't like this cuſtom; the next time I will give nothing. I ſat this evening at lord *Maſham*'s with lord treaſurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the poſture of things well. We cannot be ſtout, Till *Somerſet*'s out; as the old ſaying is.

11. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the moſt elegantly of any man I know in town: I walkt luſtily in the *Park* by moon-ſhine till eight, to ſhake off my dinner and wine; and then went to ſup at Mr. *Domville*'s with *Ford*, and ſtaid till twelve. It is told me to day as a great ſecret, that the duke of *Somerſet* will be out ſoon; that the thing is fixt; but what ſhall we do with the ducheſs? They ſay, the duke will make her leave the queen out of ſpight if he be out. It has ſtuck upon that *Fear* a good while already. Well, but *Lewis* gave me a letter from *MD*, *N.* 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain; but I won't anſwer it, becauſe this goes to-morrow, only what you ſay of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's ſafe there; nor do I fear any thing, unleſs the miniſtry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I ſhall be in *Ireland* before ſuch a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the ſeſſion, if the *Whigs* deſigns had gone on. Have

not

not you an apron by *Leigh*, madam *Stella?* have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as uſual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather theſe two or three days laſt. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I ſealed up my letter this morning, I look: upon myſelf to be not worth a groat in the world. Laſt night, after Mr. *Ford* and I left *Domville*, *Ford* deſired me to go with him for a minute upon earneſt buſineſs, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had truſted *Stratford* with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with *Stratford*, who confeſſed he had loſt fifteen thouſand pounds by Sir *Stephen Evans*, who broke laſt week; that he concluded *Stratford* muſt break too; that he could not get his tickets, but *Stratford* made him ſeveral excuſes, which ſeemed very blind ones, *&c.* And *Stratford* had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the *South-Sea* company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but *MD*. I called all my philoſophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my uſual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I ſent for *Tooke*, whom I had employed to buy the ſtock of *Stratford*, and ſettle things with him. He told me, I was ſecure; for *Stratford* had transferred it to me in form in the *South-Sea* houſe, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on ſtampt parchment. However, he would be further informed;

formed; and, at night, ſent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet ſecure; and, beſides, am in pain for *Ford*, whom I firſt brought acquainted with *Stratford*. I dined in the city.

13. *Domville* and I dined with *Ford* to-day by appointment: the lord *Manſel* told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but *Stratford* had promiſed *Ford* to meet him and me to-night at *Ford*'s lodgings. He did ſo; ſaid he had hopes to ſave himſelf in his affair with *Evans*. *Ford* aſked him for his tickets: he ſaid he would ſend them to morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, ſaid he believed he had ſome of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; beſides, he talked ſo frankly, that we think there is no danger. I aſked him, Was there any more to be ſettled between us in my affair; he ſaid, no; and anſwered my queſtions juſt as *Tooke* had got them from others; ſo I hope I am ſafe. This has been a ſcurvy affair. I believe *Stella* would have half laughed at me, to ſee a ſuſpicious fellow, like me, over-reached. I ſaw prince *Eugene* to-day at *Court*: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good ſhape.

14. The parliament was to ſit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till *Thurſday*. She deſigns to make ſome important ſpeech then. She pretended illneſs: but I believe they were not ready, and they expect ſome oppoſition; and the *Scotch* lords are angry, and muſt be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of *Ormond* to our Society on *Thurſday*, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about ſome buſineſs: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we ſhall make nothing

of

of it. I intended to have dined with lord treaſurer, but I was told he would be buſy; ſo I dined with Mrs. *Van*; and at night I ſat with lord *Maſham* till one. Lord treaſurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flaſks of *Burgundy* in my chair: I wiſh *MD* had them. You ſee it is very late; ſo I'll go to bed, and bid *MD* good night.

15. This morning I preſented my printer and bookſeller to lord *Rivers*, to be ſtationers to the *Ordnance*; *Stationers*, that's the word; I did not write it plain at firſt. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. *Rivers* told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durſt not refuſe it. I would have dined with lord treaſurer to-day again, but lord *Manſel* would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of *Ormond* to-day at the *Cockpit*, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the miſchief I intended. My friend *Penn* came there, *Will. Penn* the quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindneſs to their people in *Ireland*. To ſee a dozen ſcoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his off, was a good ſight enough. I ſat this evening with Sir *William Robinſon*, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is paſt twelve.

16. This being *Faſt-day*, Dr. *Freind* and I went into the city to dine late, like good faſters. My printer and bookſeller want me to hook in another employment for them in the *Tower*, becauſe it was enjoyed before by a ſtationer, although it be to ſerve the *Ordnance* with oil, tallow, *&c.* and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more:

I will

I will try what I can do. They are reſolved to aſk ſeveral other employments of the ſame nature to other offices; and I will then greaſe fat ſows, and ſee whether it be poſſible to ſatisfy them. Why am not I a ſtationer? The parliament ſits to-morrow, and *Walpool*, late ſecretary at war, is to be ſwinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate ſomething of great importance to the two houſes, at leaſt they ſay ſo. But I muſt think of anſwering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of *Ormond* about ſome buſineſs; and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince *Eugene*. Thoſe of our Society of the houſe of commons could not be with us, the houſe ſitting late on *Walpool*. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept ſome dinner for them. I hope *Walpool* will be ſent to the *Tower*, and expelled the houſe: but, this afternoon the members I ſpoke with in the court of requeſts talked dubiouſly of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of *Marlborough* for the ſame crime, or at leaſt to cenſure him. The queen's meſſage was only to give them notice of the Peace ſhe is treating, and to deſire they will make ſome law to prevent libels againſt the government; ſo farewel to *Grub-ſtreet*.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to thoſe I left, and ſtay'd till three in the morning. *Walpool* is expelled, and ſent to the *Tower*. I was this morning again with lord *Rivers*, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookſeller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend *Lewis* privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of *Somerſet* out, and he apprehends it will

will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at laſt to change the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms: my friend Sir *Matthew Dudley* will be out, and three more, and *Prior* will be in. I have made *Ford* copy out a ſmall pamphlet, and ſend it to the preſs, that I might not be known for author; 'tis *A Letter to the* October *Club*, if ever you heard of ſuch a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on but ſlowly for almoſt a week; I want ſome little converſation with *MD*, and to know what they are doing juſt now. I am ſick of politicks. I have not dined with lord treaſurer theſe three weeks; he chides me, but I don't care; I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer; this is his day of choice company; where they ſometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on ſome extraordinary buſineſs; the keeper, ſteward, both ſecretaries, lord *Rivers*, and lord *Angleſey*; I left them at ſeven, and came away, and have been writing to the biſhop of *Clogher*. I forgot to know where to direct to him ſince Sir *George St. George*'s death; but I have directed to the ſame houſe: you muſt tell me better; for the letter is ſent by the bell-man. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I won't anſwer two letters together. The duke of *Somerſet* is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the ſame with the queen, when he was maſter of the horſe: we hope the ducheſs will follow, or that he will take her away in ſpite. Lord treaſurer, I hope, has now ſaved his head. Has the dean received my letter? aſk him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at *Court* to ſee prince *Eugene*, but all bit, for he did not come. I ſaw the ducheſs of *Somerſet* talking with

with the duke of *Buckingham*; ſhe looked a little down, but was extreamly courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Muſt I fill this line too?* well then, ſo let it be. The duke of *Beaufort* has a mighty mind to come into our Society; ſhall we let him? I ſpoke to the duke of *Ormond* about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They ſay the duke of *Somerſet* is adviſed by his friends to let his wife ſtay with the queen; I am ſorry for it. I dined with the ſecretary to-day, with mixt company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till *Friday*, becauſe *Thurſday* will be a buſy day in the houſe of commons; for then the duke of *Marlborough*'s bribery is to be examined into about the penſion pay'd him by thoſe that furniſhed bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of *Ormond* about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I uſed him like a dog this morning for it. I was aſked to-day by ſeveral in the court of requeſts, Whether it was true that the author of the *Examiner* † was taken up in an action of twenty thouſand pounds by the duke of *Marlborough?* I dined in the city, where my printer ſhewed me a pamphlet called *Advice to the* October *Club*, which he ſaid was ſent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never ſuſpected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and

* It is the laſt of the page, and written cloſe to the edge of the paper.

† Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the *Examiner* was very ſevere upon the duke of *Marlborough*, and in conſequence of this report purſued him with greater virulence in the following courſe of his papers. But *Swift* was not the writer of the *Examiner* at that period.

got

got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the ſecretary's ſervants came to me, to let me know that lord treaſurer would immediately ſpeak with me at lord *Maſham*'s upon earneſt buſineſs; and that if I was abed, I ſhould riſe and come. I did ſo; lord treaſurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and ſaid it was not he that ſent for me: the buſineſs was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I ſtay'd with them till paſt one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolicks. I thought to have anſwered your letter.

22. Doctor *Gaſtrel* was to ſee me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of *Chriſt-church*, and one I love very well: he ſaid, he was glad to find I was not with *James Broad*. I aſked what he meant; Why, ſays he, have you not ſeen the *Grub-ſtreet* paper, that ſays Dr. *Swift* was taken up as author of the *Examiner* on an action of twenty thouſand pounds, and was now at *James Broad*'s (who, I ſuppoſe, is ſome bailiff.) I knew nothing of this; but at the court of requeſts twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord *Lanſdown* obſerved to the ſecretary and me, that the *Whigs* ſpread three lies yeſterday ‡; that about me; and another, that *Macartney*, who was turned out laſt *Summer*, is again reſtored to his places in the army; and the third, that *Jack Hill*'s commiſſion for lieutenant of the *Tower* is ſtopt, and that *Cadogan* is to continue. *Lanſdown* thinks they have ſome deſign by theſe reports; I cannot gueſs it. Did I tell you that *Sacheverell* has deſired mightily to

‡ Theſe lies are all particularly mentioned by the *Examiner*, *N.* 10, dated *Feb.* 7, 1711-12.

come and ſee me; but I have put it off: he has heard that I have ſpoken to the ſecretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who deſires an employment. T'other day at the court of requeſts Dr. *Yalden* ſaluted me by name; *Sacheverell*, who was juſt by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Laſt night I deſired lord treaſurer to do ſomething for that brother of *Sacheverell*'s: he ſaid he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let *Sacheverell* know this, that he may take his meaſures accordingly; but he ſhall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the ſecretary, left him at ſix, paid a viſit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the ſecretary; but could not diſpatch ſome buſineſs I had with him, he has ſo much beſides upon his hands at this juncture; and preparing againſt the great buſineſs to-morrow, which we are all top full of. The miniſters' deſign is, that the duke of *Marlborough* ſhall be cenſured as gently as poſſible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him; but if they do, it may end in ſome ſeverer votes. A gentleman who was juſt now with him, tells me he is much caſt down, and fallen away; but he is poſitive, if he has but ten friends in the houſe, that they ſhall defend him to the utmoſt, and endeavour to prevent the leaſt cenſure upon him; which I think cannot be, ſince the bribery is manifeſt: Sir *Solomon Medina* paid him ſix thouſand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commiſſioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord *Maſham*'s; lord *Dupplin* took out my new little pamphlet, and the ſecretary

read a great deal of it to lord treaſurer; they all commended it to the ſkies, and ſo did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord treaſurer ſuſpected: for he ſaid, This is Dr. *Davenant*'s ſtyle; which is his cant when he ſuſpects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treaſurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow.

24. The ſecretary made me promiſe to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I ſaid I would come; but I dined at my uſual time; knowing the houſe would ſit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. *Domville* and another gentleman; I have not done ſo before theſe many months. At ten this evening I went to the ſecretary, but he was not come home; I ſat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he juſt came as I was gone, and he ſent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and ſo I know not how things have paſſed; but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, *&c.*

25. The ſecretary ſent to me this morning to know whether we ſhould dine together; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the queſtion went againſt the duke of *Marlborough* by a majority of a hundred; ſo the miniſtry is mighty well ſatisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The ſecretary and I and lord *Maſham*, &c. dined with lieutenant-general *Withers*, who is juſt going to look after the army in *Flanders*: the ſecretary and I left them a little after ſeven, and I am come home, and will now anſwer your letter, becauſe this goes to morrow: let me ſee.—The box at *Cheſter*; oh, burn that box, and hang that *Sterne*; I have deſired one to enquire for it who went towards *Ireland* laſt *Monday*, but am in utter deſpair of it.—No, I was not ſplenetick; you ſee

what plunges the *Court* has been at to ſet all right again. And that ducheſs is not out yet, and may one day cauſe more miſchief. *Somerſet* ſhews all about a letter from the queen, deſiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find *Dingley* ſmelt a rat; becauſe the *Whigs* are *upiſh*; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll *up-piſh* you. I am glad you got your raſp ſafe and ſound; does *Stella* like her apron? Your criticks about guarantees of ſucceſſion are puppies; that's an anſwer to the objection. The anſwerers here made the ſame objection, but is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord *Marlborough* is uſed too hardly: I have often ſcratched out paſſages from papers and pamphlets ſent me before they were printed; becauſe I thought them too ſevere. But, he is certainly a vile man, and has no ſort of merit beſide the military. The *Examiners* are good for little: I would fain have hindered the ſeverity of the two or three laſt, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with *Tooke*, for whoſe honeſty I will engage. And I think it is beſt not to venture them with me at ſea. *Stella* is a prophet, by foretelling ſo very poſitively that all would be well. Duke of *Ormond* ſpeak againſt Peace? No, ſimpleton: he is one of the ſtancheſt we have for the miniſtry. Neither trouble yourſelf about the printer: he appeared the firſt day of term, and is to appear when ſummoned again; but nothing elſe will come of it. Lord *Chief Juſtice* is cooled ſince this new ſettlement. No; I will not ſplit my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is anſwered (Pox on the'e blots!) What muſt I ſay more? I will ſet out in *March*, if there be a

fit

fit of fine weather; unleſs the miniſtry deſire me to ſtay till the end of the ſeſſion, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I ſuppoſe the Peace will be made, and they will have no further ſervice for me. I muſt make my canal fine this *Summer*, as fine as I can. I am afraid I ſhall ſee great neglects among my quick-ſets. I hope the cherry trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finiſh this letter this morning, and am come home ſo late I muſt give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, leſt you ſhould think there is any thing in the ſtory of my being arreſted in an action of twenty thouſand pounds by lord *Marlborough*, which I hear is in *Dyer*'s letter, and conſequently, I ſuppoſe, gone to *Ireland*. Farewel, deareſt *MD*, &c. &c.

LETTER XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this ſize, ſo you muſt be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord *Marlborough*'s buſineſs on *Thurſday*. The duke of *Ormond* dined with us to-day, the firſt time; we were thirteen at table; and lord *Lanſdown* came in after dinner, ſo that we wanted but three. The ſecretary propoſed the duke of *Beaufort*, who deſires to be one of our Society; but I ſtopt it, becauſe the duke of *Ormond* doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was propoſed. I left them at ſeven, and ſat this evening with poor Mrs. *Weſley*, who has been mighty ill to-day with a fainting fit: ſhe has often convul-

ſions too; ſhe takes a mixture with *aſſa fœtida*, which I have now in my noſe; and every thing ſmells of it. I never ſmelt it before, 'tis abominable. We have eight pacquets, they ſay, due from *Ireland*.

27. I could not ſee prince *Eugene* at *Court* to-day, the crowd was ſo great. The *Whigs* contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he ſets out from any place. When the ducheſs of *Hamilton* came from the queen after church, ſhe whiſpered me that ſhe was going to pay me a viſit: I went to lady *Oglethorp*'s, the place appointed; for ladies always viſit me in third places, and ſhe kept me till near four: ſhe talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I ſhall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord *Maſham*; they ſtaid as long as they could, yet had almoſt dined, and were going in anger to pull down the braſs peg for my hat, but lady *Maſham* ſaved it. At eight I went again to lord *Maſham*'s; lord treaſurer is generally there at night: we ſat up till almoſt two. Lord treaſurer has engaged me to contrive ſome way to keep the archbiſhop of *York* from being ſeduced by lord *Nottingham*. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, ſo I muſt go ſleep.

28. Poor Mrs. *Manley* the author is very ill of a dropſy and ſore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid ſhe cannot live long. I am heartily ſorry for her; ſhe has very generous principles for one of her ſort; and a great deal of good ſenſe and invention: ſhe is about forty, very homely and very fat. Mrs. *Van* made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of *Ormond*, and the prolocutor, about what lord treaſurer ſpoke to me yeſterday; I know not what will be the iſ-

ſue.

ſue. There is but a ſlender majority in the houſe of lords; and we want more. We are ſadly mortified at the news of the *French* taking the town in *Braſil* from the *Portugueſe*. The ſixth edition of three thouſand of the *Conduct of the Allies* is ſold, and the printer talks of a ſeventh: eleven thouſand of them have been ſold; which is a moſt prodigious run. The little two-penny *Letter of Advice to the October Club* does not ſell; I know not the reaſon; for it is finely written, I aſſure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, becauſe it does not ſell: you know that is uſual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great ſecret.

26. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes de Fees* *, and have been reading them theſe two days, although I have much buſineſs upon my hands. I loitered till one at home: then went to Mr. *Lewis* at his office; and the vice chamberlain told me, that lady *Ryalton* had yeſterday reſigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that lady *Jane Hyde*, lord *Rocheſter*'s daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to ſucceed; he ſaid too, that lady *Sunderland* would reſign in a day or two. I dined with *Lewis*, and then went to ſee Mrs. *Weſley*, who is better to-day. But you muſt know, that Mr. *Lewis* gave me two letters, one from the biſhop of *Cloyne*, with an incloſed from lord *Inchequin* to lord treaſurer; which he deſires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that lord was much in with lord *Wharton*, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords juſtices by his recommendation; yet the biſhop recommends him as a great friend to the

* Tales of the Fairies.

church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little ſaucy *MD*, *N.* 26. O Lord, never ſaw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we ſhall never have done. Sirrahs; how durſt you write ſo ſoon, ſirrahs? I won't anſwer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the ſecretary, who was ſick, and out of humour: he would needs drink *Champagne* ſome days ago, on purpoſe to ſpite me, becauſe I adviſed him againſt it, and now he pays for it; *Stella* uſed to do ſuch tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady *Sunderland* has reſigned her place too. It is lady *Catherine Hyde* that ſucceeds lady *Ryalton*; and not lady *Jane*. Lady *Catherine* is the late earl of *Rocheſter*'s daughter. I dined with the ſecretary, then viſited his lady; and ſat this evening with lady *Maſham*; the ſecretary came to us; but lord treaſurer did not; he dined with the maſter of the rolls, and ſtaid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow ſennight, becauſe we think the parliament will be very buſy to-morrow upon the ſtate of the war; and the ſecretary, who is to treat as preſident, muſt be in the houſe. I fancy my talking of perſons and things here, muſt be very tedious to you, becauſe you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know *Kevin*'s-*ſtreet*, and *Werburgh-ſtreet*, and (what do you call the ſtreet where Mrs. *Walls* lives?) and *Ingoldſby*, and *Higgins*, and lord *Santry*; but what care you for lady *Catherine Hyde?* Why do you ſay nothing of your health, ſirrah? I hope it is well.

31. *Trimnel*, biſhop of *Norwich*, who was with this lord *Sunderland* at *Moor-park* in their travels, preached yeſterday before the houſe of lords; and to-day the queſtion was put to thank him, and print

print his ſermon; but paſſed againſt him; for it was a terrible *Whig* ſermon. The *Bill* to repeal the *Act for naturalizing proteſtant foreigners*, paſſed the houſe of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the *Scotch* lords went out, and would vote neither way, in diſcontent about duke *Hamilton*'s patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inſcribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a *Whiggiſh* poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requeſts. I dined with lord treaſurer at five alone, only with one *Dutch* man. *Prior* is now a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. I told you ſo before, I ſuppoſe. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. *Sacheverell**, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treaſurer and Mr. ſecretary for a place. Lord treaſurer ſent to him about it: ſo good a ſolicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I ſhould be a ſolicitor for *Sacheverell*.

Feb. 1. Has not your dean of *St. Patrick*'s received my letter? You ſay nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a moſt delicious day; why don't you obſerve whether the ſame days be fine with you? To-night at ſix Dr. *Atterbury*, and *Prior*, and I, and Dr. *Freind*, met at Dr. *Robert Freind*'s houſe at *Weſtminſter*, who is maſter of the ſchool: there we ſat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politick *Dingley*, that the paſſage in the *Conduct of the Allies* is ſo far from being blameable, that the ſecretary deſigns to inſiſt upon it in the houſe of commons, when the *Treaty*

* This Letter is to be found in the late Collection by *Dodſley*, &c. No. 58.

of

of Barrier is debated there, as it now ſhortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of *Advice to the October Club* begins now to ſell; but I believe it's fame will hardly reach *Ireland:* 'tis finely written, I aſſure you. I long to anſwer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, *&c.*

2. This day ends *Chriſtmas*; and what care I? I have neither ſeen, nor felt, nor heard any *Chriſtmas* this year. I paſſed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treaſurer, to get ſome papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own buſineſs. It threatened rain, but did not much; and *Prior* and I walked an hour in the *Park*, which quite put me out of my meaſures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening ſat with lord *Maſham* till twelve. Lord treaſurer did not come; this is an idle dining day uſually with him. We want to hear from *Holland* how our Peace goes on; for we are afraid of thoſe ſcoundrels the *Dutch*, leſt they ſhould play us tricks. Lord *Marr*, a *Scotch* earl, was with us at lord *Maſham*'s; I was arguing with him about the ſtubbornneſs and folly of his countrymen; they are ſo angry about the affair of duke *Hamilton* whom the queen has made a duke of *England*, and the houſe of lords will not admit him: he ſwears he would vote for us, but dare not; becauſe all *Scotland* would deteſt him if he did; he ſhould never be choſen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at *Court* to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord *Mountjoy*. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a *Dutch* mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the ſecretary this morning. He ſhewed

me

me a letter from the *Hanover* envoy, Mr. *Bothmar*, complaining that the *Barrier Treaty* is laid before the houſe of commons; and deſiring that no infringement may be made in the *Guarantee of the Succeſſion*; but the ſecretary has written him a peppering anſwer. I fancy you underſtand all this, and are able ſtate-girls, ſince you have read the *Conduct of the Allies*. We are all preparing againſt the birth-day, I think it is *Wedneſday* next. If the queen's gout encreaſes, it will ſpoil ſport. Prince *Eugene* has two fine ſuits made againſt it; and the queen is to give him a ſword worth four thouſand pounds, the diamonds ſet tranſparent.

4. I was this morning ſoliciting at the houſe of commons' door for Mr. *Veſey*, a ſon of the archbiſhop of *Tuam*, who has petitioned for a *Bill* to relieve him in ſome difficulty about his eſtate; I ſecured him about fifty members. I dined with lady *Maſham*. We have no pacquet from *Holland*, as I was told yeſterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected cloaths from *Holland*. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the ſecretary's to-night, and they both failed. The houſe of commons have this day made many ſevere votes about our being abuſed by our allies. Thoſe who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the *Court* had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree, that it was my book that ſpirited them to theſe reſolutions; I long to ſee them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wiſh it for ſome days paſt, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The ſecretary turned me out of his room this morning, and ſhewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give to ſome *French* ſpy.

ſpy. I dined with four *Iriſhmen* at a tavern to-day; I thought I had reſolved againſt it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady *Maſham*'s, but I only played for her while ſhe was writing; and I won her a pool; and ſupt there. Lord treaſurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their cloaths ready againſt to-morrow: I ſaw ſeveral mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in ſpite of that ſpiteful *French* faſhion of the *Whiggiſh* ladies not to come, which they have all reſolved to a woman; and I hope it will more ſpirit the queen againſt them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord *Maſham*'s at three, and met all the company juſt coming out of *Court*; a mighty crowd; they ſtaid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of ſeeing ſeveral lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady *Aſhburnham* looked the beſt in my eyes. They ſay, the *Court* was never fuller nor finer. Lord treaſurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. *Hill* dined with lord and lady *Maſham*; the five ladies were monſtrous fine. The queen gave prince *Eugene* the diamond ſword to-day; but nobody was by when ſhe gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of *Opera* ſongs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I ſaw lady *Wharton*, as ugly as the Devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undreſs; ſhe had been with the *Marlborough* daughters and lady *Bridgwater* in *St. James*'s, looking out of the window all undreſſed, to ſee the ſight. I do not hear that one *Whig* lady was there, except thoſe of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made ſo great a noiſe as one *Kelſon*'s chariot, that coſt nine hundred and thirty pounds, the fineſt was ever ſeen. The rabble huzzaed him

as

as much as they did prince *Eugene*. This is birth-day chat.

7. Our Society met to-day, the duke of *Ormond* was not with us; we have leſſened our dinners, which were grown ſo extravagant, that lord treaſurer and every body elſe cried ſhame. I left them at ſeven, viſited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yeſterday's exerciſe: her friends wiſh ſhe would uſe a little more. I oppoſed lord *Jerſey*'s election into our Society, and he is refuſed: I likewiſe oppoſed the duke of *Beaufort*; but I believe he will be choſen in ſpite of me: I don't much care; I ſhall not be with them above two months; for I reſolve to ſet out for *Ireland* the beginning of *April* next (before I treat them again) and ſee my willows.

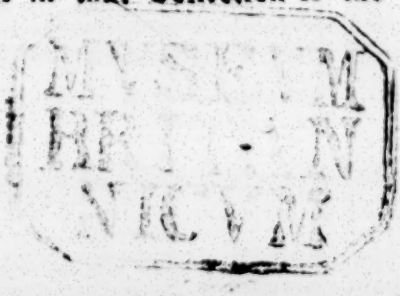
8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a ſcoundrel dog, one of the queen's muſick, a *German*, whom I had never ſeen, got acceſs to me in my chamber by *Patrick*'s folly, and gravely deſired me to get an employment in the cuſtoms for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewiſe to forward a project of his own, for raiſing ten thouſand pounds a year upon *Operas*: I uſed him civiller than he deſerved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, I had a mighty intereſt with lord treaſurer, and one word of mine, *&c.*—Well; I got home early on purpoſe to anſwer *MD*'s letter, *N.* 26; for this goes to-morrow.—Well; I never ſaw ſuch a letter in all my life; ſo ſaucy, ſo journaliſh, ſo ſanguine, ſo pretending, ſo every thing.—I ſatisfied all your fears in my laſt; All is gone well, as you ſay; yet you are an impudent ſlut to be ſo poſitive; you will ſwagger ſo upon your ſagacity that we ſhall never have done. Pray don't miſlay your reply; I would certainly print it, if

if I had it here: how long is it? I ſuppoſe, half a ſheet: was the Anſwer written in *Ireland?* Yes, yes, you ſhall have a letter when you come from *Baligall.* I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the ducheſs of *Somerſet.* — So, they ſay *Preſto* writ the *Conduct*, &c. do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the *Reſolutions* printed t'other day in the Votes, are almoſt quotations from it; and would never have paſſed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the *Spectator*, let him fair-ſex it to the world's end. My diſorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.—Well, madam *Dingley*, the froſt; why we had a great froſt, but I forget how long ago; it laſted above a week or ten days: I believe about ſix weeks ago; but it did not break ſo ſoon with us I think as *December* 29; yet I think it was about that time, on ſecond thoughts. *MD* can have no letter from *Preſto*, ſays you, and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-ſeventh, unreaſonable ſluts! The biſhop of *Glouceſter* is not dead, and I am as likely to ſucceed the duke of *Marlborough* as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of *Shrewſbury* will be your governour; at leaſt I believe the duke of *Ormond* will not return.—Well, *Stella* again: why really three editions of the *Conduct*, &c. is very much for *Ireland*; it is a ſign you have ſome honeſt among you.—Well; I will do Mr. *Manley* all the ſervice I can: but he will ruin himſelf. What buſineſs had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wiſh his cauſe well, and be quiet, when he finds that ſtirring will do it no good, and himſelf a great deal of hurt? I cannot imagine who ſhould open my letter; it muſt be done at your ſide.—If I hear

hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. *Manley*, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have anſwered your ſaucy letter. My humble ſervice to goody *Stoyte* and *Catherine*; I will come ſoon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at laſt; but I think I have got a ſmall new one. I have no news ſince laſt. They ſay we hear by the way of *Calais*, that Peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and ſeal up my letter, and give it myſelf to-night into the poſt-office; and ſo I bid my deareſt *MD* farewel till to-night. I heartily wiſh myſelf with them, as hope ſaved. My willows, and quickſets, and trees will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard froſty weather yeſterday and to-day. Farewel, *&c. &c. &c.* *

* *N. B.* In the late Collection of *Swift*'s Correſpondence, publiſhed by *Dodſley* and others, the courſe of theſe journals is continued from this preſent date, *Feb.* 9, 1711-12, until the *Summer* of the year 1713, when the Dr. was made Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*. The firſt of theſe journals in that Collection is the fifty-eighth Letter.



Dr. SWIFT's CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JANE SWIFT*.

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from *Robert* by word of mouth, and think it a vaſt condeſcenſion in you to think of us in all your greatneſs: now ſhall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We Courtiers*. *Loory* is well, and preſents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-ſervant: but he is the miſerableſt creature in the world; eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ake, I am in ſuch a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my ſervice to Mrs. *Kilby*, in payment of hers by *Robert*.

Nothing grows better by your abſence but my lady's chamber-floor, and Tumble-down *Dick*. Here are three letters for you, and *Molly* will not ſend one of them; ſhe ſays you ordered her to the contrary. Mr. *Moſe* and I deſire you will

* The Doctor's ſiſter.

remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert ſays the Czar is there, and is fallen in love with you, and deſigns to carry you to *Muſcovy*; pray provide yourſelf with muffs and ſable tippets, *&c.*

Æolus has made a ſtrange revolution in the rooks neſts; but I ſay no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I deſire your abſence heartily; for now I live in great ſtate, and the cook comes in to know what I pleaſe to have for dinner: I aſk very gravely what is in the houſe, and accordingly give orders for a diſh of pigeons, or *&c.* You ſhall have no more ale here, unleſs you ſend us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from *London.* We all keep home like ſo many cats.

LETTER II.

Mrs. LONG* to Dr. SWIFT.

November 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleaſure of hearing from you, without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any fooliſh word I miſapply; for I know you are too reaſonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my ex-

* Thus indorſed by the Doctor; Poor Mrs. *Long*'s laſt letter, written five weeks before ſhe died.

preſſions.

preſſions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters ſo long ago, I would aſk you, that you ſhould know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I ſuppoſe you were in a romantick ſtrain, and deſigned to have ſurprized me talking to myſelf in a wood, or by the ſea. Forgive the dulneſs of my apprehenſion, and if telling you that I am at *Linn* will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being eaſy at *Chriſtmas*; however, I ſhall ſtill continue to be Mrs. *Smyth*, near *St. Nicholas*'s Church in the town aforeſaid; ſo much for my affairs.—Now as to my health, that was much out of order laſt *Summer*; my diſtemper was a dropſy or ahſtma (you know what I mean, but I cannot ſpell it right) or both, lazy diſtempers, which I was too lazy to moleſt whilſt they would let me ſit in quiet; but when they grew ſo unreaſonable as not to let me do that, I applied myſelf to doctor *Inglis*, by whoſe advice I I am now well enough. To give you the beſt account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they ſay of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude in every thing but cenſuring my neighbours; a couple of divines, two aldermen, and a cuſtom-houſe officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will ſuppoſe there are good poets, yet that I never enquired after. I have a ſhelf pretty well filled at home, but want a *Miſcellany* Mr. *Steele* put out laſt year; miſs *Heſſy* promiſed it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have intereſt enough with him to get it for me. I wiſh too at your leiſure you would make a

pedigree for me; the people here want ſadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of *George Smyth*'s family of *Nitly*, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myſelf; ſo they fancy ſome myſtery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be ſatisfied. At firſt they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up ſome of their young fellows; but having avoided that ſort of company, I am ſtill a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them ſeem to love me well enough; for I hear all they ſay of one another without making miſchief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greateſt charms I can boaſt of: the fine lady I have left to *Moll* (who I ſuppoſe was at the *Bath*) or any other that will take it up; for I am grown a good houſewife; I can pot and pickle, ſir, and handle a needle very prettily; ſee miſs *Heſſy*'s ſcarf, I think that is improving mightily. If miſs *Heſſy* keeps company with the eldeſt *Hatton*, and is ſtill a politician, ſhe is not the girl I took her for; but to me ſhe ſeems melancholy. Sure Mr. *St. John* is not ſo altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor couſin is taken for an hermaphrodite; a thing I as little ſuſpected her for as railing at any body; I know ſo little cauſe for it, that I muſt be ſilent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but ſhould be glad the miniſtry did themſelves the juſtice to diſtinguiſh men of merit: may I wiſh you joy of any preferment? I ſhall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am buſy to as much purpoſe as you, although my employments are next to picking ſtraws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord *Fitzharding*, for which I rejoice with you, and am your moſt obedient ſervant,

ANNE LONG.

LETTER III.

Judge NUTLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 21, 1713.

I CAN'T help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainneſs in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I ſhall be able to convince you of your miſtake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will ſhew you, that I can be as ready (as you are) in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am ſorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I ſhall have from you, whenever I ſhall be ſo happy to receive one from you upon that ſubject; for I am thoroughly perſuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expreſſion, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time, I hope, I have ſatisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am reſolved) to expreſs the ſenſe I have of your friendſhip in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to ſhew you, that it is as uneaſy to me to write civil things, as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you ſervices, that I may not be at the trouble or bear the reproach of being complaiſant.

I am ſo much a philoſopher as to know that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miſerable; and I am of the opinion of thoſe among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore ſince you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you ſenſible of the hurt you do me by laying a like burthen upon you.

I thank you moſt ſincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propoſe will be the beſt ſervice that has been done to this church and kingdom ſince the reſtoration, and the doing it ſoon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For, it has been given out among the party, that the miniſtry have an eye towards the *Whigs*, and that, if they now exert themſelves, they will ſoon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. *Brodrick* has engaged a conſiderable number of the parliament-men (many of them not of his party) to promiſe him their votes for ſpeaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the miniſtry and lord lieutenant; and ſince his grace has made known her majeſty's pleaſure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the laſt danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a ſpeaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I underſtand the poſture of affairs here, and I am aſſured that the church party is ſo ſtrong, that if any thing be done on your ſide to excite their zeal, and diſcourage their adverſaries, there will be but a ſhort ſtruggle here. But if the *Whigs* are permitted to hope, or what is as bad, to boaſt of their expectations,

pectations, and nothing is done, to enable others to confute them, they will, 'tis probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now eaſy to be effected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear, the want of doing this in time will occaſion ſome uneaſineſs to the duke of *Shrewſbury*; for to this is owing the doubtful diſpute, who ſhall be ſpeaker.

I have ſhewed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, becauſe I knew it would produce a full expreſſion of his ſentiments; and I can aſſure you, whatever occaſion may have been given you to think what you ſay in your letter, he has a true ſenſe of your friendſhip to him. I will be guarantee that according to the power he has, he will be ready to ſerve you, and that in kind.

My lord chancellor will ſend you his own thanks. I am, moſt truly and ſincerely,

Yours, *&c.*

LETTER IV.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT*.

London, July 15, 1714.

YOU ſee I was in the right; but I could wiſh the booby† had not convinced me by naming my lord *Bolingbroke*, and then I ſhould have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened ſo, the beſt remedy I could think of, was to write him a very civil anſwer; in which, however, I have deſired to ſee the alterations: this is mentioned

* Dr. *Swift* was at this time in *Berkſhire*.

† *Barber*.

with great reſpect to my lord. Though he is promiſed to have it again to-morrow, it is probable he may be diſappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I ſhall do when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, ſhall I ſend it to ſome other printer as it was firſt written? ‡ Reflect upon every thing you think likely to happen, and tell me before hand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be loſt. I hate the dog for making his court in ſuch a manner.

I am very ſorry you have had occaſion to remove your premier miniſter. We are told now, we ſhall have no change in ours, and that the duke of *Shrewſbury* will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am ſure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the *Dragon* * has been more chearful than uſual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of thoſe who ſay he is to be made a duke, and to have a penſion. Another reaſon given why there is to be no change is, becauſe the Parliament was not adjourned to iſſue new writs in the room of thoſe who were to come in upon the new ſcheme, that they might ſit in the houſe at the next meeting. But I can't ſee why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning as at the end of a ſeſſion; and certainly it will diſpleaſe leſs in *January* or *February*, than it would have done in *July*. The *Whigs* give out the duke of *Marlborough* is coming over, and his

‡ This was a pamphlet entituled, *Thoughts on the Preſent State of Affairs*. The queen's death prevented the publication of it in thoſe times. It never appeared until the year 1741.

* The earl of *Oxford*.

houſe

houſe is actually now fitting up at *St. James's*. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The hiſtory we were formerly talking of, would ſwell to a prodigious ſize, if it was carried on. There was a fire laſt night on *Tower-Hill*, that burnt down forty or fifty houſes. You ſay nothing of coming to town. I hope you don't mean to ſteal away to *Ireland* without ſeeing us.

LETTER V.

CHARLES FORD Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almoſt paſt, and nothing has been yet left at *St. Dunſtan's*. *B.** will loſe by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the puniſhment he deſerves. Had it been only his fear, he would have choſen ſomebody elſe to conſult with; but the rogue found out it was well written, and ſaw the paſſages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other perſon †, from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is ſomething very mean in his deſiring to make alterations, when I am ſure he has no reaſon to complain, and is at leaſt as fairly dealt with as his competitor ‡. Beſides, a great part of it is as much for his ſervice as if he had given directions himſelf to have it done. What relates to the Pretender is of the utmoſt uſe to him; and therefore I am as much ſurprized at his delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is ſo

* *Barber.* † Lord *Bolingbroke.* ‡ Lord *Oxford.*

much

much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he won't deſire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yeſterday, or to-day, I was reſolved to have ſent it to ſome other printer without any amendment; but now I ſhall wait till I have your directions. I wiſh you had employed ſomebody elſe at firſt; but what ſignifies wiſhing now? After what *B.* * writ in his laſt, I can hardly think he will be ſuch a — as not to let me have it: and in my anſwer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much aſſurance as he can well deſire, that the alterations ſhall be complied with, and a poſitive promiſe that it ſhall be returned to him the ſame day he leaves it at *St. Dunſtan*'s.

I can't imagine why we have no miſchief yet. Sure we are not to be diſappointed at laſt, after the buſtle that has been made. It is impoſſible they † can ever agree, and I want ſomething to make my letters ſtill entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as ſoon as any thing happens you ſhall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to *Windſor*. My lord chief baron *Ward* is dead, and we have already named ſeven ſucceſſors, among whom is our lord chancellor *Phips*. *Frank Anneſley* was to have had his place under my lord *Angleſey*, ſo that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

* *Barber.* † Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke.*

LETTER VI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN, London, May 5, 1716.

YOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vaniſhes, finding that you were ſo good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can expreſs. I am now in town; buſineſs called me hither; and when that is finiſhed I ſhall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forſake an old friend, nor believe reports which are ſcandalous and falſe. You are pleaſed to enquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at preſent; but that country, whither I ſhall go next week, will, I hope, ſet me up. As to my temper, if it is poſſible, I am more inſipid and dull than ever, except in ſome places, and there I am a little fury, eſpecially if they dare mention my dear lord without reſpect, which ſometimes happens; for good manners and relationſhip are laid aſide in this town; it is not hard for you to gueſs whom I mean. I have not yet ſeen her grace †, but deſign it in a day or two: we have kept a conſtant correſpondence ever ſince our misfortunes, and her grace is pleaſed to call me ſiſter. There is no body in the world has a truer reſpect and value for her than myſelf. I ſend this to my friend *John*, and beg you, when you do me the favour of an anſwer, to ſend it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your

† The ducheſs of *Ormond*.

letter

letter lay a long while, before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me what I really am, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. B.

LETTER VII.

PETER LUDLOW, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the incloſed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common poſt; for it is a melancholy circumſtance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correſpondence, much more to write news, or ſend papers of conſequence (as I take the incloſed to be) that way. But I ſuppoſe I need make no apology for not ſending it by poſt, for you muſt know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundleſs. For, your friend Mr. *Manley** has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed I own it ſo happened, that they were of no conſequence, but ſecrets of ſtate, ſecrets of families, and other ſecrets (that one would by no means let Mr. *Manley* know) might have been diſcovered; beſides a thouſand, nay, for ought I know, more than a thouſand calamities might have enſued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to

* Poſt-maſter general of *Ireland*, whom Dr. *Swift* had greatly befriended in queen *Anne*'s time.

ſhew

ſhew all they had to Mr. *Manley*. Theſe I think ſufficient reaſons for ſending it in the manner I do; but ſubmit them and myſelf to your candour and cenſure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at firſt) of blunders and a ſilly Tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that, by the old woman's being drowned at *Radcliff-highway*, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be ſunk or drowned, but in all probability will riſe again. Then the man who was followed, and overtaken, is eaſily gueſſed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author ſays) whether ſhe was dead: true! but may be he will tell ſoon. But then the author goes on (who muſt be ſuppoſed a high-church-man) and enquires of a man riding a horſeback upon a mare. That's prepoſterous, and muſt allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very prepoſterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a Robber, or *Tory*, and ran from him, but you find he purſued him furiouſly. Mark that: and *The Horſe*.— This is indeed carrying a figure farther than *Homer* does: he makes the ſhield or its device an epithet ſometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the perſon; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I don't remember; by which we often ſay, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the Gown is often meant particular Parſons. Well then, you find the Horſe, ſeeing himſelf dead, or undone, ran away as faſt as he could, and left the prepoſterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound reſpect) calls them friends, and means

means to do them no harm; only enquires after the welfare of the church.——Ah! Dear Sir, this is the true character of the *Tories*. And here I cannot but compare the generoſity and good-nature of the one, with the ſullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horſe gone, and they footing it give a ſurly anſwer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendſhip, and aſks the queſtion with a *Pray inform me*.

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to ſhew you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and muſt beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and ſend me your animadverſions upon the whole; which I am confident you won't refuſe me, when you conſider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over theſe ſheets with too ſuperficial an underſtanding; and eſpecially ſince it is the requeſt of, learned Sir, your moſt dutiful and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I ſubmit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious enquiry into the arcana of this piece) to conſider whether, by Sir *John Vangs* (who you find lives by the water-ſide) muſt not be meant the *Dutch*; ſince you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may ſeem a paradox, but I have been aſſured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many *Winters* in *Holland*, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir *John*, the *Dutch* muſt be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a ſtopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I muſt obſerve too, that gammer *Vangs*

 had

had an old woman to her ſon. That's a bob for Glorious *.—But I am under great concern to find ſo hard a ſentence paſt upon poor *Swift*, becauſe he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to ſee him greater.

LETTER VIII.

Dr. SWIFT to [STELLA] Mrs. JOHNSON †.

JACK GRATTAN ſaid nothing to me of it till laſt night; 'tis none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You ſhould have ſent your meſſenger ſooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourſelves may do well enough here, but pray ſend it ſoon. I wiſh you would give a body more early warning; but you muſt blame yourſelves. *Delany* ſays he will come in the evening; and for aught I know *Sheridan* may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at laſt I found it. Pray don't ſerve me theſe tricks often. You may be ſure, if there be a good bottle you ſhall have it. I am ſure I never refuſed you, and therefore that reflection might have been ſpared. Pray be more poſitive in your anſwer to this.

Deanry-houſe,
Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

Margooſe, and not *Mergooſe*, it is ſpelt with an *a*, ſimpleton.

* The common appellation in *Ireland* for king *William* III.

† Indorſed by Mrs. *Johnſon*; An anſwer to no letter.

No,

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon ‡ got home ſafe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have eaſily overtaken me; for I walked ſoftly on purpoſe, I told *Delany* I would.

LETTER IX.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me ſo much real trouble and uneaſineſs, as my having ſo long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your moſt kind letter, and to aſſure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wiſh me to do: I muſt ſay, that amidſt my grief and concern, it gave me a ſecret pleaſure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a great addition, that you ſtill retained the ſame thoughts and ſentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aſide the deſign you once entertained of tranſmitting his name and ſtory to poſterity. I did delay writing ſome time, becauſe I was in great hopes I ſhould have been able to have given you a much more ſatisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithſtanding the ſearch I have made in anſwer to your queſtion, "*If he had left any Memoirs behind him*;" I ſuppoſe you mean in relation to himſelf. I have not yet been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with ſome other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I aſſure you, if I

‡ Archdeacon *Wall*.

have

have the ſatisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I ſhall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow no body to value and eſteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a hiſtory, a vaſt collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be ſupplied elſewhere; but give me leave to ſay, That if you do not come into *England*, nothing can be done; it will not be poſſible to do any thing to purpoſe. Without this view, there would be no body more welcome to me than your ſelf, you ſhould live in your own way, and do juſt what was moſt agreeable to you: I have houſes enough, you ſhall take your choice: I muſt with earneſtneſs repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter ſeriouſly.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father ſay, That he did deſign to ſit for you, but did not: I ſhall certainly take care that you ſhall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what ſize you would have it of: if you deſign it ſhould fit any particular place, you muſt ſend me the exact meaſure of the place.

Your ſiſter *, as you uſed to call her, is much your ſervant; ſhe has been at the *Bath* for ſome time; ſhe is better than when ſhe went. I ſuppoſe you hear ſometimes from our friend Mr. *Pope*: he has taken another voyage into *Homer-land* †, as *Gay* calls it; I wiſh he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will ſay, That ſince I was ſo long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell

* Lady *Oxford*.

† Tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*.

you what I am with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

I deſire your acceptance of a ring, a ſmall remembrance of my father. How ſhall I ſend it you?

LETTER X.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-ſtreet, July 26, 1725.

MR. *Clayton* going to *Ireland*, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the firſt place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promiſe which I made of ſending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, ſo that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to ſend it to you ſafe: you did tell me a gentleman ſhould call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very deſirous you ſhould have it, becauſe it has been ſo long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the leaſt be agreeable to you. You had heard of this ſooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progreſs, even beyond *Edinburgh* fifty miles.

I enquire of you ſometimes of dean *Berkeley* ‡: I was ſorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy diſtemper, the want of hearing, although in ſome caſes it is good; but one would

‡ Dr. *Berkeley* was then dean of *Derry*.

have

have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it ſuited beſt with one's inclinations.

I am alſo ſorry that there is no mention made of any deſign of your coming into *England*. I long much for it, and do flatter myſelf with the thoughts of ſeeing you under my roof, where you ſhall execute more authority than I will allow to belong to any biſhops made ſince —— Do not lay aſide all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your ſiſter is very well, conſidering the way ſhe is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, ſhe will be much better: ſhe preſents her humble ſervice to you. *Peggy* is very well.

Pope is well I ſuppoſe; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleaſure of ſeeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever *Jarvis* painted. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant and brother,

OXFORD.

LETTER XI.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-ſtreet, Aug. 30, 1725.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring ſhould not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will ſoon receive both the picture and the ring ſafe: I have ordered them to the care of *Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq; our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. *Ford*, and my lord *Arran*'s chaplain, Mr. *Charleton*; ſo I hope this method will not fail that I have now

taken. I would not be wanting in the leaſt trifle, by which I might ſhew the value and eſteem I have, and always muſt and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the ſame which Mr. *Jarvis* drew of you in *Ireland*, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. *Jarvis* is honoured with the place of his majeſty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I ſhall ſo much value as I do that of the dean of *St. Patrick*'s.

My old fellow collegiate has done ſo right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

My wife ſends her compliments to you; ſhe is as well as can be expected.

LETTER XII.

GEORGE ROCHFORT, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myſelf ſtand in need of the advice I beſtowed on you t'other night, and therefore if you have got rid of your cold, I would preſcribe a ſmall jaunt * to *Belcamp* this morning. If you find yourſelf thus diſpoſed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the deanery; but I can aſſure you it is a fine day in this pariſh †, where we ſet up for as good taſtes as our neighbours: to convince you

* Dr. *Grattan*'s, about five miles from *Dublin*.

† *St. Mary*'s pariſh, about a mile from the Deanery.

of

of mine, I ſend you this invitation. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and obedient ſervant,

GEORGE ROCHFORT.

Wedneſday morning,
Sept. 9, 1725.

LETTER XIII.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-ſtreet, Oct. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuſe theſe few lines for once, when I tell you that yeſterday morning, I thank God, my wife was ſafely delivered of a ſon, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be diſagreeable news to the dean of *St. Patrick*'s, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

LETTER XIV.

From the Prince of LILLIPUT.

†**‡. *

In *European* characters and *Engliſh* thus;

The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the moſt puiſſant empire of the *Eaſt*,

Unto STELLA, the moſt reſplendent glory of the *Weſtern* hemiſphere, ſendeth health and happineſs.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727.

THAT invincible heroe, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coaſts ſome years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happineſs. But now the martial people of *Bleſuſca*, encouraged from his abſence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loſs and diſgrace they ſuffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your ſuperexcellent perſon and virtue, and the huge eſteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our ſecond diſtreſs to ſue for your favour. In order to which, we have ſent our able and truſty Nardac KOORBNILOB, requeſting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terreſtrial globe, you, in compaſſion

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the addreſs in the *Lilliputian* tongue.

to

to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And, leſt any apprehenſions of famine amongſt us, ſhould render Nardac MOUNTAIN averſe to the undertaking, we ſignify to you, that we have ſtored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of proviſion for a long ſupply of the waſtes to be made by his capacious ſtomach.

And furthermore, becauſe as we hear you are not ſo well as we could wiſh, we beg you would compleat our happineſs by venturing your moſt valuable perſon along with him into our country; where, by the ſalubrity of our finer air and diet, you will ſoon recover your health and ſtomach.

In full aſſurance of your complying goodneſs, we have ſent you ſome proviſion for your voyage, and we ſhall with impatience wait for your ſafe arrival to our kingdom. Moſt illuſtrious lady, farewel.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the 2008 year of the *Lilliputian* æra.

LETTER XV.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-ſtreet, Oct. 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were ſo much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the *Spring*. I ſhould be glad to hear that you

are well, and have got rid of that troubleſome diſtemper, your deafneſs.

I have ſeen *Pope* but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and ſtaying out a whole opera. He would not ſee the coronation, although he might have ſeen it with little trouble.

I came laſt night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuſe of Old Age not to attend; which is no ill wiſh to their preſent majeſties, ſince *Nottingham* at fourſcore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we ſhall ſee you again early in the *Spring*, which will be a very great pleaſure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the *Oxford Marmora:* I ſhould take it for a great favour if you would be ſo kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are ſome corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. *Clayton*, who is in *Ireland*, will take care to bring it ſafe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I muſt not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true reſpect, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to ſend me the ballad.

Mr. *Clayton* will call upon you before he comes to *England*; I have written to him to that purpoſe.

LETTER XVI.

Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleaſed with your letter, but I ſhould have thought myſelf much more obliged, had you been leſs ſincere, and not told me, I did not owe the favour intirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I miſtruſt you think even that as much as I deſerve. If ſo, you really are not deſerving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my conſtant good wiſhes and concern for your welfare; which merits ſome remembrance without the help of another. I can't ſay I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at leaſt not enough to ſupport me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wiſh you.

I am ſorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, ſince *Chriſtmas* (at which time I had my fever and raſh) neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within theſe three weeks I have been ſick in forms, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very eaſy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown, and a ſcoured white one, have done my buſineſs very well; and they are now juſt fit for *Peterſham*, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I ſhall

ſhall have the ſame ſquire* I had laſt year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great proſpect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I ſhall endeavour to behave myſelf mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at *Court*, I will tell you where the royal family deſign to paſs their *Summer:* two months at *Richmond-Lodge*, the ſame time at *Hampton-Court*, and ſix weeks at *Windſor*. Mrs. *Howard* is well, and happier than ever you ſaw her; for her whole affair with her huſband is ended to her ſatisfaction.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* I am very angry with: he neglects me for thoſe he thinks finer ladies. Mr. *Gay*'s fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminiſhing: he is gone to the *Bath:* I wiſh you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. *Pope*, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himſelf. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is ſo likely to do him good.

My illneſs has prevented my writing to you ſooner. If I was a favourite at *Court*, I would ſoon convince you that I am very ſincerely your faithful friend and very humble ſervant,

M. B.

* Dr. *Swift*.

LETTER XVII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, March 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curioſity not very ſmall, my eſteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on *Monday*, (viz.) that is to ſay, the 10th of this inſtant *March*, 1728, his excellency *Thomas Wyndham*, Eſq; lord high-chancellor of *Ireland*, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the aſſiſtance of the two chiefs, his decree in the caſe of *Stewart* v. *Stewart*, on *A. Powel* to this effect: He ſaid there was a full conſent till ſuch time as the draught of the ſettlement was ſent down to Mrs. *Stewart*, to be conſidered by her and her friends; and after ſhe had conſidered it, ſhe ſhall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all reſtrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, eſpecially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. *Nutley** be a lawyer for Mrs. *Rebecca Stewart*, the plaintiff, to take care of the ſettlement for her advantage, and let *Powel* chuſe another lawyer for himſelf; though by the bye, Mr. *Nutley* would ſerve for both; and it is not neceſſary to inquire what *Powel* makes by his practice, although he aſſured the mother it amounted to one thouſand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

* Mr. *Nutley* had been a judge in queen *Anne*'s time.

Ovid, 'tis true, ſucceſsfully imparts
The rules to ſteal deluded virgins hearts;
But oh! ye fair ones, pious *Nutley*'s ſkill
Inſtructs you to elude, by magick bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will.

You will, I hope, excuſe this liberty in one, who, to reſent the indignity offered to you by *Ram*'s coachman †, made him drunk ſoon after at *Gory*, which ſo much incenſed the aforeſaid *Ram*, that he diſcharged him his ſervice, and he is now ſo reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, *Ha' you any dirt to carry out?* I am, Sir, your ſincere friend and humble ſervant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

LETTER XVIII.

—— FLOWER, Eſq; ‡ to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Aſhbrook, March 18, 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with ſome of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my ſorrow not intimately ſo, I truſt you will pardon this preſumption. Perhaps you may be at a loſs to gueſs what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as ſeveral little accidents make indelible impreſſions upon the minds of ſchool-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from *Sheene* to *London:* we took water at *Morelake*, the commander of the little ſkiff was very drunk

† Vid. *Intelligencer*, No. 2.
‡ Afterwards lord *Caſtledurrow*.

and

and inſolent, put us aſhore at *Hammerſmith*, yet inſiſted, with very abuſive language, on his fare, which you courageouſly refuſed; the mob gathered; I expected to ſee your gown ſtript off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus aſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.
Virg. Æn. I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you ſaved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old ſtory, which perſuades me to write. A friend from *Dublin* lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled *The Intelligencer*, it is number 20, a poſthumous work of *Neſtor Ironſide*; a correſpondent mentioning theſe papers in a letter raiſed my curioſity, with the ſpecimen I had of them, to read the reſt. For my part, I have buried myſelf in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you, who live ſo much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am ſatisfied are acquainted with the *Intelligencer*. I wiſh his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miſeries of the North, as repreſented, demand the utmoſt compaſſion, and muſt ſoften the malice of the moſt bitter enemy; I hope they, whoſe intereſt it is, if they rightly conſidered it, to relieve thoſe miſerable wretches, will redreſs ſo publick a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, ſome of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed; they deſerve as great cenſure, as a certain dean,

dean, who lends ſeveral ſums without intereſt to his poor pariſhioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be ſure, have crept in, and are of that ſacred and learned order; the blackeſt of crimes, forgery, treaſon and blaſphemy recently prove this: ſuch ſhould be ſpued out of it with utmoſt contempt, and puniſhed according to their demerit with ſevere juſtice. If this allegiation be true, I hope to ſee them cenſured by the *Intelligencer*, and recommend to him the words of *Jeremiah* to expatiate upon, c. x. v. 21. c. xii. v. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer *, is in danger of puniſhment; ſhe ſuffered very cruelly for the *Drapier*'s Works; I hope ſeveral contributed to eaſe her misfortunes on that occaſion; I confeſs I am ſorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I ſhall by the firſt ſafe hand ſend one; in return I expect the *Drapier*'s Works entire.

I am ſorry, that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the *Engliſh* of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo.

Not having *Creech*'s *Horace*, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt tranſlating of it in a couple of diſtichs; the ſcience, which the compound *Engliſh* and *Greek* word ſignifies, little concerns a widower; but I ſhould be glad to ſee it improved by good proficients in the *Ionick* jigg. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a paſſage on the *Thames*.

* Mrs. *Harding*.

My

My younger uncle, the grave Mr. *Flower*, his wife and mine, and parſon *Dingle*, one day made the tour of the city: we ſaw *Bedlam*, the lions, and what not? and finiſhed with a view of that noble engine under *London* Bridge: then we took water for *Whitehall*; rowed very ſilently to oppoſite the glaſs-houſe, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor *Jack* unfortunately aſked, addreſſing himſelf to our waterman, What that man was fiſhing for? The wag anſwered very briſk, For ——, Maſter, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleaſed with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am ſure need not deſcribe the ſcene to you. He is ſince called in our family by the name of *Jack Fiſher*.

LETTER XIX.

Lady JOHNSTON* to Dr. SWIFT.

[March 30, 1729.]

To The Rev^d. The Dean of St. PaTricks.

HOND SR

I AM a Huckſter and Lives in *Strand Street* & has Dealings with Several familys, a *ſaterday* Night a Caſe of Inſtruments† was ſent me in pawn by a Certain perſon in *Marys Street*, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins

* Thus endorſed by Dr. *Swift*; "*The beſt letter I ever read.*"

† It is not unlikely this was a preſent of a caſe of inſtruments from Lady *Johnſton* to the Dr.

of

of ſtrong Waters, My foſter brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he wanſt ſaw it in your hand, fearing *Hawkins*'s ‡ whip I ſend it to you, and will take an Other Courſe to gett My Money, ſo I Remain your Honrs

Humble Sarvt to Command

ye 30 MARTHA SHARP.

LETTER XX.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Dover-ſtreet, March 4, 1729-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

IT is now above a whole year and ſix months ſince I have had the favour and pleaſure of a line from your own ſelf, and I have not troubled you with one from myſelf; the anſwer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. *Pope* in recommending the perſon concerned in the encloſed propoſal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be ſo good as to promote his intereſt. I have not ſent you any of his receipts; but will when you will pleaſe to let me know what number you can diſpoſe of: I believe that your biſhops have more learning, at leaſt would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; ſo I hope they will all ſubſcribe. The perſon concerned is a worthy honeſt man, and by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him

‡ *Hawkins* was keeper of *Newgate*.

ſome

ſome years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his houſe being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but ſmall preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himſelf out of the difficulties theſe accidents have brought upon him. Three ſons he has bred up well at *Weſtminſter*, and they are excellent ſcholars: the eldeſt has been one of the uſhers in *Weſtminſter* ſchool ſince the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to ſtudy many hours in a day. This, in ſhort, is the caſe of an honeſt, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation ſhould have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. *Pope*.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had ſuch an humble ſervant in being, that often remembers you, and wiſhes to ſee you in this iſland. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, laſt ſummer, the ſmall-pox really, and in the natural way, and ſhe is not marked at all. My wife and daughter deſire that you will accept of their humble ſervices, and ſay that they want much to ſee you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. *Whalley* all the little ſervice I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us ſoon after *Eaſter*: he ſeems to be in great hopes, I wiſh they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to releaſe you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may ſay repeat to you, that I have a houſe for you, or houſe room, come when you pleaſe, provided you come ſoon.

I am, with true reſpect and eſteem, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deſerves it better than *Bulkeley*.

LETTER XXI.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Dover-ſtreet, July 15, 1730.

MR. *Clayton* telling me he was going for *Ireland*, I could not forbear ſending you a few lines by him, although I may puniſh you; yet it is ſo great a pleaſure to me to think of you, and to converſe with you even in this manner, that I muſt expect you will be ſo good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly ſhall be; but only this will be the difference, we ſhall have that great favour and inſtance of mercy, that we ſhall have the honour to follow you, and be the laſt devoured; and though this is ſo plain, and that demonſtrable, yet we have ſo many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing ſeems to go well as it ſhould do; and are ſo pleaſed with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to ſay any thing to them. This is a very diſagreeable ſubject, and I will therefore leave it.

My

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her ſtomach is rather better than it was; *Peggy* is very well: both deſire you will accept of their humble ſervice. You mention your law affairs: I know ſo much of that ſort of people called lawyers, that I pity moſt heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be ſoon ſafe out of their hands.

I ſuppoſe Maſter *Whalley* is, by this time, got ſafe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietneſs. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both ſpiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you ſee him, my ſervice to him.

I wiſh you would come over here, that we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Why ſhould you not paſs the winter here? I ſhould think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord *Bathurſt* has had a fever; but he is now well again. *Pope* I ſaw yeſterday: he is pretty well. I am, with true reſpect and eſteem, Sir, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28th, 1730.

YOU might give a better reaſon for reſtoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the ſuperſcription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the ſcrawl nor the ſpelling of your ſex. You live ſo far off, and I

believe are ſo ſeldom at home, and I am ſo ill a viſitor, that it is no wonder we meet ſo ſeldom: but if you knew what I ſay of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I ſay of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wiſhes of the ſeaſon; and am, with true eſteem and affection, yours, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady ACHESON.

An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A Gentleman called here laſt night upon ſome buſineſs, who took Mr. ——'s houſe yeſterday at dinner, in his return from *Wicklow*. He tells me that Mrs. —— was brought to-bed yeſterday morning at five o'clock of a half child, juſt as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a noſe and mouth, one leg, and ſo from top to bottom. They could ſee it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but ſhe is very well. It was thought that this was the cauſe of all her cholics. Mrs. *Brent* tells me ſhe has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and ſiſter with her.

Are you not undone for want of *Monky?* How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We ſhall ſee you no more at church until *Monky* returns. Adieu, *&c.*

I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

LETTER XXIV.

Lady ACHESON's Anſwer to Dr. SWIFT.

1732.

I AM greatly ſurprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. ——; but ſince it was ſo, I am heartily glad ſhe has got rid of it. Mrs. *Morris*'s gout ſeized her all over on *Thurſday*, ſo that ſhe keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they ſent a boy yeſterday to *Delginney* (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know ſhe was not able to go to the country. I am ſorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increaſed my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, *&c.*

Saturday morning.

LETTER XXV.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Aug. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. *Delany* had complied with your requeſt ſooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. *Pilkington*. I could have been glad alſo, that he had acquainted you, as I deſired him, with the particulars how I ſtood circumſtantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myſelf that your uſual good-nature would have induced you to comply with my requeſt, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in

your recommendation of Mr. *Pilkington*; which would have given me a good excuſe for my refuſing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-council-men had recommended to me above ſix months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I ſent him, which, by miſtake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he ſeen in time, would have prevented ſome little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I muſt get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I ſhall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occaſion to ſhew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your requeſt, make Mr. *Pilkington* my chaplain, when mayor. I wiſh it may anſwer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if ſo much, as I am told. He conſtantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of ſtate. For your ſake I will ſhew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to *Jo.* (Dr. I mean) *Trapp.* The mayor's day is the 30th of *October*; ſo that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the ſpring, and ſee a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am perſuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-ſhew (or pageant) as of old, on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. *Pope* and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-preſs, author, publiſhers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a ſatirical poem printed and thrown from

from the preſs to the mob, in publick view, but not to give offence; but your abſence ſpoils that deſign.

Pray God preſerve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and ſatisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great ſincerity, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the conſtant concern you ſhew for me. I am aſhamed to trouble you ſo much, and ſo often, in my own affairs; and your great kindneſs makes me almoſt aſhamed to aſk pardon for it. *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord *Orrery*. He was extreamly applauded for a ſpeech he made againſt the Army Bill. There is no danger of repealing the Teſt. The *Court* has taken the uſual method of gaining the fanatick leaders, much againſt the grain of the body. It is ſaid, the biſhop of *Saliſbury* is the chief encourager of them; that the queen ſpoke to him, and that he anſwered, He had promiſed, and would not fail them. He can be beſmeared, although they would not ſuffer him to go the dirty road to *Durham*. That was the excuſe they made him upon the laſt vacancy of that ſee. I am extreamly proud

that lady *Acheſon* does me the honour to remember her humble ſervant. I heartily wiſh ſhe could be perſuaded to keep good hours, having obſerved, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health ſo much as ſitting up late. I often hear from my ſiſter: ſhe writes in quite another ſtrain than ſhe talked, with chearfulneſs and good nature. I fancy *Arſalla* * has cured the lady of her ſpleen.

I heartily wiſh you many new years, with health and happineſs; and am, moſt entirely, *&c.*

I am told poor *Gay*'s play is now in rehearſal, and will pleaſe. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, Deanery-houſe, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of a news-paper with the verſes †, than which I never ſaw better in their kind. I have the ſame opinion of thoſe you

* The ſeat of *Peter Ludlow*, Eſq; father to the preſent lord *Ludlow*.

† Mrs. *Pilkington*, when ſhe was about ſixteen, having been teazed by her brother to write ſome verſes as a ſchool exerciſe for him, aſked him what ſhe ſhould write upon: Why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her ſubject, ſhe writ the following lines; which, four years after, were

you were pleaſed to write upon me ‡, as have alſo ſome particular friends of genius and taſte, to whom I ven-

were printed in one of the *London* news-papers. Vide *Pilkington's* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 88.

O ſpotleſs paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, conſtrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy
Thy purity, to pleaſe a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt ſervant of the Muſe.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choiceſt ſecrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhow,
Like lilly'd banks, or falling ſnow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can waſh thy ſtains away;
Yet this ſmall comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd, ſhall make thee live.

‡ Mrs. *Pilkington* having heard that Dr. *Swift* had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the earl of *Orrery*, and a ſilver ſtandiſh from Dr. *Delany*, ſent him an eagle quill with the following verſes upon his birth-day, Nov. 30, 1732.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To every heart my gen'rous aid I lend,
To Muſic, Painting, Poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celeſtial harmony inſpire,
§ When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling wire.
I to the faithful canvas have conſign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from *Raphael's* ſky-dipt pencils riſe
Such heavenly ſcenes as charm the gazers eyes.

§ *Quills of the harpſichord.*

I ventured to communicate them, who univerſally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency ſhew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our ſakes, others will do it for me. I can only aſſure you I value your preſent, as much as either of the others, only you muſt permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to uſe it. I heartily wiſh you many happy new years; and am, with true eſteem, Madam, your moſt obliged friend and ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, January, 1732-3.

IT is ſome time ſince Mrs. *Ball* gave me, incloſed and directed to me, your lordſhip's verſes, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleaſed to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgements; and if I were to follow the courſe of my own nature, the delay ſhould be longer: becauſe, although I believe no man hath a more grateful ſenſe of a real honour done them than myſelf, yet no man is in more confuſion how to expreſs it. Although I had not the leaſt hand in

O let me now aſpire to higher praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs lays:
Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuſe,
Accept me as the ſervant of your Muſe:
Then ſhall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

publiſhing

publiſhing thoſe verſes (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be ſo affected as to conceal the pride I have in ſeeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure againſt your lordſhip, for publickly favouring one ſo obnoxious to preſent powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which laſt, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I ſhall make the proper uſe, leaving your lordſhip to ſhift for yourſelf, without the leaſt grain of pity for what you may ſuffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my moſt humble thanks, for the honour done me by ſo excellent a performance, on ſo barren a ſubject; by which words I wiſely anticipate the cenſure of all thoſe who love me not: In ſpight of whom it will be ſaid in future ages, That one of lord *Orrery*'s firſt eſſays in poetry were theſe verſes on Dr. *Swift*. That your lordſhip may go on to be the great example, reſtorer, and patron, of virtue, learning and wit, in a moſt corrupt, ſtupid, and ignorant age and nation, ſhall be the conſtant wiſh, hope, and prayer, of, My Lord, your moſt obedient, obliged, and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

Jarvis-ſtreet, ſix o'clock, Friday evening, Feb. 2, 1732-3.

SIR,

I DANCED ſo long laſt night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodneſs you ſhewed me this morning. Be aſſured the favours you beſtow on me are received with the greateſt pleaſure, and I only am ſorry that it is not in my power to convince you that no body can ſet a higher value on your friendſhip than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only deſpiſing the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I muſt certainly receive from it all the benefit I deſire; for really I am quite of the other ſide, and am a ſincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the beſt. What I ſhall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but ſurely the care I ſhall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can deſire more ſincerely to pleaſe you than, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half aſleep, ſo don't be angry at theſe blots.

Being out of caſh at preſent, I ſend you my note, which I hope will ſatisfy you.

I ac-

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor *Swift*, Dean of St. *Prtrick*'s, the ſum of *cl.* 1*s.* 1½*d. per* value received, this 2d day of *Feb.* 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY*.

LETTER XXX.

J. BARBER, Lord-Mayor of *London*, to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen *Anne*'s birth-day:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I ſpeak it, that there is not a perſon in the world I would ſooner oblige than yourſelf; and I ſhould be glad to have it in my power to ſerve Mrs. *Barber* in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her ſpouſe is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretenſions to. There are a dozen perſons in my houſe, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at firſt they make about ſixty pounds *per annum* of, and riſe in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. Theſe places, I ſuppoſe, ſhould any

* This promiſſary note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an anſwer to ſome whim or other of the Doctor's.

one

one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thouſand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city-muſick, and a porter to *Guildhall*.

But ſuppoſe a place ſhould fall worth fifteen hundred or two thouſand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchaſe goes to the city, and muſt be paid before his admiſſion; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a leſs price than was paid before, becauſe the laſt price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the caſe as it ſtands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a ſet of ungrateful monſters, called *Couſins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly penſions to ſome, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am inſulted and abuſed by them, and can't help myſelf.

Now, as Mrs. *Barber* and her family deſign to ſettle here, and ſhe has done me the honour in moſt places to call me *Couſin*, I hope it will not be expected I ſhould have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I ſhall never be wanting.

I muſt now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wiſhes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in poſſeſſion of, and I am ſenſible I am placed aloft, and that all my

words and actions are ſcanned; but I will not be diſcouraged, and hope I ſhall get through with honour. One motive for making me think ſo, is the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction I have in the hopes of ſeeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great uſe; and therefore I hope you will loſe no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in *Queen's-ſquare*, and another at *Sheen* (which I hope you will accept) places that I ſhall hardly be able to ſee this year.

Mr. *Pilkington* gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to ſee her grace of *Bucks* in the *Park*. Her grace ſeeing him, aſked Who he was? I anſwered, he was a preſent from you from *Dublin*. She ſmilingly replied, He is no fool then, I am ſure.

I ſhall conclude a long dull letter, with my ſincere wiſhes for your health and proſperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bleſs your friends here with your company; which by none is more deſired than, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER XXXI.

Counteſs of KERRY to Dr. SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the moſt eſteemed dean of St. *Patrick's*, has raiſed in me a ſatisfaction and pleaſure that I had almoſt given up, having been reſolved a good while humbly to content myſelf in a ſtate of indolence and

and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to ſeek further after thoſe points in life, I ſo long and vainly purſued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I muſt not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgements for, ſince at the ſame time that you make a melancholy repreſentation of my misfortunes, you ſtrike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raiſe hope. I moſt heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. *Fitzmaurice*, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taſte, by the ſenſe he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your ſociety, from whence it is impoſſible to come without ſome good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that neceſſity ſeems to call for, to interrupt ſuch advantage, and it is my ſtudy to find an occaſion indiſpenſable that he may return*; and, as I think, to be a member of our ſenate houſe is the beſt way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for ſome gap in that body, that he might ſtep into. There ſeems now to offer one on the death of Sir *Ralph Gore*, that may not be impracticable, ſince it is a very ſmall borough intirely belonging, as I am informed, to the biſhop of *Clogher*, who, I dare ſay, is above diſpoſing of it for *Court* favour only, or to the higheſt bidder; practices much in faſhion of late. Might I not then preſume upon your friendſhip with the biſhop, to recommend this young man as an honeſt one at preſent, and whom he might devote to his ſervice by ſo great and ſeaſonable an obligation, beſides paying an acknowledgement that, in gratitude, is due, although the perſon were never ſo well qualified: thus much ſure I may ſay without cen-

* It is preſumed, from his travels.

ſure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may ſee what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I don't ſucceed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence ſincerely, I can now boaſt I have attained philoſophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myſelf too good to be the ſport of higher powers; and my chriſtian duty will not permit me to look for reaſons. As little wiſdom as I have bought, I wiſh I had had it ſooner; now it is too late, *La farce eſt joué*, and my curtain almoſt drawn; ſo that if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendſhip only is what I ſtill muſt always value; yours, ſurely, is more than comes to my ſhare.

You are very good to enquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miſer's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treaſure that one wants, at the ſame time that one poſſeſſes; for ſo much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I ſhall, with attention, obſerve all you recommend to me in the way of paſſing my time; and do daily ſee reaſon to reſpect *la bagatelle*; yet are there ſome places where that is too inſipid to be made any uſe of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domeſtick. Handicrafts and gardening do the reſt. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for ſtrangers. What ſhall I ſay for taking up ſo much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your moſt real and faithful humble ſervant,

A. KERRY.

LETTER XXXII.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, April 14, 1733.

I AM extreamly concerned to hear the bad ſtate of your health. I have often wiſhed that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking preſcribed for a ſtrain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent ſweats you put yourſelf into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occaſion much of your other diſorder. I am confident you would find yourſelf better here; and even the journey would be of great uſe to you. I was vaſtly pleaſed to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he ſhould have in ſeeing you this year, that he might ſhew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himſelf ſo well in his publick capacity, that, whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deſerves to be gratified. I could heartily wiſh your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having loſt half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the firſt than moſt men, and of the laſt than any man now alive. While the Exciſes were depending, you were expected every day; for it was ſaid, Why ſhould not he ſhew as much regard for the Liberty of *England*, as he did for the Money of *Ireland?* I wiſh you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the ſcheme left

left unpuniſhed. It was abſolutely impoſſible to have carried it otherwiſe. You have heard Sir *Robert Walpole*, and one or two more coming out of the houſe, were inſulted. A few of that rabble have been ſeized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a *Norfolk* man; no enemy to Exciſes, but an entire dependant upon the outraged perſon. Though the rejoicings were as great and as univerſal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whoſe owners had ſhewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold *Henley* what his joking would come to; but the mayor of *Southampton* immediately printed his real letter, which was ſhort, and extreamly proper. His deſigned opponent at the next election, having voted for the exciſe, will not dare to ſhew himſelf in the corporation; and *Henley*, after the diviſion, thanked him for having, by that vote, beſtowed him fifteen hundred pounds. *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will ſet you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am moſt entirely, your grateful, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Jarvis-ſtreet, May 4, 1733.

I AM ſure if you knew what I have ſuffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneaſineſs cannot be expreſſed. Of all the misfortunes I

ever met with, this has given me the greateſt concern; for your friendſhip is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary ſatisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and, for God's ſake, forgive what is paſt, and be aſſured my future conduct ſhall be ſuch, that you never again ſhall have cauſe of complaint againſt me.—I own you have reaſon to condemn my impertinence; but, as I had not the leaſt intention to offend, I hope it will in ſome meaſure leſſen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be ſo good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is ſo much impaired, that it is but too probable that I ſhall not live very long; and, methinks, it would be very hard to have the ſhort time that is allotted for me made more miſerable than continual ſickneſs can make it. This muſt be the caſe, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I deſire half ſo much; and do aſſure you I ſpent ſo bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have an idea of it, you would have been ſorry for me. You might have ſeen how depreſſed I was at ſupper; but not my indiſpoſition, but your cold behaviour was the real occaſion of it.—What ſhall I ſay, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm reſolution to be upon my guard for the future againſt any inadvertent expreſſions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be ſo good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is poſſible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If

If you are not determined to continue my unhappineſs, I muſt beg the favour of you, to ſend me a line to aſſure me of my being pardoned; for my uneaſineſs cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you before I go, that I may in perſon acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what ſatisfaction I receive your forgiveneſs; and, for God's ſake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldneſs.

I propoſe, when I go to *Briſtol*, to follow your advice, and ſhould be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to thoſe books that you think moſt proper for me: and, if it pleaſe God that I recover, you ſhall find, that by the honour you have done me in adviſing me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I ſhall be more worthy of your eſteem.

I ſhould beg pardon for the length of this, but that I ſtill could write on to aſk your forgiveneſs; who am, Sir, with true reſpect and regard, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, May 29, 1733.

YOU will find, to your coſt, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourſelf, not me: had I never known the pleaſure of receiving a letter from you, I ſhould not have perſecuted you now. I think

(a little to juſtify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord *Bathurſt*'s hands; he read it before me: I looked ſilly upon his aſking me, What you meant by the Foſſet affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diverſion I believe you deſigned it ſhould. We then talked of your vineyard: he ſeemed pleaſed with every ſubject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I ſhould keep them a ſecret, I have ſpoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth, that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raiſing people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me me know if I have * *behaved myſelf* right: I think I can hardly do wrong, as long as I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. *Donnellan* is much your humble ſervant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

* Dr. *Swift* never could endure to hear any one ſay, Such a one *behaved* well, *&c. Behaved? Behaved what?* he uſed to aſk with ſome kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account, How he rebuked my lord *Carteret* for this, and that my lord promiſed him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The *Italick* mark under theſe words in the original, proves that Mrs. *Pendarves* refers to ſome rebuke of this kind.

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Briſtol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be ſurprized at that, for ſhe was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but reſpecting and eſteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taſte conſpire to make me truly your friend and ſervant.

I have been, ſince I came here, very low ſpirited; the companions I had ſome part of my journey leſſened my illneſs, or at leaſt I felt not with them the ſame weight that I did upon their leaving me: and I have often wiſhed myſelf again in *Ireland* to enjoy converſation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for moſt diſorders. This is the dulleſt place that ever was known: there is not above half a dozen families, and thoſe are cits with great fortunes, or *Iriſh* impertinents: the former deſpiſes one becauſe their cloaths are finer than yours; and the latter has no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and, I thank God, I can ſpend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wiſh for ſuch company as the place affords. Doctor *Lane* (who, by character, is a ſecond *Æſculapius*, and can raiſe people from the dead) is my phyſician, and gives me great

hopes of a ſpeedy amendment: and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at ſix in the morning, breakfaſt at eight, dine at one, and ſup at ſeven, I hope I may in time find ſome benefit: nor does either the aſs's milk or waters diſagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wiſh to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am ſure you would like the ſituation of the houſe that I lodge in: it has the command of ſuch a proſpect, that I ſhould do it injuſtice to attempt to deſcribe it; but the variety of the ſcene is ſuch, that one diſcovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodneſs to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you ſometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more ſincerely your well-wiſher than, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to *Tallow* * makes a very fine figure in print; but, ſince you have made this diſcovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if *Dublin* be in danger, the deanry houſe cannot be a ſafe retreat for you. I wiſh any thing would ſend *Barber* here; for I was at the *Bath* to ſee ſome of my friends, and was forced to ſwear that only the want of health kept her book from being publiſhed. I am ſure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good underſtanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to ſtay while I do: her name is *Rooke*, admiral *Rooke*'s ſon's lady.

* The country ſeat of the archbiſhop of *Dublin*.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Briſtol, July 8, 1733.

I CANNOT expreſs how much pleaſure your letter gave me; to ſay that it ſurpaſſed the anxiety your ſilence gave me, is all the deſcription I am able to make. Indeed I had a thouſand fears about you; your health was my firſt care, and yet I thought, that the Gods muſt take care of *Cato*; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the moſt unworthy member that ever entered into their Society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were uſeleſs to me; and of all our little ſet none remained unbleſſed but myſelf; but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beſide, I muſt be laviſh in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the ſame creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amuſement, and, except when health calls me on horſeback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleaſures, by Mrs. *Rooke*'s being ſo good to come down to me; ſhe has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendſhip inſpires. You are ſenſible that two people cannot always like the ſame thing: this we make eaſy, by following our inclinations; for if ſhe likes to walk, ſhe walks,

and

and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to compleat our happineſs. I had a letter from Mrs. *Cleland* to enquire about you; ſhe ſays, ſhe hears you are coming to *England:* ſurely if you were you would tell me ſo; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the ſight of you.

You are extreamly good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendſhip, increaſes my eſteem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my ſecrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneaſineſs from them, and that even your advice could not remove the leaſt painful of them, hindered me from it; for to thoſe I beſt love I ſtill remain upon theſe heads reſerved. Indeed the cauſe of my complaints is of ſuch a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation muſt give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be deſcribed. For ſurely to be the daughter of a colonel *Chartres* muſt to a rational being give the greateſt anxiety; for who would have a father of ſeventy publickly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a *Dulcinea del Toboſo* is ſhocking, I think. For if a man muſt do wrong, he ſhould aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obſtinately virtuous. In ſhort, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let ſuch things make an impreſſion on me, which ſpight of a good conſtitution, much ſpirits, and uſing a great deal of exerciſe, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I loſt her in my infancy, and not known her goodneſs) I could ſtill better have borne the ſteps that were taken; but whilſt I ſaw how laviſh *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had

frequent accounts that my mother was half ſtarved abroad. She brought him ſixteen thouſand pounds fortune, and having borne ſevere uſage for near twenty years, had reſolution enough to part with him, and choſe to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* ſeparate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and, as ſhe could not live here upon ſuch an income, ſhe has baniſhed herſelf, and lives retired in a country town in *France*.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has ſupplied me well; but in his laſt he tells me he ſhall not ſee me till *September*.

What you ſay is perfectly right, and I propoſe returning to the Club as ſoon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove, I know not; for I muſt ſtill purſue this cruel God * that flies me.

I ſhall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for *Lane* only pours down medicines for the ſake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters theſe three weeks, I can have no buſineſs here; ſo ſhall follow *Holling*'s advice, and remove to *Kenſington* or *Hampſtead* with the utmoſt expedition; therefore I muſt beg the favour of you to incloſe your letters for me to *William Cleland* Eſq; commiſſioner of taxes, in *St. Stephen's Court, Weſtminſter*. I have diſobeyed orders in writing ſo long a letter; but I will not do this again: ſo now be ſo good as excuſe the tediouſneſs of, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

* The God of Health poetically expreſſed.

Mrs,

Mrs. *Pendarves* is gone down with Lady *Weymouth*, whoſe fortune was five thouſand pounds, and has for jointure two thouſand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Gloceſter, July 21, 1733.

MAY I ſay, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in anſwering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I aſſure you, that I think myſelf made happy by ſuch a diſtinction. It was ſtupidity in me not to let you know where to addreſs to me; but I don't repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am reſolved to be even with you for what you ſay about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as careleſsly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourſelf. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleaſed to ſpeak of me with ſome regard; I give them leave to exerciſe their malice on an occaſion that does me ſo much honour. I proteſt I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openneſs and ſincerity by correcting what you diſapprove of. And ſince I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is falſe ſpelt, and for my bad *Engliſh*; you ſee what you are like to ſuffer: if this promiſes

promiſes you too much trouble, don't give me ſo much encouragement in your next letter; for upon ſomething in your laſt, I have almoſt perſuaded myſelf, that by your aſſiſtance, and my own earneſt deſire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity ſtands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thouſand agreeable promiſes; without her encouragement I ſhould never have preſumed to correſpond with the Dean of *St. Patrick*'s. Some ſay, ſhe is a miſchievous companion; I ſwear ſhe is a pleaſant one: you muſt not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received ſome marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left *London*: I attended lord and lady *Weymouth* down to *Long-Leat*, and left them with a proſpect of as much happineſs as matrimony can give; they are pleaſed with one another at preſent, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady *Carteret* are both ſatisfied with the diſpoſal of their daughter in ſo advantageous a ſtation. Common report wrongs my lord *Weymouth*; for which reaſon, as I am his friend, I muſt tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for ſenſe; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his ſtable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hoſpitable good houſe, and is always ready to relieve thoſe in diſtreſs: his lady Dr. *Delany* can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from *Long-Leat* laſt *Saturday*, and am now at *Gloceſter* with my mother and ſiſter. My lord *Bathurſt* was here about a fortnight ago; I was ſorry to miſs of him: I have a double reaſon for liking his company. He has made me promiſe to pay him a viſit at *Oakly Wood*, which I certainly will do; I

ſhall

ſhall with great reſignation ſubmit to any puniſhment you convey through his hands. I wiſh you could make your words good, and that I was a ſorcereſs, I ſhould then ſet all my charms to work to bring you to *England*, and ſhould expect a general thankſgiving for employing my ſpells to ſo good a purpoſe. The Syren * has lately been at *Oxford*; we parted very unwillingly: ſhe is extreamly obliged to you for remembring her ſo favourably. I am glad Mr. *Donnellan* pleaſes you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a moſt deſerving young man. My lord *Lanſdown* is much at your ſervice, laments the days that are paſt, and we conſtantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and ſparkling as your wit. Lord and lady *Carteret*, and my lady *Worſley*, all talk kindly of you, and join their wiſhes to mine for your coming among us. I requeſt it of you to make my humble ſervice acceptable to thoſe friends of yours that are ſo good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleaſed to direct for me at Mrs. *Granville*'s, *Gloceſter*.

* Perhaps this was Miſs *Kelly*.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lord-mayor of *London** to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Goldſmiths-Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not anſwering it ſooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happineſs of learning honeſt principles early, from a ſet of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greateſt glory, that in the late affair of the Exciſe Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honeſt man in my ſtation would have done) I acted conſiſtent with thoſe honeſt principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I ſpeak it with great ſincerity, that when I conſider how ſparingly you and ſome other friends have ever been of your praiſes, your approbation affords me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchaſe.

My lord *Orrery*'s amiable qualities muſt make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly ſo with us; and when he comes over, *your loſs will be our gain*, as the proverb ſays.

I know nothing of Mr. *Pilkington*'s affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have preſented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I deſign to make fifty; which ſum has but one precedent: gene-

* Alderman *Barber*.

rally

rally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally eſteemed.

I ſhall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. *Barber*, and ſhall not fail of doing her any ſervice in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fidler excepted) yet, nor have made 500 *l.* in all. But my friends ſay, it is made up in fame.

I am very ſorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myſelf with being very happy with you and ſome friends, on the important ſubject of the Cap of Maintenance, Cuſtard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord mayor's houſe; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't deſpair of ſeeing you ſettled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't ſtart! ſtranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords *Bolingbroke*, *Carteret*, *Winchelſea*, *Gower* and Mr. *Pulteney*; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord *Carteret* inſtantly toaſted your health; and you were the ſubject of converſation for an hour. I ſhewed them your letter. I dare not mention what paſſed, becauſe I know I ſhould offend your modeſty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all ſwore, that if ever the wind ſhould change, they would not long be deprived of the greateſt genius of the age. The converſation turning on another ſubject, Lord *Carteret* pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and ſo you ſhould find on all occaſions, and that he toaſted your

your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ——.

I dined yeſterday with lord *Bolingbroke* only; he complains you don't write to him: he is well.

They ſay you are making intereſt for my brother of *Dublin* to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the ſame for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himſelf well*, I hear; if it is proper, my ſervice to him.

What you tell Mr. *Pilkington* of my ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of the *Iriſh* is falſe and ſcandalous; I never uſed ſuch an expreſſion in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the *Iriſh*.

Pray God reſtore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miſs KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

I AM truly ſorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you ſo long; but am much more concerned with *Barber*'s account of your being not as well as I wiſh you. For God's ſake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Conſider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the deteſtation you muſt feel, from giving pleaſure to the unworthy, make you careful of

* This was Alderman *French*, an iron-monger, ſuppoſed by Dr. *Swift*, and all others, to be the greateſt magiſtrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

yourſelf. Indeed I ſhould be glad to make you ſenſible, that you are valued by all that have a taſte for merit; and I ſhould be very much pleaſed, if you would think you owe ſo much to them, that you would, for their ſakes, preſerve yourſelf. Believe me, Sir, illneſs is not to be trifled with: I can ſpeak on this ſubject as an experienced perſon; and I earneſtly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be aſſured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

LETTER XL.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. *Barber*, wherein ſhe deſires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordſhip; and ſeems in pain to know how far ſhe may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and ſhe thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the ſurpriſing inſtances of your generoſity and favour that ſhe hath aleady received, and which ſhe hath been ſo unfaſhionable to publiſh wherever ſhe goes. This makes her apprehend, that all ſhe can ſay to your lordſhip's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the ſtyle and title of gratitude.

I ſent her word, that I could be of no ſervice to her upon this article: yet I confeſs, my lord, that all thoſe who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a ſincere, but overflowing

flowing ſpirit of thankfulneſs, as well as to the humble opinion ſhe hath of herſelf. Although the world in general may poſſibly continue in its uſual ſentiments, and liſt her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the moſt mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of ſetting out your lordſhip's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reaſons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and, God forbid, that your character ſhould not have a much ſtronger ſupport. You are hourly gaining the love, eſteem, and reſpect of wiſe and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. *Barber* can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confeſs the number is not great; but that is not your lordſhip's fault, and therefore, in reaſon, you ought to be contented.

I gueſs the topicks ſhe intends to inſiſt on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generoſity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compaſſion for this: the goodneſs of your nature, your humility, modeſty, and condeſcenſion: your moſt agreeable converſation, ſuited to all tempers, conditions, and underſtandings: perhaps ſhe may be ſo weak to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Chriſtian, according to the doctrine of the church eſtabliſhed in both kingdoms.

Theſe, and other topicks, I imagine Mrs. *Barber* deſigns to inſiſt on, in the dedication of her Poems to your lordſhip; but I think ſhe will better ſhew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot diſapprove of her ambition, ſo juſtly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the ſame time declare my opinion, that ſhe de-

ſerveth your protection on account of her wit and good ſenſe, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read moſt of her poems; and believe your lordſhip will obſerve, that they generally contain ſomething new and uſeful, tending to the reproof of ſome vice or folly, or recommending ſome virtue. She never writes on a ſubject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a ſcheme and method driving to ſome particular end; wherein many writers in verſe, and of ſome diſtinction, are ſo often known to fail. In ſhort, ſhe ſeemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her ſex, or the ſcene ſhe hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am aſſured, that no woman was ever more uſeful to her huſband in the way of his buſineſs. Poetry hath only been her favourite amuſement; for which ſhe hath one qualification, that I wiſh all good poets poſſeſſed a ſhare of, I mean, that ſhe is ready to take advice, and ſubmit to have her verſes corrected by thoſe who are generally allowed to be the beſt judges.

I have, at her intreaty, ſuffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it publick: for which I ought to deſire your lordſhip's pardon: but ſhe was of opinion it might do her ſome ſervice, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the trueſt eſteem and reſpect, your lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER XLI.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Sept. 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great eſteem and tenderneſs for miſs *Kelly*, and that there is no one whom ſhe has ſo high an opinion of, or whoſe advice would ſway ſo much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think ſhe wants the aſſiſtance and counſel of her beſt and wiſeſt friend. As ſhe has been ſo good to diſtinguiſh me amongſt her female acquaintance, and to ſhew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as ſhe has a natural cloſeneſs, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe ſhe does not open herſelf entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worſe way than when ſhe came to *London:* ſhe has ſtill a ſlow fever, a violent cough, great and almoſt continual ſickneſs in her ſtomach, and, added to all theſe, a very great dejection of ſpirit; which laſt, I can't but think, proceeds in a good meaſure from diſcontent and uneaſineſs of mind; and the phyſicians are of the ſame opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cauſe, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the aſſiſtance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young perſon ſhews any diſcontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cauſe for it but a diſappointment in love: I really think that is not miſs *Kelly*'s caſe: I have tried her to the uttermoſt on that ſubject, and I can't find ſhe has any attachment to any particular perſon, but that the whole world, ex-

cept a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her preſent uneaſineſs to proceed from, is the unkindneſs in general of her parents, and the fear of not being ſupported by her father in the way ſhe likes, and as her preſent bad ſtate of health indeed requires. She has a high ſpirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and ſhe has not been much uſed to management. She is here in a very expenſive way, with her ſickneſs, her ſervants, and horſes; and I believe ſhe would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the ſame time ſhe has reaſon to fear from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not ſupport her in it: ſhe has not heard from him theſe two months; and the letters ſhe had from him at *Briſtol* were warning her not to marry without his conſent, enjoining her not to go to publick places, and, above all, to ſpend little money; very odd ſubjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his reſolutions in relation to her, and if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greateſt danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to ſave it. If at the ſame time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great uſe, either to make her bear, with leſs uneaſineſs, the ills of this life, or, if it pleaſe God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her ſpirits are low; and, upon every little diſappointment, her paſſions riſe high: you know, Sir, how beſt to apply to theſe. She is at *Hampſtead* quite alone; and although her phyſicians deſire much ſhe ſhould come to town, ſhe cannot be prevailed

on

on to think of it; ſhe deſires to be alone: even Mrs. *Rooke* and I, whom ſhe calls her beſt friends, are troubleſome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I deſire this letter may be a ſecret, and eſpecially to the perſon concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of uſe on this ſubject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you pleaſe for me, under cover, To Mrs. *Anne Shuttleworth*, at Mr. *Jourdain*'s, in *Conduit-ſtreet*. I ſhould beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendſhip to miſs *Kelly* will be my excuſe. I am ſorry to write on ſo melancholy a ſubject and that I am ſure muſt give you uneaſineſs; but pleaſed with any opportunity of aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

LETTER XLII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Gloceſter, Oct. 24, 1733.

I CAN'T imagine how my lord *Orrery* came by my laſt letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more conſequence to you: if it had that effect, I wiſh this may meet with the ſame fortune.

If I were writing to a common correſpondent, I ſhould now make a fine flouriſh to excuſe myſelf for not ſooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I muſt deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear of tiring you ſtopt my hand. I value your correſpondence

ſo highly, that I think of every way that may preſerve it, and one is not to be too troubleſome.

Now I can't gueſs how you will take this laſt paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or ſilly, I will endeavour not to offend in the ſame manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myſelf: your ways of making compliments are dangerous ſnares, and I don't know how to guard againſt the pleaſure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adverſity.

The cold weather, I ſuppoſe, has gathered together Dr. *Delany*'s ſett: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with ſo much pleaſure as that I received from that company; it has made me very ſincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have loſt in inſignificant converſation.

I am very much concerned at the diſorder you complain of. I hope you ſubmit to take proper care of yourſelf; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my ſatisfaction.

A few days before I had your laſt letter, my ſiſter and I made a viſit to my lord and lady *Bathurſt* at *Cirenceſter*. *Oakly* wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his houſe through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thouſand acres. We ſtaid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved ſince you ſaw it; and, when the whole deſign is executed, it will be one of the fineſt places in *England*. My lord *Bathurſt* talked with great delight of the pleaſure you once gave him by ſurpriſing him in his wood, and ſhewed me the houſe where you lodged,

lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conſcious of the honour it had received by entertaining ſo illuſtrious a gueſt, it burſt with pride. My lord *Bathurſt* has greatly improved the wood-houſe, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an *Iriſh* cabbin. It is now a venerable caſtle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king *Arthur*'s, "with thicket overgrown groteſque and wild." I endeavoured to ſketch it out for you; but I have not ſkill enough to do it juſtice. My lord *Bathurſt* was in great ſpirits; and though ſurrounded by candidates and voters againſt next parliament, made himſelf agreeable in ſpite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of *Naboth*'s vineyard * and *Delville* †. I have not ſeen him ſince, though he promiſed to return my viſit.

All the *Beau monde* flock to *London* to ſee her royal highneſs ‡ diſpoſed of; whilſt I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the converſation of a country girl my ſiſter, to all the pomp and ſplendour of the *Court*. Is this virtue or ſtupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after *Chriſtmas*. I ſhall ſpend one month in my way to *London* at *Long-Leat*: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreaſonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard taſk to retire from the company one likes beſt. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

* *Naboth*'s vineyard belonged to Dr. *Swift*.

† Dr. *Delany*'s beautiful villa about a mile from *Dublin*.

‡ The late princeſs of *Orange*.

LETTER XLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in *Derbyſhire*, from whence I came laſt week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill ſtate of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was ſo long without the pleaſure of hearing from you. Thoſe ſort of diſorders puzzle the phyſicians every where: and they are mercileſs dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpoſe, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wiſh you would try the *Bath* waters, which are allowed to be the beſt medicine for ſtrengthening the ſtomach; and moſt diſtempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul ſtomach, but they are certainly the worſt things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to ſee your works collected, and publiſhed with care. It is become abſolutely neceſſary, ſince that jumble with *Pope*, *&c.* in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reaſon why, at this diſtance of time, the *Examiners*, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inſerted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and moſt of them ſingle beſides. I lent Mr. *Corbet* that paper to correct his *Gulliver* by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every ſingle alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all thoſe errors, which ſhould be avoided in the new edition.

In

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, ſo that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be underſtood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the ſecond edition, which is much more correct than the firſt, and tranſcribe all the alterations more clearly. I ſhall be at a loſs how to ſend it afterwards, unleſs I am directed to ſomebody that is going to *Ireland*. All books are printed here now by ſubſcription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. *Croſthwaite* * will pay for me.

The diſſenters were certainly promiſed, that the Teſt Act ſhould be repealed this ſeſſion in *Ireland*; I ſhould be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to ſucceed.

We have loſt miſs *Kelly*, who they ſay was deſtroyed by the ignorance of an *Iriſh* phyſician, one *Gorman*. Doctor *Beaufort* was ſent for when ſhe was dying, and found her ſpeechleſs and ſenſeleſs.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a moſt univerſal applauſe. He has ſhewn himſelf to have the beſt underſtanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honeſty. There is no doubt of his being choſen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is ſomething the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's ſake try to keep up your ſpirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preſerve them, even with wine, than to let them ſink. Divert yourſelf with Mrs. *Worral*, at backgammon. Find out ſome new country to travel in: any thing to amuſe.

* Mr. *Ford*'s ſteward.

Nothing

Nothing can contribute ſooner than chearfulneſs to your recovery; which that it may be very ſpeedy, is ſincerely the thing in the world moſt wiſhed for by, your ever obliged, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Nov. 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleaſure of yours by Mrs. *Barber*, whoſe turn ſeems to confirm the good impreſſion you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wiſhes to ſerve her, and alſo my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of ſeeing you on this ſide of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of converſation abounding here, be ſome kind of inducement to your coming amongſt us? Is not Mr. *Pope* a temptation to one of your diſtinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amuſement of your mind, as a journey and exerciſe would to your bodily health. I would uſe every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and conſequently to preſerve a life ſo beneficial to the public, and ſo dear to all your friends. You have a ſpirit that ſhould prevail againſt indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furniſh you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a ſhining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reaſonable obligation; as in that caſe, like *Pitt*'s diamond,

diamond, you would ſtand alone. I wiſh I had a houſe in ſome meaſure worthy to entertain a gueſt that ſhould be ſo welcome to me. You ſurprize me greatly in telling me that my lord *Shelburne* and you have not met, although he has been ſome time in *Dublin*, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you ſend to my lord *Dunkerin*, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. You ſee I want none to embrace the opportunity of aſſuring you, that I am, with great eſteem, reſpect, and affection, your very obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER XLV.

Late Lord-Mayor of London [Alderman BARBER] to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this firſt opportunity to pay my reſpects to you, Sir, which I beg pardon for not doing ſooner. The tranſition from *Goldſmiths-Hall* to *Queen*'s-*Square*, is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the conſtant hurry, noiſe and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in oppoſition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly muſt be ſtrangers to the great pleaſure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do juſtice to Mr. *Pilkington*, who has received more than I mentioned,

mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

Of the city.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	
Salary —— ——	20	0	0	
Gratuity ——	25	0	0	
Gratuity extraordinary —	21	0	0	
—— ——				66 0 0
From my lord-mayor — ——				50 0 0
Five ſermons preached before the mayor —— —— —				10 0 0
For a copy of one ſermon printed —				4 0 0
			£.	130 0 0

St. Paul's happened to be ſhut up in the *Summer* for two months, when the mayor went on *Sundays* to his own chapel at *Guild-hall*, and his chaplain read prayers for eight *Sunday* mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, becauſe I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myſelf juſtice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleaſed to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for ſhow than buſineſs) nor given the extravagant ſum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have ſaved ſomething in thoſe articles. Had he lived in the city, I ſhould now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the reſt into that of Mr.

Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman *Champion*, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of *Colerain*'s being vacant; if it be, I will do him what ſervice I can.

Thus, ſir, I have diſcharged myſelf of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your ſatisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myſelf.

All your friends in town are well, and in high ſpirits. Lord *Bolingbroke* complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat ſome cuſtard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next *Summer*. We rejoice much at my brother *French*'s ſucceſs. I know you don't deal in news, ſo I ſend you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greateſt ſincerity, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. *Pilkington* ſhould ſend his wife home in the midſt of winter, or why he ſhould ſtay here an hour after her, are queſtions not eaſily anſwered. I am not of his council.

LETTER XLVI.

Mrs. CONDUITT to Dr. SWIFT*.

SIR, George-Street, Nov. 29, 1733.

MRS. *Barber* did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her ſex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and ſhall have my beſt aſſiſtance. But the town has been ſo long invited into the ſubſcription, that moſt people have already refuſed or accepted, and Mr. *Conduitt* has long ſince done the latter.

I ſhould have gueſſed your holineſs would rather have laid than called up the ghoſt of my departed friendſhip, which ſince you are brave enough to face, you will find diveſted of every terror, but the remorſe that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country and yourſelf. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to ſerve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchaſe; therefore when you return to *England*, I ſhall try to excel in what I am very ſorry you want, a nurſe; in the mean time I am exerciſing that gift to preſerve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord *Harvey* has written a bitter copy of verſes upon Dr. *Sherwin* for publiſhing (as 'tis ſaid) his lordſhip's epiſtle; which muſt have ſet your brother *Pope*'s ſpirits all a working.

* Thus endorſed by the Doctor, "My old friend Mrs. *Barton*, now Mrs. *Conduitt*."

Thomſon

‡

Thomſon is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the preſent times, which, if we may judge from the preſs, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of *Parnaſſus*, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Pleaſe therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no intereſt, and to add to your prayers and good wiſhes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. *Barber*, whom I had ſent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet ſent me her propoſals.

LETTER XLVII.

CHARLES COOTE, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, Dec. 10, 1733.

BEING indebted ſolely to you for a moſt valuable acquaintance with the duke and ducheſs of *Queenſbury*, and ſome other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common ſtratagem of mine, and has always ſucceeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to ſome degree of perſonal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it moſt of the agreeable hours I paſſed at *Spa* this *Summer*, where they were; I had ſtrong temptations, eſpecially at that diſtance, to give myſelf high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a moſt

obliging manner, was enough to do my buſineſs, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the moſt agreeable woman in *England*, though ſhe were not the handſomeſt, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking ſtick, the manufacture of *Spa*, where ſhe had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; ſo that I muſt ſend it to you by the firſt proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleaſure in knowing it, and hers, when you ſhall acknowledge it. If I can be of any ſort of ſervice to you on this ſide, your commands will find me at *St. James's Coffee-houſe*. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

CHARLES COOTE.

LETTER XLVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT*.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 20, 1733.

YOURS I received, and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *ſup* at my houſe upon *beef griſkins*, I would go and play a game of back-gammon *with* Mr. *Worral's* tables, and be *after winning* ſome of Mrs. *Worral's coin*; I would not *fear* to win *a crown-piece* of her money by playing *ſix-pence half penny a time*. She is a very *good body*, and one that I have *a great value for*: I wiſh my

* Indorſed, "Dr. *Sheridan's* inſolence in preſuming to anſwer my eloquent *Hyberniciſms*."

ſpouſe

ſpouſe were but half as good, but of *this* I ſhall ſay nothing more till *meeting*. I hope my goſſip *Delany*'s ſpouſe is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me ſhe has been lately much *out of order*. She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thouſand pities* that any thing ſhould *ail her*. God Almighty *wiſh her well*; for I am ſure if ſhe *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow*. I hope nothing *ails her* but a *bruſh*.

To-morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwyre:* if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father*; for no body *ſpeaks better of you* than they. My humble ſervice to all friends and to yourſelf, is the requeſt of yours to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis-Street*.

LETTER XLIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

YOU muſt ſhake off the leavings of your ſex. If you cannot keep a ſecret and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my ſphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; thoſe who are otherwiſe, may be very ſafe from any lectures of mine: I ſhould rather chuſe to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to ſet them right. I deſire you may

not inform your huſband * of what has paſt, for a reaſon I ſhall give you when I ſee you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very ſincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER L.

The Biſhop of CLOGHER † to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN, Clogher, June 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date ‡, and ſhould, it may be, out of good manners have anſwered it long ſince; but I thought it would be better to delay the anſwer I was then able to make to our firſt private meeting, which I thought might be ſoon; and for the ſame reaſon that delayed me then, I ſhall put off my defence till I have the pleaſure of half an hour's private converſation with you, when I think I ſhall be able to clear myſelf from the heavy charges you bring againſt me; and therefore, not

* This Letter was occaſioned by ſome accounts from *London*, relative to Mr. *Pilkington*, which Mrs. *Pilkington* has given us at large, vol. 1. p. 105.

† Dr. *Sterne*.

‡ That Letter of Dr. *Swift*'s was dated in *July* 1733, and printed by *Johnſton* in 1765, No. 57. As I have had occaſion to refer to this collection of Letters, I ſhall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an *erratum* which eſcaped my obſervation in the hurry of tranſcribing them for the preſs. The ſecond paragraph, No. 69. begins thus, "Lord *Bath*, &c." read Lord *Bathurſt*, &c.

to

to take any farther notice of that letter, I ſhall, in anſwer to your laſt, which I received by laſt poſt, return you my thanks for your having taken the ſame care about the ſixty pounds, which at your requeſt I lent *Joe Beaumont*, whoſe circumſtances at that time I was pretty much a ſtranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the ſame occaſion; and as this ſhall ſerve for a full diſcharge of all demands I have on *Joe*'s execution *, ſo I ſhall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of diſpoſing of that ſum of fifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable uſe you ſhall judge proper, and that I deſire may be without any mention of my name.

If you deſire an acquittance in any other form, be pleaſed to draw one, and I will ſign it. I ſhall be proud of a viſit in this mountainous country, being, notwithſtanding any coolneſs or miſunderſtanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and ſervant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

* This execution was againſt the heirs or repreſentatives of Mr. *Beaumont*, who had died ſeveral years before the date of this letter.

LETTER LI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN June 28, 1734.

I EXPECTURE anſer an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e ſtate. Mire ſe ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Curſim I ſe fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an curſu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope in it. I ama non eſt manicæ, ac nave is mi averſio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum îo on da nat urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo uſe, ora rati ſe, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an affis; as quæras a duc; aſt emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as inſipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui caſa fleat a lædis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a boni na capis. I rite ſi miles uſe e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urſe de at mi o uſe. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva ſtomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago uſe. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro ſoles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri caſei. Arabit aſtu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o ſtate. Acus tardis aſt it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor iſtoc que, it coſtus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo uſe claret as fine as a rubi. Graves.

Lac

Lac rima Chriſti. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera ſe ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe ſpecus a Superaturus. Summas par a guſto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter, nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verſe o na molli o mi ne.
Aſta laſſa me pole, a lædis o fine,
I ne ver neu a niſo ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora ſito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
As fer a ſal illi, as reddas aro ſis,
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure penſe exceptive illuc. I fi ple in geſtitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di ſe i, as migra num has ſed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata ilis o ver at Dans ſic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es deſertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A fle et is præ par in fora ſe fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es ſe a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his ſuper, ora livor offa lambis.

Miſer viſto alat o me, excuſe mi has te; Fore ver an de ver ures

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

LETTER LII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Dover-ſtreet, Aug. 8, 1734.

IT is now ſo long ſince I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almoſt quite aſhamed to do it now; but the truth of the caſe is this, I cannot be longer eaſy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the beſt manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. *Pope*, &c. It was an extream great pleaſure to me to find that I ſtill maintained a ſhare in your thoughts, that I was ſtill worthy to receive your commands; I did my beſt, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wiſh there had been better ſucceſs. I aſſure you this, that there is no perſon (I ſpeak without excepting one) whoſe commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be ſo good as to indulge me, and make uſe of your power often; I value myſelf not a little upon this ſcore, and you ſee here how eaſy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be ſaid of ——.

I ſhall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever ſince I have been ſo fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindeſt manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondneſs of a father to detain you ſo long as to give a ſincere friend ſome account

count of the compleating a great work, the diſpoſal of an only daughter in marriage, and in theſe times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and conſideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been propoſed to us, and what ſort of creatures they were compoſed of, this perſon we have now choſen had the faireſt and moſt unexceptionable character, and as his compoſition is the moſt unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no ſmall ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to ſee you in *England*, I believe when you ſee the duke * you will be pleaſed with him, and you will not diſapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the preſent ſett of young people of quality, ſuch as gaming, ſharping, pilfering, lying, *&c. &c.* ſo on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are ſtrangers to; ſuch as juſtice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family: and the manner in which he propoſed himſelf was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you ſee I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reaſons which induced us to conſent to this match. I flatter myſelf that you will not be diſpleaſed with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter deſire your acceptance of their humble ſervice, with many wiſhes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to ſee you over here.

* The late duke of *Portland*.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* has been upon the ramble above theſe two months: he is now with my lord *Peterborough* near *Southampton*, where he propoſes to ſtay ſome time. This morning died *Willis* biſhop of *Wincheſter*; and is to be ſucceeded by *Hoadley*, and further I cannot ſay.

Pray, has Mr. *Jebb* got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a ſhare in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. *Faulkner* from ſending over your works *? he promiſed to ſend them over the end of laſt *May* at the fartheſt. I am with true regard and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

* Theſe were the firſt four volumes in octavo, which were actually reviſed and corrected by *Swift* himſelf, as indeed were afterwards the two ſubſequent volumes, printed by *Faulkner* in the year 1738: and, what is very ſurpriſing, theſe ſix volumes, as far as they run, are ſtill by many degrees, notwithſtanding they want at preſent many illuſtrations, the beſt edition of the Dr.'s Works now extant. If any one doubt this, let him compare *Cadenus* and *Vaneſſa*, or the poem on the *South-Sea Project*, as printed by *Faulkner*, with the *Engliſh* edition; eſpecially the latter.

LETTER LIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.

TO ſhew you how much I covet your correſpondence, I would not even give myſelf time to reſt; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your laſt, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, ſettling my little family. We all got ſafe here on *Monday* night; and this day was the fair of *Bennet*'s *Bridge*, where I had two gentlemen on purpoſe to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any ſuch thing to be had as a good trotter, ſuch a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in ſpeaking; but I am ſure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing ſchool and a ſpelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our beſt wiſhes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble ſervant,

LUCY HOWTH.

LETTER LIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DR DAY ANN Aug. 16, 1734.

EYE maſh aimed off knott wry tin two yew bee four Butt may knee bees knees ſees hind red ſow Inn trick Kate Eye cud knot. Ewer Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends Toby o there wiſe. Ha! view Spoak a knee Prop hoſe awl too Dock tore Cocks comb Eye may Ann White comb a bout they Dean a wry off Kill mower a ſhit. I few heave, right two Their ever end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn caſt ell Ham ill tunn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they Count eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet two meet they ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave mow knee butt Eye fare Ice hall me taw a par ſell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn Ham ill tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye ware a beau tinn, Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun a paſt Eye maid off any Sun. Oui mun See your Ann very tea—Cant yew right all a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter muſt be read by my miſtreſs to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you muſt have patience with her, for ſhe cannot ſee well without ſpectacles; and when ſhe has them on ſhe cannot read well, and when ſhe does read, ſhe cannot ſpeak well, as having an impediment in her ſpeech, which was occaſioned by a fright in the nurſery. A little before I go to *Dublin* I intend to kill a buck, and ſend you ſome of it. Mr. *Hamilton* has promiſed

miſed me that favour. He has the beſt and fatteſt veniſon I ever taſted; and the fineſt boat, and the fineſt ſituation, and the fineſt houſe, and the fineſt hall, and the fineſt wife and children, and the fineſt way of living, I ever met. You live in *Dublin* among a parcel of rabble; I live at *Caſtle Hamilton* among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon veniſon: you drink *Benicarlo* wine, I drink right *French Margoux:* you hear nothing but noiſe; With raviſhing muſic my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never ſhall; and that I ſhall be able ſoon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elyſium, which is both my taſte, and my choice.

Pouvoir choiſir, & choiſir le meilleur, ce ſont deux avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'eſt donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a ſample of my good choice, I chuſe to end with this *French* maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my miſtreſs, and ſervice to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgement,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

I FIND your correſpondence is like the ſinging of the nightingale; no bird ſings ſo ſweetly, but the pleaſure is quickly paſt, a month or two of harmony, and then we loſe it till next ſpring: I wiſh your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of enquiring after your health, your friends and my correſpondents being diſperſed to their ſummer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occaſion; and if your deſign in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would moſt certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incenſed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The laſt letter I writ to you was from *Gloceſter*, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to *Long-Leat* to my lady *Weymouth*; came to town in *January*, where I have remained ever ſince, except a few weeks I ſpent at Sir *John Stanley*'s at *North-End*, the *Delville* of this part of the world. I hope *Naboth*'s Vineyard flouriſhes: it always has my good wiſhes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and by moſt people, called dull; to me it is juſt agreeable, for I have moſt of my particular friends in town, and my ſuperfluous acquaintance I can very well ſpare. My lord *Carteret* is at *Hawnes*; my lady

Carteret

Carteret is in town, nurſing my lady *Dyſart*, who is brought to-bed of a very fine ſon, and in hopes of my lady *Weymouth*'s being ſoon under the ſame circumſtance. I have not ſeen my lord *Bathurſt* ſince I was at his houſe in *Gloceſterſhire:* that's a miſchief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to ſee me; but lately we have been great ſtrangers. Mrs. *Donnellan* ſometimes talks of making a winter's viſit to *Dublin*, and has vanity enough to think you are one of thoſe that will treat her kindly: her loſs to me will be irreparable, beſide the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I ſhould ſo gladly accompany her. I know ſhe will be juſt, and tell the reaſons why I could not, this year, take ſuch a progreſs. After having forced myſelf into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer viſit, and deſtroy the intention of it; which was only to aſſure you of my being, Sir, your moſt faithful, and obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER LVI.

PICKLE HERRING to Mr. FAULKNER*.

SIRHA†,

ARE N'T you the raſcal, that makes ſo free with my family? ——Had you once recollected that, graceleſs and deſpiſed as he is, that ſame ſerjeant *Kite* ‡ was my brother, and, however marr'd in the making, was born to be as great a man as myſelf. Had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high ſtation can eſpouſe any one's quarrel, and eſpecially that of a ſinking brother, dūrſt you preſume to run theſe lengths?——Mark what I am going to ſay; bitter is the ſorrow, hot, ſour, and cutting is the ſauce you are to taſte after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worſt of the family of the *Pickles?*—Recollect at laſt and tremble! whom haſt thou offended and ſtirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful ſwad?——More would I ſay to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and naſtineſs of a whole nation is ſquirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the un-

* Endorſed by Dr. *Swift*, "An excellent droll paper."

† This humorous letter, although addreſſed to Mr. *Faulkner*, was ultimately deſigned for the entertainment of Dr. *Swift*.

‡ *Betteſworth*, ſerjeant at law, whoſe character is well known for the aſſault he made upon Dr. *Swift* in the year 1733, was frequently perſecuted by the young poets under the name of ſerjeant *Kite*.

lucky graceleſs dog, that has brought all this on himſelf; but, alas, my brother!—But however provoked, are your ſcribling ſpit-fires never to be ſatisfied? one ſhould think, that, by this time, if the poor ſoul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not ſufficient for them to ſee a man of learning and law, a man of ſingular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparallel'd graceful action, a man of unſpeakable, inconceivable truth, juſtice and ſincerity, exemplary religion, ſtrict virtue, nice honour, and ſterling worth in general paſt finding out; I ſay, is it not ſufficient to ſee a luminary like this now ſhining in meridian luſtre, but anon ſet for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not ſufficient to ſee him ſo unmaſked and ſtigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-ſharper, and (what's worſt of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not ſufficient to ſee his poor ſkull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his againſt the pulpit-corniſh? Is it not ſufficient to ſee with what pain and ſhame he wriggles along by that confounded ſplinter of the bar, he lately got thruſt into his a—, and which has left him a running ſore to his dying day? Is it not ſufficient to ſee him, all the laſt term, walk about in merry ſadneſs an idle ſpectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his moſt noted talent of dirt-flinger?—O you ſwarms of green counſels and attorneys, I wonder not to ſee you poſted about *Idler's Corner*, looking ſharp, as dinnerleſs men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, ſhould this ever be the caſe of my hapleſs brother? O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy ſports!—Is it not ſufficient to ſee him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and conſuming him? in which

ſtate his whole comfort is, that, for half a ſcore years at leaſt, his conſcience could never upbraid him: oh the comfort of an eaſy conſcience!— Is it not ſufficient to ſee him at *Ballyſpellan*, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not ſufficient, that after what has been flying about ſince he left it, he knows not how to ſhew his face in town, nor how to ſtand the infinite mortifications, he is to meet with this winter? Is it not ſufficient, that as his caſe ſtands, it is the ſerjeant againſt all the world, and all the world againſt the ſerjeant? Wretched caſe, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this ſufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breaſt continues hard, the cauſtick and corroſives muſt be ply'd, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until ſome at leaſt of the corrupt and fætid matter is diſcharged. In ſhort, they tell me, that as long as the cauſe remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure muſt go on the ſame way! Well, go on ye ſcoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worſt, I'll make a proviſion for him that ſhall alarm you all; ſhall make ſome burſt with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom ſo long they beheld with hatred and deriſion.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in ſuſpence, know ye, that I will take him home to myſelf, and, after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expreſſion, or action (which now are the ſubject of ſatire) that ſhall not ſoon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I'll ſet him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born

for,

for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to: and there he is ſure to meet with the honour and applauſe he might in vain expect on any other ſtage. ——————

As for your part, little pert whipper-ſnapper, *Faulkner*, is it baſe fear, or is it unſufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the ſorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little raſcal, that has already one leg in the grave, what ſatisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even ſlay thee outright? No, but, Sirha, if our brother Doctor *Anthony* * were alive,—rot you, in ſpite of your raſcally *Keven-Bail*, and your ſcribling janiſſaries, he ſhould ſet up his wheel juſt before your door, and on his pole, thruſt up your fundament, he ſhould twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden ſhin-bone, and till all the bones in your ſkin rattled and ſnapped like pipe-ſtoppers in a bladder. Take that from your ſworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

Cork, Sept. the 24th, 1734.

* A whimſical odd kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently uſed to entertain the ſchool-boys and populace with his harangues and pleaſantry, mounted upon a ladder in ſome corner of a ſtreet. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

LETTER LVII.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT*.

SIR,

THERE are a ſort of gentlemen who, after great labour and coſt, have at laſt found out, that two diſhes of meat will not coſt half ſo much as five or ſix, and yet anſwer the end of filling the bellies of as many as uſually fed upon the five or ſix.

I have conſidered that a like ſort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect: As for inſtance, when any one beſpeaks a pair of ſhoes, a pair of ſtockings, or a pair of gloves, they ſhould beſpeak a pair and a half of each, and make uſe of theſe turn about: I am very confident they will anſwer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in thoſe articles may be ſaved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a ſpoiling of trade: to which I anſwer, that when the makers of thoſe ſorts of ware ſhall reduce their rates a quarter part (inſtead of enhanſing them, as has been done in ſome late years unreaſonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reaſonable to beſpeak two pair inſtead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be ſtarted as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands ſhall be obliged with two gloves? To this I anſwer, That gene-

* Endorſed, "A humorous project."

rally

rally the left hand is uſed but ſeldom, and not expoſed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For theſe reaſons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as ſoon as I have diſcourſed *Thomas Turner* the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I ſhall be able to demonſtrate what ſort of meat, and the joints, will beſt anſwer this frugal ſcheme, as likewiſe in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they ſhall be communicated to you by, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PHILO MÆ.

From my obſervatory in the Parliament houſe,
Oct. 18, 1734.

LETTER LVIII.

The Reverend MARMADUKE PHILIPS to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Marſton in Somerſetſhire, Nov. 2, 1734.

YOU may be aſſured that I ſhould not have denied myſelf ſo long the pleaſure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of correſponding with you whilſt I ſtaid in *England*, but that I waited to give you ſome account of the ſucceſs of your kind and friendly negotiations for me in the letter you were ſo good to give me to lord *Orrery*, and that I could not do before

this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordſhip near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leiſure, I did not preſs him for an anſwer; and as I have all the reaſon in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befal me, ſo I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wiſh for, conſidering every thing and circumſtance attending that affair; for it ſeems the ſcheme in relation to Mr. *Taylor*'s giving my mother and me ſo much money for our good will in the leaſe, can never take place, for many very good reaſons his lordſhip gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our caſe a little hard and ſevere, ſomewhat or other at the expiration of the leaſe muſt be done for me, but in what manner it was not poſſible for him yet to ſay; which ſurely was as much as any conſcionable and reaſonable man (and God forbid that I ſhould ever prove otherwiſe) could expect: in ſhort, his kind reception of me at *Marſton*, and the handſome manner he has behaved himſelf towards me in every particular ſince I came to him, has been like lord *Orrery* himſelf: and now to whom muſt I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conſcious of none, but to the worthy dean of *St. Patrick*'s, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to thoſe who have the invaluable happineſs and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monſter of ingratitude ſhould I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordſhip is to flow to me,

me, let it be more or leſs? No! *agnoſco fontem*; for without controverſy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: for which I ſhall ſay no more (being but bitter bad at making ſpeeches) but the Lord reward you, and to aſſure you, good ſir, that this your act of friendſhip *manet et manebit altâ mente repoſtûm.* His lordſhip told me that he would anſwer your letter very ſoon; and as his pen and head infinitely tranſcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can poſſibly give you.

I have been under an unſpeakable concern at an account I lately ſaw from *Ireland* of a return of your old diſorders of giddineſs and deafneſs; but I ſtill flatter myſelf that it is not ſo bad with you as my fears have repreſented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your uſual *medicina gymnaſtica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity ſay I, and ſo will all ſay, I am confident, that know you; but ſurely ten thouſand times more pity is it that you are not like one of *Gulliver*'s *Struldbrugs*, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, ſuch is the condition of miſerable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have ſomewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myſelf, by way of cordial.

What's paſt, we know, and what's to come,
muſt be,
Or good or bad, is much the ſame to me;
Since death muſt end my joy or miſery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it's well if you don't think by this time that I imagine

myſelf in *Rathenny* * pulpit inſtead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your preſent circumſtances muſt be ſo very troubleſome and uneaſy to you, that I am not quite ſo unreaſonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleaſure and ſatisfaction to me to hear from you; and the ſafeſt way of ſending a letter to me will be under cover to lord *Orrery*, at *Marſton*, near *Froome* in *Somerſetſhire*. I ſhall trouble you, ſir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady *Acheſon* and her mother, for whom I have a very real eſteem and value, and alſo to Dr. *Helſham* and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and ſervice to all my *Sunday* companions at the deanry †.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life: but when I get to *London* (which I believe will not be till after *Chriſtmas*, becauſe as I am within ten or a dozen miles of *Bath*, I have ſome thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good thoſe waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what paſſes in the political and learned world that is poſſible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commiſſions and commands in that place; for I wiſh for nothing more than an opportunity of ſhewing with how much gratitude

* Mr. *Philips*'s benefice, about three miles from *Dublin*.

† It was cuſtomary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to viſit him on *Sunday* afternoons, and ſpend the evening with him; ſo that every one who was at leiſure to go there, was ſure of meeting variety of good company.

and

and true eſteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and much obliged humble ſervant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have ſeen your friend Mrs. *Cope* at *Bath*, and ſhe deſired me to ſend her compliments to you.

LETTER LIX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, St. Mary's Square, Gloceſter, Nov. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been ſo much out of order: I moſt heartily wiſh you conſtant health and happineſs, though that's of little uſe to you, and only ſerves to do honour to myſelf, by ſhewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I ſhould have returned you thanks much ſooner for the favour of your laſt letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever ſince had ſo great a diſorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you ſhould be at a loſs for a reaſon for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleaſure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of correſponding with the dean of *St. Patrick*'s? But the laſt reaſon you give I like beſt, and will ſtick by, which is, that I am a more conſtant nymph than all your goddeſſes of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promiſe you are in no danger of receiving a *Boutade*, if that depends on my will.

As

As for thoſe faſting-days you talk of *, they are I confeſs, alluring baits, and I ſhould certainly have been with you in three pacquets, according to your commands, could I either fly or ſwim: but I am a heavy lump, deſtined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent aſſiſtance of ſeveral animals that are very expenſive.

Now for buſineſs: As ſoon as I received your letter, I went to your brother *Lanſdown*, and ſpoke to him about the duke of *Chandois*. He deſired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very ſorry he could be of no ſervice to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correſpondence or even acquaintance with the duke theſe fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will perſue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you deſire; if they do not ſucceed, you muſt not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to ſerve you, is of too much conſequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble ſervant, Mrs. *Donnellan*, behind me in *London*, where ſhe meets with little entertainment ſuitable to her underſtanding; and ſhe is a much fitter companion for the *Dublin Thurſday* Society than for the trifling company ſhe is now engaged in; and I wiſh you had her with you (ſince I can't have her) becauſe I know ſhe would be happier than where ſhe is, and my wiſh I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

* *i. e.* Dining upon two or three diſhes at the deanry; which in compariſon of magnificent tables the Doctor uſed to call faſting.

LETTER LX.

****** to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Montroſe, Dec. 17, 1734.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumſtances a little favouring it, I have reſolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on ſome little amuſements, and have had the pleaſure in ſecret to ſee them pretty well received; but few here being much converſant in that ſtudy, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of thoſe who have ſucceeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleaſed to furniſh me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think neceſſary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the firſt, at leaſt of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as ſoon as it is finiſhed, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

****** †.

† As this letter ſeems to have been written by ſome very young adventurer in poetry, we chuſe to ſuppreſs the name at preſent, eſpecially as we cannot tell what anſwer he received from Dr. *Swift*, or whether afterwards he applied himſelf with ſucceſs to *Apollo* and the Muſes.

LETTER LXI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEER SOAR, Dec. 25, 1734.

EYE ray moved mice elf too May jor Par rots yes ſtair day morn in Two mete they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me ſum Mow knee dew off Michael Maſs and March Gale. Eye ſup hoſe Eye ſhall race heave a bout to hun dread pounds, or they raw bouts. Eye am ſore Eye two here ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take ſome ray maid Eyes firſt, and then go in aſh hays two week low, where Eye no yew will bee as well come as a knee ı ‡ in ire land. Yew no eye prow miſs ſaid too right yew a Nun in tell liege eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main aſs crop off it.

Duglidge gravelſon meltronimon bagaron reſonſa fore monra pe nos fatas epronſa car filomen ſezindo crapenter forami danſa prezina mentre foga ni ſon im contra ferez imilo ſsik mitigan naſtico dna ciſa melifnot dlor calica doen ap fagen geſonda refilo namis ſendo.

I ſuppoſe by this time thoſe laſt ſix lines have given you amuſement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honeſtly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them paſs for a *Chriſtmas* trick—But I deſire that doctor *Helſham*, and ſome other friends, may take a turn at them; for it is not reaſonable that you ſhould be at all the trouble.

Mr. *Hamilton* is glad the veniſon got ſafe to you; it was carried by a County-*Cavan* man in

‡ *i. e.* One.

the

the 75th year of his age, who went off on *Wedneſday* morning, was back with us on *Saturday* night, in all 104 miles.—He was much affronted that a young fellow was propoſed for the expedition——There's a County-*Cavan* man for you.

As for myſelf, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this *Elyſium* of the univerſe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very ſeldom I do, as you yourſelf can witneſs, who have known me above ſixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reaſon to think it does; for I do not find it in the leaſt impaired) to convey yourſelf into the fineſt apartment of our *Elyſium*, I mean to *Caſtle Hamilton*, where you will find a moſt hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give —But you muſt take me along with you.——

Nothing could give me greater pleaſure than to hear that your innocent ſubjects of the *Kevin Bayl** eſcaped the gallows, in ſpite *Bettiſworth* † and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it ſhould make one for me and my boys likewiſe.

Sunday we had a very hard froſt—Yeſterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain——Now fair again, but lowring.

* Dr. *Swift* uſed to call the people who lived in the liberty of *St. Patrick*'s his ſubjects: and without diſpute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

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We are juſt now going to dinner at captain *Perrott*'s, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier——I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in *Cavan* of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of *Ireland*. Vid. *Grierſon*'s new map.——There is another *Cavan-Bayl* for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wiſhes for your long health and happineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your ſtrong box with *Jane* ‡, that I may put my money among yours.

LETTER LXII.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, January 19, 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are ſo good to enquire after me, and to ſpeak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greateſt pleaſure, ſo it raiſes in me the higheſt gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconſiderable; I dare believe people ſincere when they profeſs themſelves my friends; I conſider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why ſhould I be flattered; I have but two or three qualities that I value myſelf upon, and thoſe are ſo much out of

‡ Dr. *Swift*'s cook-maid.

 faſhion,

faſhion, that I make no parade of them: I am very ſincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have juſt ſenſe enough to diſcern ſuperior merit, and to be delighted with the leaſt approbation from it. My brother, ſome time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill ſtate of health has made writing uneaſy to you. I grieve much at my loſs, but more at the occaſion of it; and I write now only to return my beſt thanks for your good opinion and deſigns, not to ſolicit new favours, or give you the trouble of anſwering this. I hope next *Summer* to be in *Ireland*, where I ſhall expect to receive your anſwer in perſon, when the ſun with its uſual bleſſings ſhall give us this additional one of reſtoring you to that ſtate of health that all thoſe who have the happineſs of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, muſt with the greateſt earneſtneſs deſire. You will laugh perhaps, ſir, at my ſaying I hope to ſee *Ireland* this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who ſpend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, ſeem to forget they have any other country, till a knaviſh receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I aſſure you I have ſo little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a ſociable evening in *Dublin* to all the diverſions of *London*, and the converſation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at *St. James's*. What has kept me ſeven years in *London*, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company ſince ſhe deſires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a houſe, coach, and ſervants, at my command. I ſuppoſe, ſir, you know that Mrs. *Pendarves* has been for ſome time

at

at *Gloceſter:* ſhe has preferred a pious viſit to a ſick mother in a dull country-town to *London* in its gayeſt dreſs; ſhe tells me ſhe deſigns next month to return to us; the only uneaſineſs I ſhall have in leaving *London* is the parting with ſo valuable and tender a friend; but as ſhe promiſes me, that if I ſtay in *Ireland* ſhe will make it another viſit, I think, for the good of my country, I muſt leave her. But whilſt I am indulging myſelf in telling you my thoughts and deſigns, I ſhould conſider I am perhaps making you a troubleſome or unſeaſonable viſit; if ſo, uſe me as all impertinent things ſhould be uſed; take no notice of me: all I deſigned in writing to you, was to let you know the high ſenſe I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greateſt gratitude and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged obedient humble ſervant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be ſo good to give my beſt wiſhes and ſervices to Dr. *Delany* and Dr. *Helſham*.

LETTER LXIII.

From ſome unknown Gentleman to Dr. SWIFT *.

REV. SIR, Jan. 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of *Parnaſſus*. Every body knows that *Louis* the 14th built and endowed the nobleſt foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our *Greenwich*, *Chelſea*, and *Killmainham*; and 'twas but fit that the king of poets ſhould provide for his jingling ſubjects, that are ſo maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of ſubſiſtence †. The occaſion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; *viz.* Whether *Homer* or *Tacitus* deſerves moſt praiſe on the following account; *Homer* makes *Helen* give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to deſcribe wiſdom in *Ulyſſes*, the hero of his ſecond poem, he makes *Antenor*, the wiſeſt of all *Troy*, interrupt her. The paſſage in *Tacitus* is as follows, *viz.* On this year died *Junia*, being the ſixtieth after the *Philippi* battle, wife to *Caſſius*, ſiſter to *Brutus*, niece to *Cato*, the images of twenty houſes were carried before her, *&c.* *Sed præfulgebant Brutus & Caſſius, eo ipſo quod imagines eorum non viſebantur.*

* This letter is endorſed, *Whimſical, and little in it.*

† The writer ſeems to allude to *Swift's* then deſigned hoſpital for idiots and lunaticks.

Theſe gentlemen beg they may not have apartments aſſigned them in your obſervatory. Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T. L. P.

Be pleaſed to direct To the Reverend Mr. *Birch* at *Roſcrea*.

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 25, 1734-5.

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

EYE fan ſee they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cauſe he mite heave ſcent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave fum mow knee too pea miſs teer Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay eaſt tub ring Matt Eyrs twack on clue ſhun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun eye't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye muſt and. Eye am ewer mow ſtob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell ſerve aunt,

Tom aſs She rid Ann.

LETTER LXV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, April 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me ſufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omiſſion but that cannot fail of an excuſe from me, whoſe friendſhip is pleaſingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your diſtinguiſhing talents and merit, whoſe life I wiſh to preſerve, but wiſh more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and ſituation; and my next deſire ſhould be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of theſe comforts.

Your kind enquiries in relation to myſelf, only juſtify taking up your time with ſo inſignificant a ſubject, which I ſhall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the *Court*, nor am likely to have any; I have to my Lord *Shelburne*, whoſe houſe in *London* is my ſettled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the leaſe of the houſe, which is an old one, being then expired; and ſo perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord *Shelburne*'s favours, I have great and many, more than I can expreſs here, to the ducheſs of *Buckingham*, whoſe table is my conſtant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I aſk for it; beſides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me ſhare in public amuſe-

ments without expence; and in *Summer* the variety of change of air, which her ſtation impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being ſo to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the moſt agreeable ſincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do juſtice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one ſo worthy of it. I am, Sir, your ſincerely obliged and affectionate humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, April 5th, 1735.

AMONG all the reſt of Mrs. *Sheridan*'s diabolical proceedings, ſhe is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter ——— and a finical thorough fop * * * * * * * * * For Heaven's ſake, as you have been my beſt friend, talk to the monſter upon this occaſion (for it is the town talk) ſhe will not know how you came to know it; and among other queſtions deſire her to produce her daughter's work for theſe two years paſt, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor ſpider's day labour. This I have been from time to time preſſing for to no purpoſe, becauſe prevented out of ſpight to me; yet every b——h in town are advocates againſt me, as I cannot drink mountain, ſnivel, complain, and outlie the father of lies. I beg you will only obſerve her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge

charge her with this, and if you do not ſee it tranſformed into a maſk in one inſtant, I will forfeit all title to your friendſhip. Thus have I been linked to the Devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the firſt week I married her, and could never by all my induſtry be extinguiſhed ſince. For this cauſe I have often been charged with peeviſhneſs and abſence among my beſt friends. When my ſoul was uneaſy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help ſuch wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earneſtly aſk this laſt friendſhip; (for I ſhall be aſhamed to aſk any more) that you will interpoſe your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if poſſible, than my marriage. Mrs. —— was ſo charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the ſame time her advice to hurry away that girl as ſoon as I poſſibly could. I did not know what method to take before this inſtant that Mrs. *Perott* has invited my two eldeſt daughters to her houſe till ſuch time as I may be ſettled at *Cavan*. She is a lady the beſt houſewife in *Ireland*, and of the beſt temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, ſo that it is impoſſible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear ſir, I ſhall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be ſo good as to let me know from Mr. *Lingen* whether the Duke of *Dorſet*'s letter be come in anſwer to the lords juſtices, that I may hurry to *Dublin*; for people are here impatient at having their children ſo long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not inſiſt upon a

punctilio, which may prove a great loſs to me. The biſhop of *Killmore* can produce a letter I think ſufficient to juſtify their excellencies the lords juſtices in granting us patents.

I wiſh you long health and happineſs, and ſhall, dear ſir, ever have a grateful ſenſe of your friendſhip, and be with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXVII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Queen-ſquare, April 22, 1735.

IT was with great pleaſure I had the favour of your moſt obliging letter by the hands of Mr. *Richardſon*, agent to the *Iriſh* ſociety; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any ſervice I can do him that is in my power: when I ſay this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raiſed him to the poſt he now enjoys under the ſociety, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will eaſily preſerve his intereſt in that body.

I am very ſorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more ſo, becauſe they have deprived your friends here of the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction of ſeeing you among them, which is a ſenſible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleaſed with the account you give of your way of living, becauſe I am a living inſtance how the œconomy you are under muſt neceſſarily preſerve your life many

years. I have the gout ſometimes, the aſthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a conſtant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top phyſicians pronounced me a dead man, and ſent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and miſts, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good ſtomach, with a bad digeſtion: but I have good ſpirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you ſo long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with ſo many diſtempers, preſerves me to almoſt a miracle, what muſt the ſame method produce in you?

About ten days ago I ſaw Mr. *Pope*, who is very well: ſo is the lord of *Dawley**.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have loſt ſince good queen *Anne*'s time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loſs of a friend is the loſs of a limb, not to be reſtored. Poor lady *Maſham* among the reſt. Our friend the Dr.† I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himſelf nothing. Poſſibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. *Garth* ſaid he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his ſhoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am reſolved to make the remains of my life as eaſy as I can, and ſubmit myſelf entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, juſt to congratulate you on your publick ſpirit (and for which all

* *Bolingbroke.* † *Arbuthnott.*

mankind applaud you) in erecting an hoſpital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great ſoul, and for which the preſent and the future age muſt honour and revere your memory! I dare ſay no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would pleaſe to reſtore your health, and preſerve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

My ſervice to Dr. *Delany*.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, April 22, 1735.

I WROTE in ſuch haſte that I forgot to make my lady *Savile*'s acknowledgments, which before ſhe left this, ſhe engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by aſſuring you that ſhe is your obliged humble ſervant, and wiſhes you all happineſs, as many more do amongſt your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, ſeem promiſing.

My lord *Shelburne*, who is juſt come to town for two or three days, deſires his ſincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town houſe, and wiſhes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongſt your friends. I wiſh I could tempt you

you to come hither, as I long to have the pleaſure of aſſuring you in perſon, how ſincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXIX.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correſpondence might be troubleſome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to ſue for another, though I have the higheſt ſenſe of the obligation.

You ſay you want me to aſſert your right over our ſex; and your letter is ſo powerful a bribe, that I fear I ſhall give them up to you, though I am a great aſſerter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you aſſign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myſelf very unfit for ſome of them; but I have ſuch high examples on my ſide, that I am not at all aſhamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurſe; you ſhall teach me to be your companion; and, for a houſekeeper, I will aſſure you I know to a farthing the loweſt price of every thing, though I am ever ſo ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. *Pendarves* hath, as you ſay, forſaken us: by my lord *Lawnſdown*'s death, her brother Mr. *Granville* is become poſſeſt of eight hundred pound a year,

a year, and twenty thouſand pound in money; which was ſo ſettled that my lord *Lanſdown* could not touch it. Mr. *Granville* is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their ſiſter miſs *Granville*, whom Mrs. *Pendarves* is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord *Lanſdown*'s death, though ſhe had a great regard for him. I tell her when ſhe has married and ſettled her brother and ſiſter, if ſhe does not ſettle herſelf, ſhe muſt think of her friends in *Ireland*; and ſhe promiſes me ſhe will.

It is ſo much my intereſt, Sir, to believe you ſincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why ſhould not I (which is ſtill more pleaſing) believe I have really thoſe good qualities you aſcribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praiſed by you?

I think your indignation againſt our abſenters very juſt, though ſome of my family ſuffer by it; but we are reſolved to be no longer of the number, and propoſe leaving *London* this month. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has been confined with the gout theſe three months; and I fear we ſhall leave her ſo: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few ſevere critics (who think that judgment is only ſhewn in finding faults) that ſay they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very ſorry Dr. *Delany* has given up his houſe in *Dublin*; for one cannot, as often as one may wiſh it, command time and a coach to viſit him at *Delville*. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happineſs of meeting you there.

My

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I muſt ſay I think a very juſt one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my beſt thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the higheſt gratitude, your moſt obliged obedient ſervant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My beſt reſpects attend Dr. *Delany*, and Dr. *Helſham*.

LETTER LXX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuſe you of want of civility; for ſince my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may ſometimes tax you with want of kindneſs; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at leaſt. At laſt I was informed your not writing to me was occaſioned by your ill ſtate of health; that changed my diſcontent, but did not leſſen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you ſick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chuſe out of: I heartily wiſh neither may happen. You call yourſelf by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a perſon I value abuſed. I, for that reaſon, muſt deſire you to be more upon your guard when you ſpeak of yourſelf again: I much eaſier forgive your calling me knave

knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you expreſs for the weakneſs of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my ſpirits, which prevented my writing ſooner to you. My ſiſter (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indiſpoſed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but ſhe is now in a better way, and I hope paſt all danger. I would rather tell you ſomewhat that is pleaſant; but how can I? I am juſt going to loſe Mrs. *Donnellan*, and that is enough to damp the livelieſt imagination: it is not eaſy to expreſs what one feels on ſuch an occaſion: the loſs of an agreeable, ſenſible, uſeful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be deſcribed. You happy *Hibernians* that are to reap the benefit of my diſtreſs, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am ſorry the ſociable *Thurſdays*, that uſed to bring together ſo many agreeable friends at Dr. *Delany*'s, are broke up: though *Delville* has its beauties, it is more out of the way than *Stafford-ſtreet*. I believe you have had a quiet winter in *Dublin*; not ſo has it been with us in *London*. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuoſity. The news-papers I ſuppoſe have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cauſe of diſſention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the houſe of commons has been urged with more warmth: the diſpute of the merits of the compoſers and ſingers is carried to ſo great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of muſic, that operas will be quite over-

overturned. I own, I think, we make a very ſilly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two *Latin* lines in your laſt letter: it gave me a fair pretence of ſhowing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no ſmall honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the ſeaſon of the year will give you ſpirits, and I ſhall be glad to ſhare the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you ſee Mrs. *Donnellan*, ſhe will entertain you with a ſecond edition of *Fauſet*, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thouſand blunders, which I am aſhamed of.

LETTER LXXI.

Lady BETTY BROWNLOWE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, May 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to ſend you the encloſed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. *Brownlowe*. I hope your frugal correſpondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wiſe, *&c.* and thereby occaſioned your being a ſufferer by any delay or buſineſs. I ſhould beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing ſooner, but that I am the only ſufferer by it, by being deprived of the ſatisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much leſs agreeable than uſual at this time of year; but

this having been a fine morning, I have been amuſed very much to my ſatisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty deſign in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldneſs of the ſeaſon makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady *Acheſon* and Mrs. *Acheſon* do, for I have a ſincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a viſit to our friends at *Seaford*, where we propoſe ſtaying about a fortnight. I heard yeſterday you had thoughts of going to *Caſhel*: if it were poſſible for me to have the happineſs to be preſent at yours and the archbiſhop's converſation, I am certain I ſhould retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good liſtner, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I aſſure you I have too great a deſire to be informed and improved, to occaſion any interruption in your converſation, except when I find you purpoſely let yourſelf down to ſuch capacities as mine, with an intention, as I ſuppoſe, to give us the pleaſure of babbling. Mr. *Brownlowe* deſires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great reſpect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble ſervant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRIT
NICVM